

Songs of Conquest

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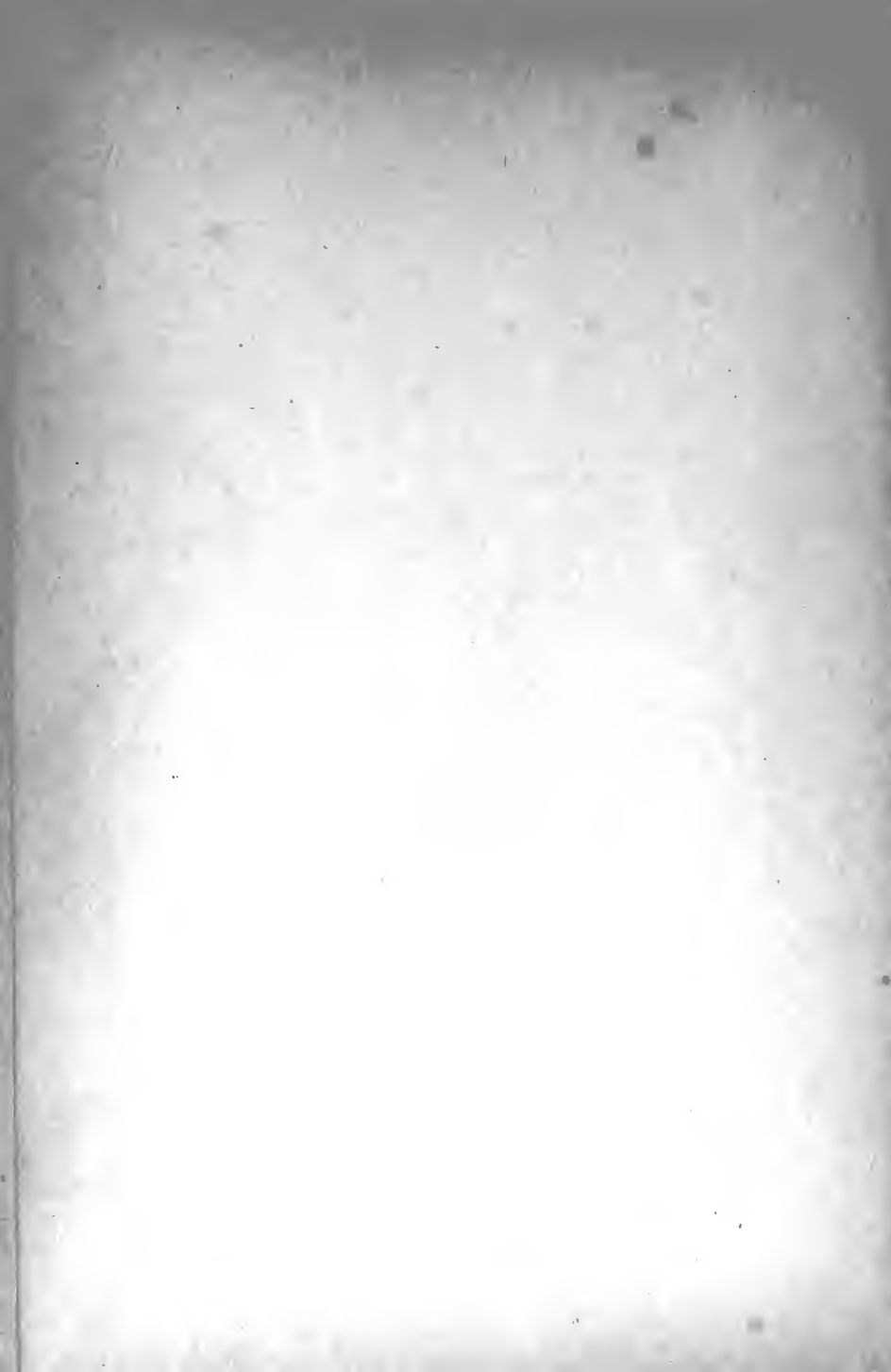
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Songs of Conquest

COMPILED BY

Bishop Joseph F. Berry

Chairman of the General Conference Commission
on Evangelism

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PUBLISHED BY

JENNINGS & GRAHAM,

Cincinnati, Chicago, Kansas City, San Francisco.

EATON & MAINS,

New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Detroit.

foreword.

THE songs which crowd the pages of this book ring out with the clear note of CONQUEST. They sound a trumpet-call for the conquest of Jesus Christ over sin in the heart of individuals, and His speedy triumph in all the world.

I have gathered from the field of gospel song the choicest of all the old favorites, and have added many new compositions which are sure to win instant popularity. Not the least important, however, is the section which contains so many of the standard hymns of the church. Most of these hymns are associated with the tunes which have been sung for generations, and are inseparable from the most precious spiritual experiences of millions of hearts.

Primarily, this is a song-book for evangelistic movements, camp-meetings and devotional services, yet the variety and scope of its contents will make it invaluable in all departments of church life.


I am delighted that the publishers have been able to furnish a book of such size and mechanical excellence at such an extraordinary low price. I send it forth with the earnest prayer that

SONGS OF CONQUEST

may become a spiritual inspiration to multitudes, and a distinct contribution to the mighty task of evangelizing the world.

Buffalo, New York.

JOSEPH F. BERRY.



Songs of Conquest

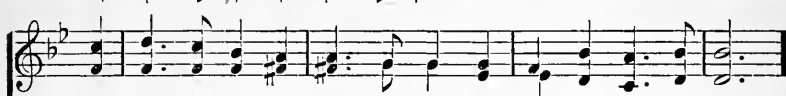
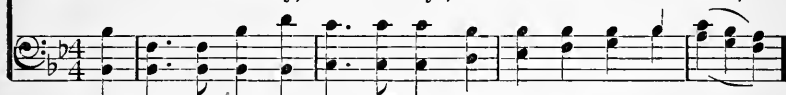
No. 1. Who Follows in His Train?

Reginald Heber.

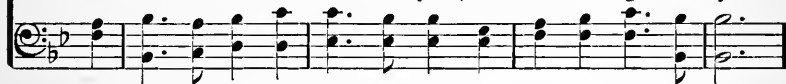
H. S. Cutler.



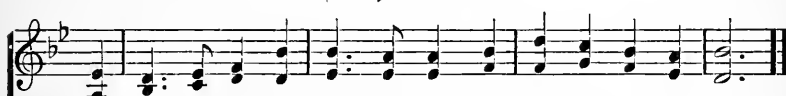
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave;
3. A no-ble band, the cho-sen few, On whom the Spir-it came,
4. A no-ble arm-y, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,



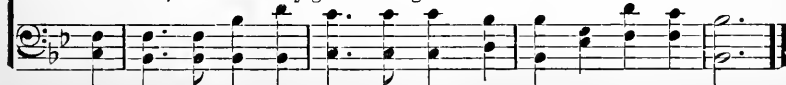
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew And mocked the torch of flame;
A-round the throne of God re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed.



Who best can drink his cup of woe, And tri-umph o-ver pain,
Like Him, with par-don, on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's gor-y mane,
They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per-il, toil, and pain:



Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low— He fol-lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?
They bowed their necks the stroke to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be given To fol-low in their train.



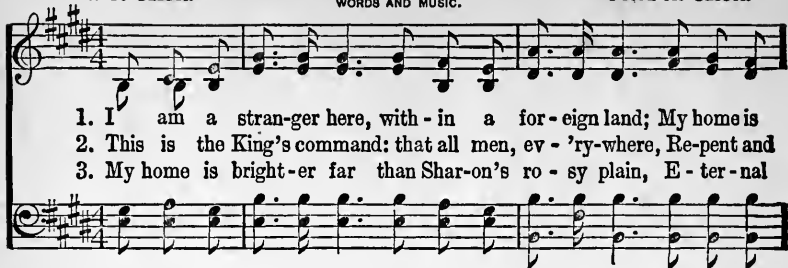
No. 2.

The King's Business.

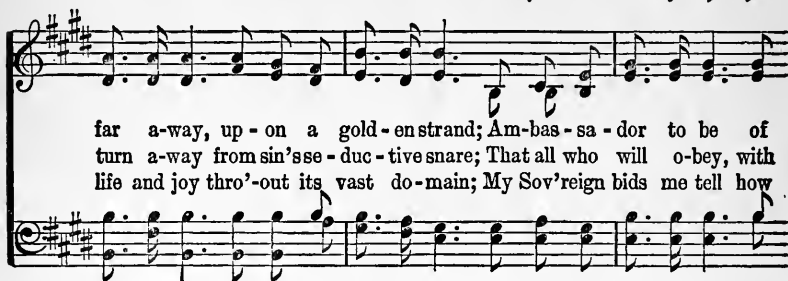
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

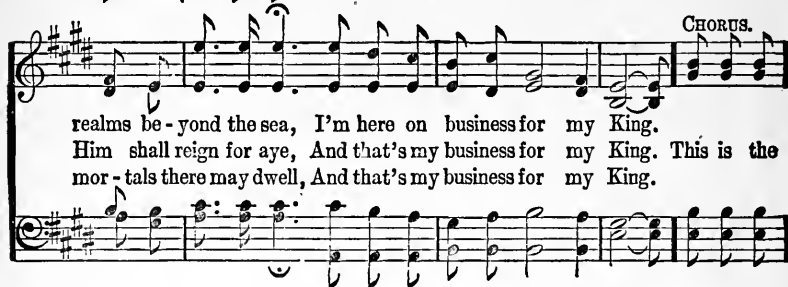
Flora H. Cassel.



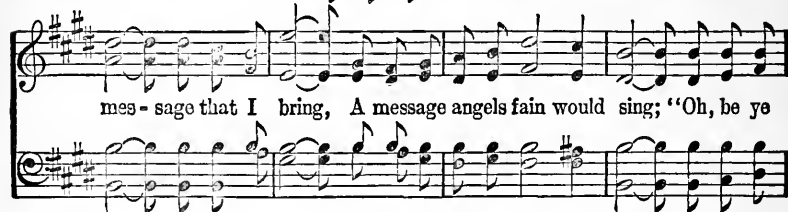
1. I am a stran-ger here, with - in a for - eign land; My home is
 2. This is the King's command; that all men, ev - 'ry-where, Re-pent and
 3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro - sy plain, E - ter - nal



far a-way, up - on a gold - en strand; Am-bas - sa - dor to be of
 turn a-way from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
 life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how



CHORUS.
 realms be - yond thesea, I'm here on business for my King.
 Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
 mor - tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.



mes - sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye



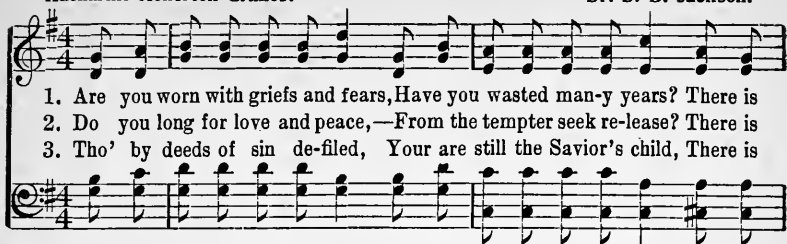
reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 3. There is Shelter At the Cross.

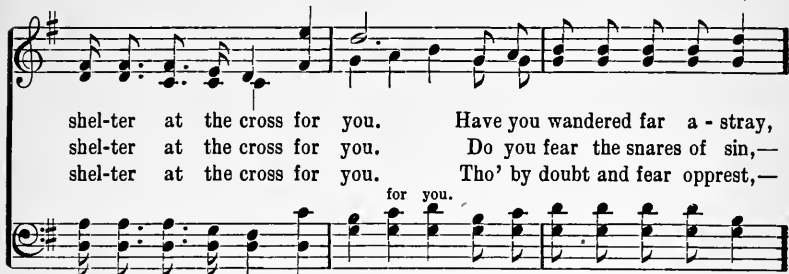
Katharine Atherton Grimes.

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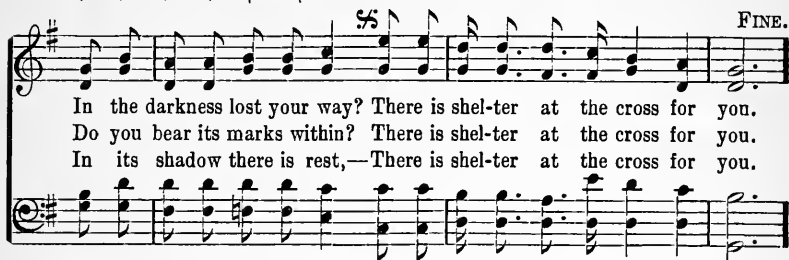
Dr. S. B. Jackson.



1. Are you worn with griefs and fears, Have you wasted man-y years? There is
 2. Do you long for love and peace,—From the tempter seek re-lease? There is
 3. Tho' by deeds of sin de-filed, Your are still the Savior's child, There is



shel-ter at the cross for you. Have you wandered far a - stray,
 shel-ter at the cross for you. Do you fear the snares of sin,—
 shel-ter at the cross for you. Tho' by doubt and fear oppress,—
 for you.

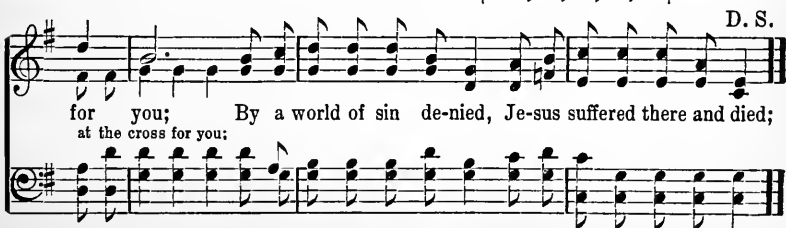


In the darkness lost your way? There is shel-ter at the cross for you.
 Do you bear its marks within? There is shel-ter at the cross for you.
 In its shadow there is rest,—There is shel-ter at the cross for you.

D. S.—There is shel-ter at the cross for you.



CHORUS.
 There is shel-ter at the cross for you, There is shel-ter at the cross
 There is shel-ter at the cross for you, There is shel-ter



D. S.
 for you; By a world of sin de-nied, Je-sus suffered there and died;
 at the cross for you;

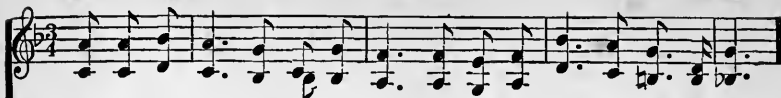
No. 4.

Saved by Grace.

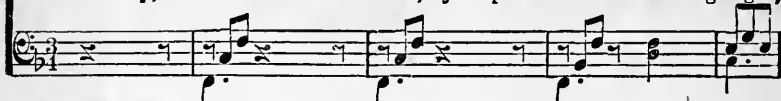
Fanny J. Crosby.

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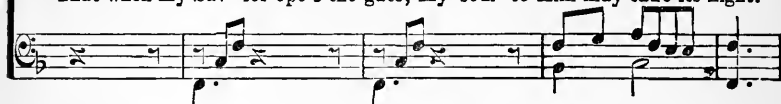
Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day when fades the gold - en sun Be - neath the ros - y - tint - ed west,
4. Some day, till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,



But, O, the joy when I shall wake With - in the pal - ace of the King?
 But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
 My bless - ed Lord shall say, "well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
 That when my Sav - ior ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



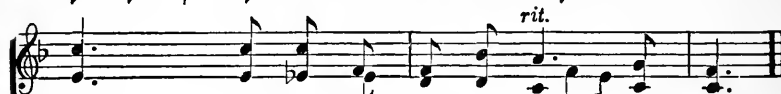
CHORUS.



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the
 shall see to face,



sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to
 shall see



face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace.
 to face,



No. 5.

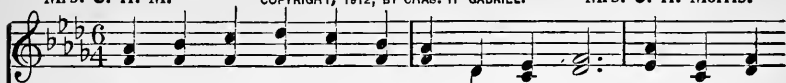
When He is Come to You.

"When he is come . . . unto you"—to you, pastor; to you, Sunday-school teacher; to you, member of the official board; to you, father or mother—you will become a storm-center of a new and mighty evangelism, and all the forces of evil cannot keep back the incoming tides of saving grace."—*Bishop J. F. Berry.*

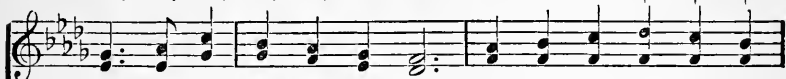
Mrs. C. H. M.

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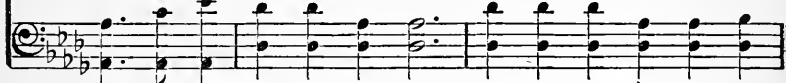
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



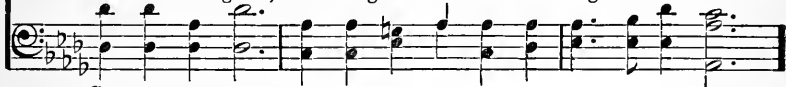
1. Have you the Pen - te - cost full - y re - ceived, Ye who on
2. "When He is come," still the prom - ise is true, Not to some
3. When back to Pen - te - cost God's peo - ple go, Old - time sal -
4. Souls will be lost if this grace we re - fuse, God's call to



Je - sus the Lord have be - lieved? Has He, the Com - fort - er
oth - er heart, but "un - to you:" He will re - prove this lost
va - tion in riv - ers shall flow; Old - time con - vic - tion on
ho - li - ness dare to a - buse; Will you be true to the



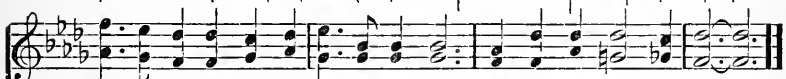
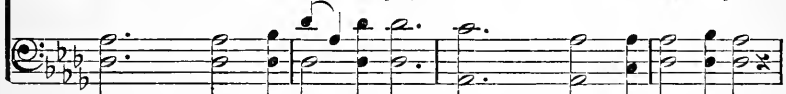
prom - ised, come in, Cleans - ing, em - pow' - ring and reign - ing with - in?
world of its sin; Sal - va - tion's work shall in pow - er be - gin.
sin - ners shall rest; With old - time pow - er His church shall be blest.
trust He has giv'n, Win - ning lost souls for the king - dom of heav'n?



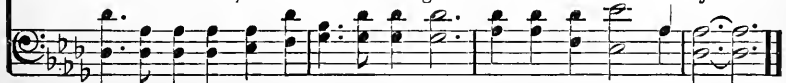
CHORUS.



"When He is come to you," to you, "When He is come to you,"
"When He is come to you," "When He is come to you,"



Souls will be won, and re - vi - vals be - gun "When He is come to you."

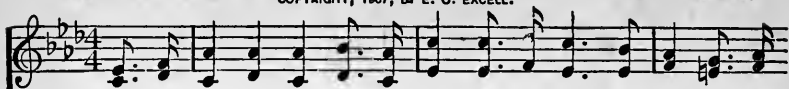


No. 6. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

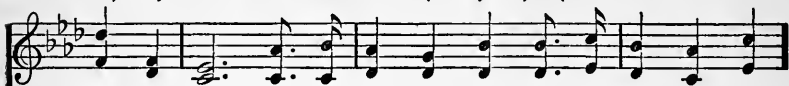
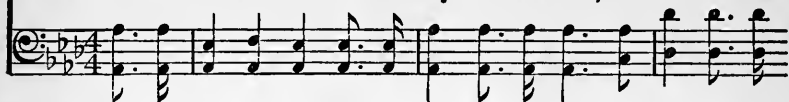
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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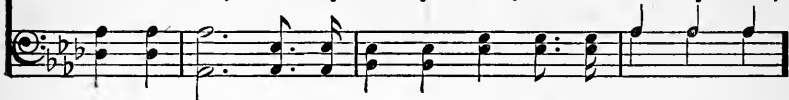
Chas. H. Gabriel.



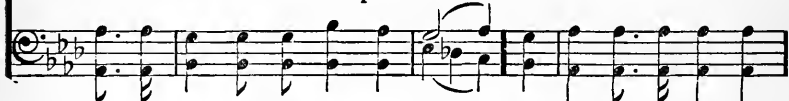
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it



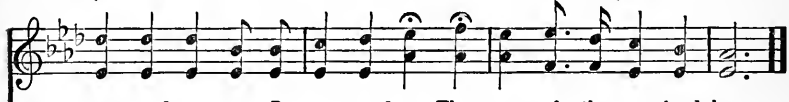
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,



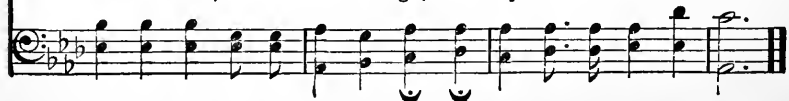
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of ' the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.



home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;



sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.



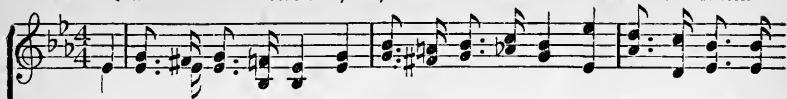
No. 7.

His Grace is Keeping Me.

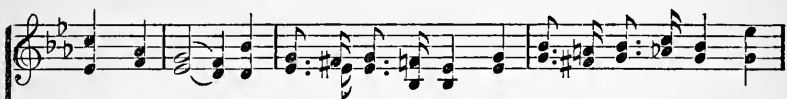
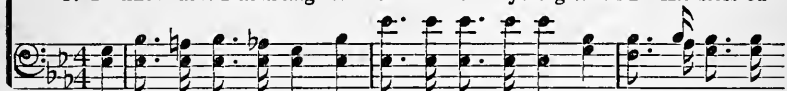
James Rowe.

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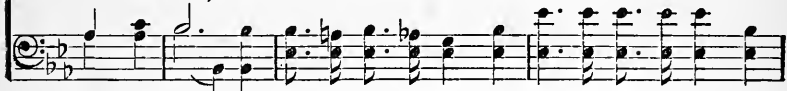
James M. Black.



1. I'm in the path of peace where pleasures never cease, And where my soul de-
2. I lean up-on His arm, He shields from ev'ry harm; Glad songs I sing be-
3. I know that I shal sing ho - san - na to my King When I His bless-ed



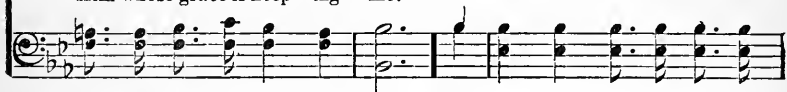
lights to be; All world - ly loss is gain,—with Je - sus I re-main, For
cause I'm free! His glo-ry lights the way to ev - er - last-ing day, Praise
face shall see; I'll dwell for-ev - er-more on that e - ter - nal shore With



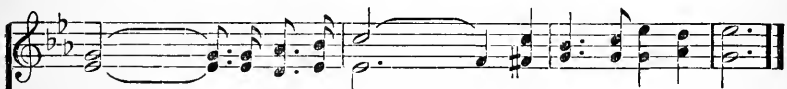
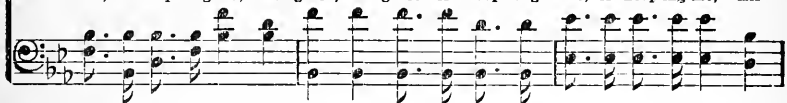
CHORUS.



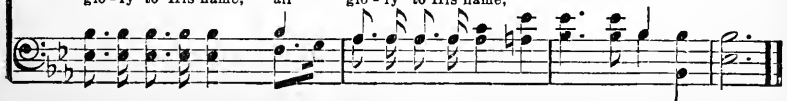
sav - ing grace is keep - ing me. His grace..... is keep-ing
God, His grace is keep - ing me. His grace, His grace is keep - ing
Him whose grace is keep - ing me.



me, His grace..... is keep-ing me;..... All
me, is keep-ing me, His grace, His grace is keep-ing me; is keep-ing me; All




glo - - - ry to His name,..... His grace is keep-ing me.
glo-ry to His name, all glo-ry to His name,



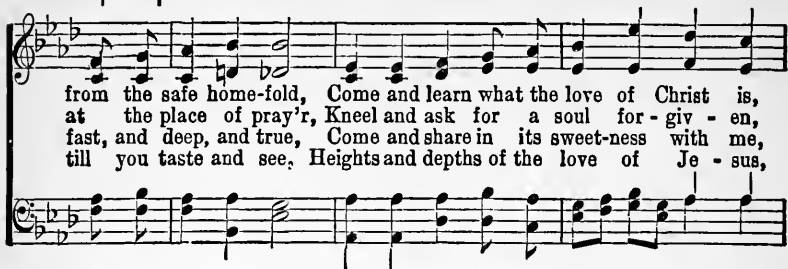
No. 8. How You Will Love Him!

E. E. REXFORD.

B. D. ACKLEY.

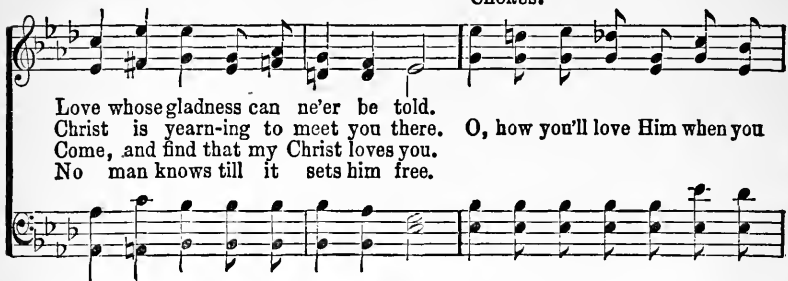


1. Ye who wan - der of sin grown wea - ry, Lone - ly and far
 2. Come, and com - ing find peace and par - don, Wait - ing for you
 3. You should know of this love so ten - der, Love that is stead -
 4. Come, and find that you can - not fath - om, Love like Christ's

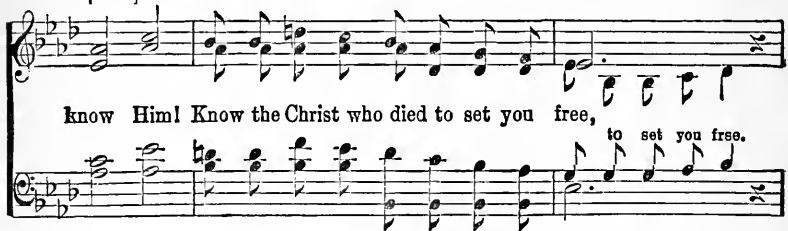


from the safe home-fold, Come and learn what the love of Christ is,
 at the place of pray'r, Kneel and ask for a soul for - giv - en,
 fast, and deep, and true, Come and share in its sweet-ness with me,
 till you taste and see, Heights and depths of the love of Je - sus,

CHORUS.



Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
 Christ is yearn-ing to meet you there. O, how you'll love Him when you
 Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
 No man knows till it sets him free.



know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free,
 to set you free.



On Calv'ry's cross His heart was bro-ken, Bro-ken there for you, for mel

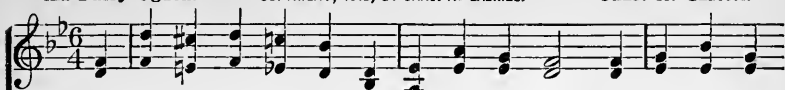
No. 9.

Jesus is Heaven to Me.

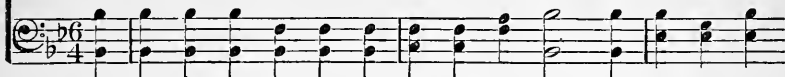
Ina Duley Ogdon.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. My home is the beau-ti-ful Cit-y of Gold, Whose won-der and
2. No vain or un-ho-ly thing ev-er is there; No sor-row or
3. No night in that cit-y, no can-dle nor sun,— The Light nev-er
4. Thro' a-ges e-ter-nal His prais-es shall ring, And I with the



rap-ture can nev-er be told; Its joys I fore-taste ere the por-tals un-fold,
weep-ing, no tri-al, no care, And I in His ful-ness of glo-ry shall share,
dim is the Glo-ri-fied One; The peace of that home in my soul has be-gun,
ransomed for-ev-er shall sing The love of my bless-ed Re-deem-er and King,



CHORUS.



For Je-sus is heav-en to me.....

Je-sus is heav-en to
Je-sus is heav-en, is



me,.....
heav-en to me;

Je-sus is heav-en to me;..... Of
Je-sus is heav-en to me;



Him will I sing, My Savior, my King, For Je-sus is heav-en to me.



No. 10.

Onward Till the Dawning.

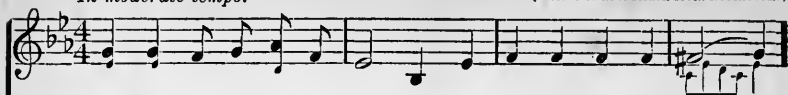
Charlotte G. Homer.

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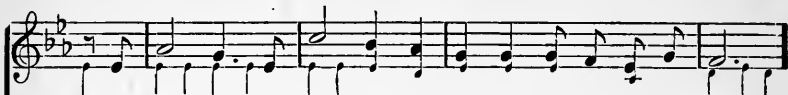
Chas. H. Gabriel.

In moderate tempo.

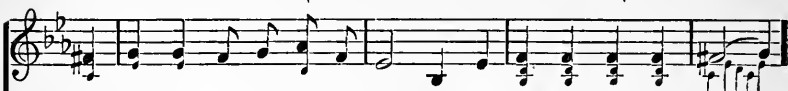
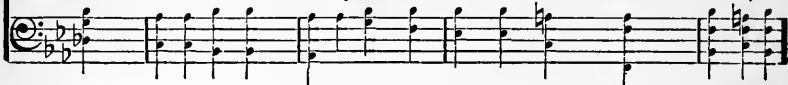
(Theme of first strain from Beethoven.)



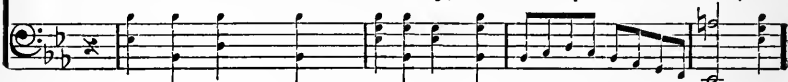
1. In the serv-ice of the Mas - ter Our days are pass - ing by;
2. Oft - en, while the bat - tle ra - ges, While skies a - bove us frown,
3. When our marching days are o - ver, When war and strife shall cease,



Thro' shad - ow and sun - shine We're marching to our home on high;
While weak and dis - cour-aged, We all but lay our ar-mor down,
When vic - tors tri - um - phant We rise to hail the Prince of Peace,



Our Lead-er un - to us is call - ing: "Come on! be not dis - mayed,
We hear our great Commander say - ing: "I fought the fight for thee!
Then we shall see Him in His beau - ty, Shall look up - on His face,



For I, e - ven I am Be - fore thee, be thou not a - fraid!"
I suf - fered! and canst thou Not bear the cross a - while for Me?"
And praise Him for - ev - er, Who loved and saved us by His grace.



CHORUS.



Marching, marching on we go, Thro' desert, or where cool - ing wa - ters
March - ing on, on we go, Where the cool - ing



Onward Till the Dawning.

flow,.....Tho' flood or flame.....We bless His name,.... And to the
wa - ters flow, Thro' flood or flame We bless His name, To

world His love pro - claim;
all His love pro - claim;
as for-ward, on - ward, up - ward!

{ On - ward till the
On-ward till the

dawn - ing of the day when war for - ev - er - more shall cease.
dawning of the day when we shall see the Prince of (*Omit.*) Peace.

No. 11.

Full Surrender.

1. Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, All I have I yield to Thee;
2. Lord, my will I here pre - sent Thee, Glad - ly now no lon - ger mine;
3. Lord, my life I lay be - fore Thee, Hear, this hour, the sa - cred vow!

For Thy love, so great and ten - der, Asks the gift from me. gift from me.
Let no e - vil thing pre - vent me Blending it with Thine. it with Thine.
All Thine own I now restore Thee, Thine for - ev - er now. ev - er now.

No. 12.

Follow On.

W. O. Cushing.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the val-ley, or up-on the mountain steep, Close be-side my

bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would
sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
Sav-ior would my soul ev-er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the

fol-low, fol-low on, Walk-ing in His footsteps till the crown be won.
nev-er, nev-er fear, Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

D. S.—*Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would fol-low on!*

REFRAIN.

Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je-sus! An-y-where, ev-'ry-where,

D. S.

I would fol-low on! Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je-sus!

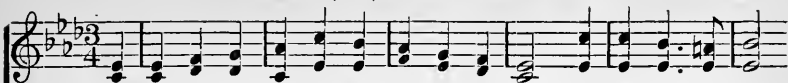
No. 13.

Confess Him To-day.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. Why still un-de-cid-ed, why tar-ry in sin? Con-fess Him to-day,
2. For love of the world will you bar-ter your soul? Con-fess Him to-day,
3. In o-pen re-bel-lion His law you've transgressed, Con-fess Him to-day,
4. A time more con-ven-ient you nev-er will have, Con-fess Him to-day,
5. Be-lieve and re-ceive Him, throw o-pen the door, Con-fess Him to-day,



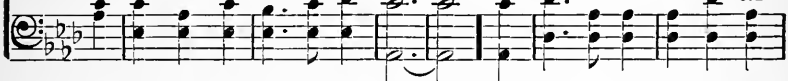
con-fess Him to-day; While yet He is call-ing, let Je-sus come in,
 con-fess Him to-day; Count all things but loss and in Christ be made whole,
 con-fess Him to-day; With o-pen con-fes-sion you now shall be blest,
 con-fess Him to-day; Ac-cept Him this moment—the Mighty to save,
 con-fess Him to-day; Claim Christ as your Sav-ior and Lord ev-er-more,



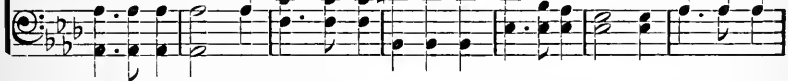
CHORUS.



Con-fess Him to-day be-fore men. Con-fess the dear Sav-ior to-
 con-

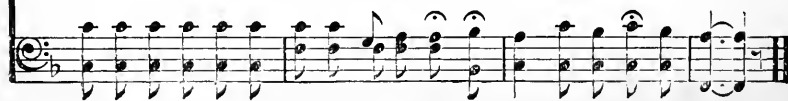


day, to-day, Con-fess Him to-day be-fore men;..... The life of a
 fess Him to-day, be-fore men;



Christian this moment be-gin, Con-fess Him to-day be-fore men.....
 be-fore men.





No. 15.

Better Every Day.

Alice Horton.

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James M. Black.

1. When the shadows dark and drear tempt my soul to doubt and fear, I will look to
 2. O how sweet the joy He gives, for with-in my heart He lives! All my heavy
 3. I, by faith, the face can see of the Lord who died for me, As He gen-tly

Je - sus, for He knows the way; He has kept me thro' the years, wiped a-
 bur-dens at His feet I lay; All the bless-ed way a-long He has
 whis-pers to me by the way; I will praise Him ev-er-more, shout His

way my bit - ter tears, And I love my Sav-ior bet-ter ev - 'ry day.
 filled my soul with song, And I love my Sav-ior bet-ter ev - 'ry day.
 glo - ry o'er and o'er, For I love my Sav-ior bet-ter ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

{ Yes, I love Him better(better), better ev-'ry day; Gently He is leading o-ver
 { I will trust Him ever(ever), trust Him, come what may, (Omit

life's rough way; (And pa-tient-ly) For I love my Sav-ior bet-ter ev - 'ry day.

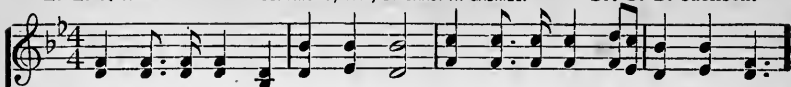
No. 16.

Would You Be Saved.

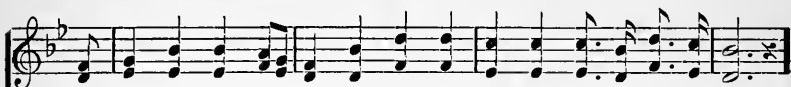
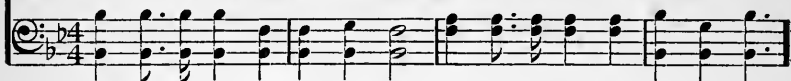
E. E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Dr. S. B. Jackson.



1. Would you be saved? Then why not come Just as you are, and come to - day;
2. Would you be saved? O do not wait! God calls you—heed His lov - ing voice!
3. Would you be saved? There still is room! Christ is the Way, the o - pen Door,
4. O stub-born heart, this hour re - lent! Cry: "Lord, forgive these sins of mine!"



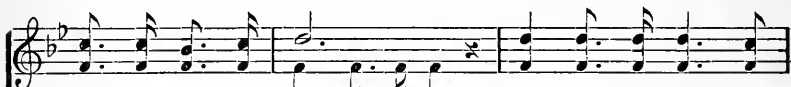
Come while the Spir - it strives with you; Come, for there's danger in de - lay!
 O come be - fore it is too late—Now is the time to make the choice.
 That "who - so - ev - er will" may come, And may find life for - ev - er - more.
 And sin - sick, wear - y and pen - i - tent, Yield to the pow'r of love di - vine.



CHORUS.



Now, now is the ac - cept - ed time, The Sav - ior's
 Now, just now is



plead - ing at the door: "O let Me in! I'll
 at the door:



cleanse your ev - 'ry sin, And will re - mem - ber them no more!"



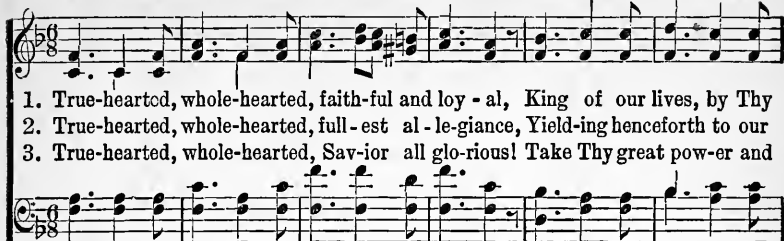
No. 17. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY IRA D. SANKEY.

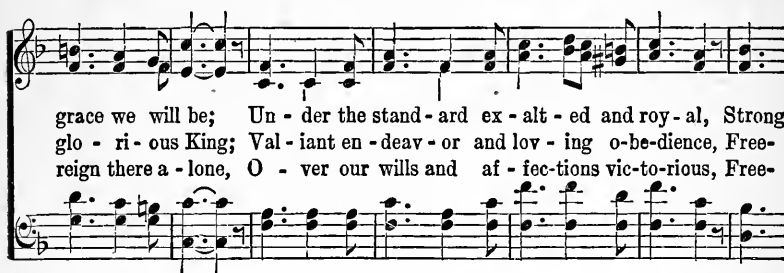
Frances R. Havergal,

USED BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO, OWNERS.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

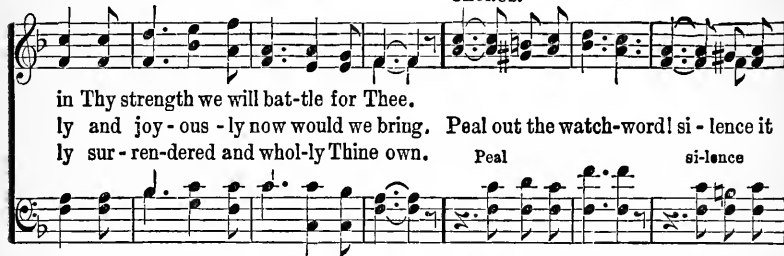


1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy-al, King of our lives, by Thy
 2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full-est al-le-giance, Yield-ing henceforth to our
 3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-ior all glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and



grace we will be; Un-der the stand-ard ex-alt-ed and roy-al, Strong
 glo-ri-ous King; Val-iant en-deav-or and lov-ing o-be-dience, Free-
 reign there a-lone, O-ver our wills and af-fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free-

CHORUS.



in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee.
 ly and joy-ous-ly now would we bring. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it
 ly sur-ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own. Peal si-lence



nev-er! Song of our spir-its re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the
 Song re-joic-ing and free; Peal



watch-word! loy-al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
 loy-al King

No. 18.

Jesus Remembered You.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Don't for-get Je - sus when long is the way; Don't for-get Je - sus when
 2. Don't for-get Je - sus! When tempted to sin, Trust in His prom-ise—He'll
 3. Don't for-get Je - sus, for He thought of you When you had wandered, when
 4. Don't for-get Je - sus, but on Him re - ly! Time, like a riv - er, is

dark is the day; Don't for-get Je - sus, He'll hear when you pray,
 help you to win; In all your bat - tles, with - out and with - in,
 you where un - true; Je - sus was faith - ful the whole jour - ney thro',
 wan - der - ing by! Sure - ly you'll need Him the hour you must die,

CHORUS.

O don't, don't for-get Je - sus! Don't for - get Je - sus,

don't for-get Je - sus, So faith-ful, so lov - ing and true;.....
 so lov - ing and true;

When you were lost in dark-ness and sin, Je - sus re-mem-bered you!

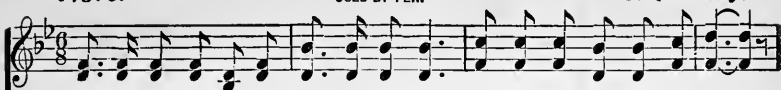
No. 19.

Unsearchable Riches.

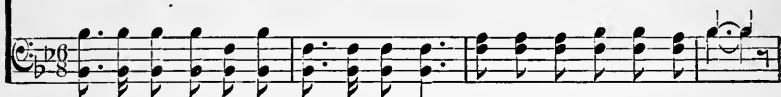
F. J. C.

USED BY PER.

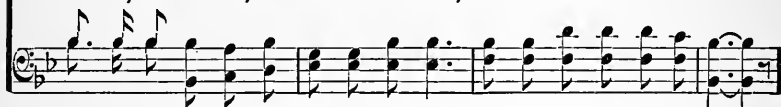
J. R. Sweeney.



1. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Wealth that can never be told;
2. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ, Who shall their greatness declare;
3. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ, Free-ly, how free-ly they flow;
4. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ, Who would not gladly en-dure



Rich-es ex-haust-less of mercy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold.
 Jew-els whose lus-tre our lives may a-dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
 Mak-ing the souls of the faith-ful and true Hap-py wher-ev-er they go.
 Tri-als, af-flic-tions, and cross-es on earth, Rich-es like these to se-cure.



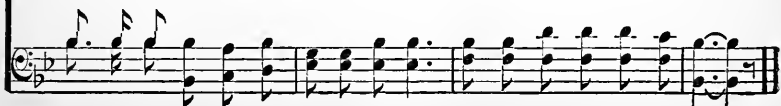
CHORUS.



Pre-cious, more pre-cious, Wealth that can nev-er be told;



O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.

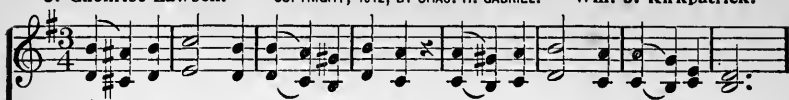


No. 20. As the Apple of His Eye.

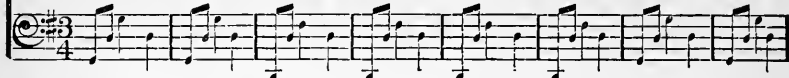
J. Gilchrist Lawson.

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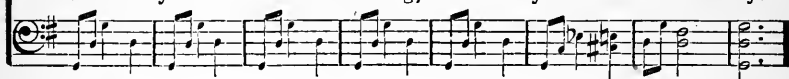
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. Ten - der - ly God watch - es o'er us, Ev - er pres - ent, ev - er nigh;
2. More than mother's love for children, More than an - y earth - ly tie
3. High - er than the high - est heav - en, Deep - er than the deep - est sea
4. Can you slight a love so faith - ful, Hal - lowed in Geth - sem - a - ne?



He has promised, He will keep us As the ap - ple of His eye.
 Is His prom - ise, He will keep us As the ap - ple of His eye.
 Is the love that God hath promised; He will ev - er care for thee.
 Wore for you the crown of scorn - ing, Died for you on Cal - va - ry?



CHORUS.



He will keep us, God will keep us, As the ap - ple



of His eye; God will keep us, safe - ly keep us,



Keep us as the ap - ple of His eye.
 Keep us, as the ap - ple of His eye.



No. 21.

He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
 2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait - ed
 3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
 4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in

with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
 an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
 a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
 His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to

pre-cious to me, me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'Tis heaven be-

low My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 22.

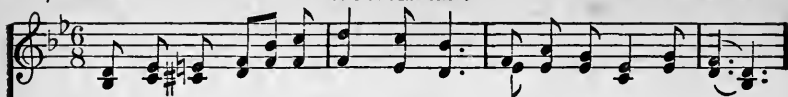
God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

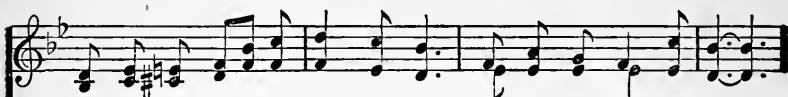
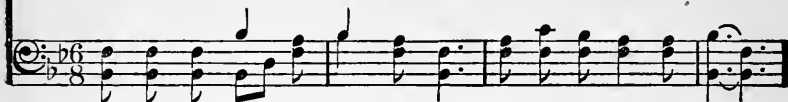
C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
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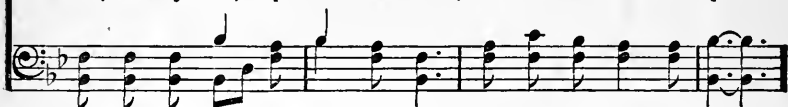
W. S. Martin.



1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



Be-neath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan-gers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wear-y one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.



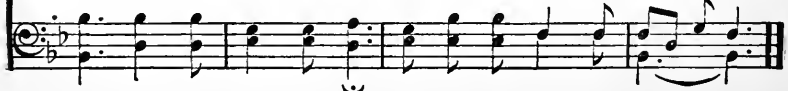
CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;



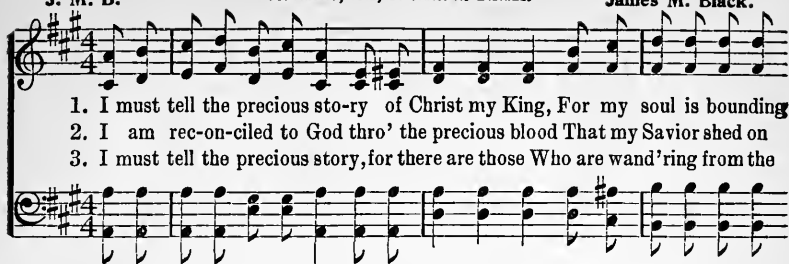
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
 take care of you.



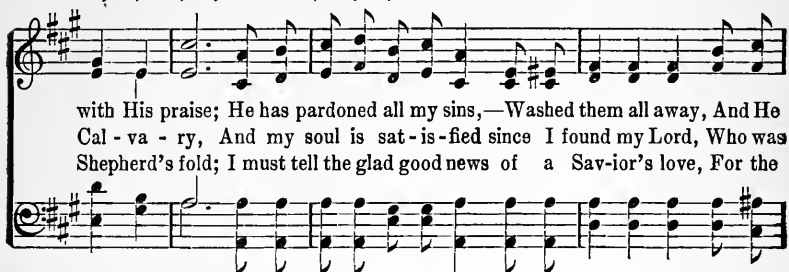
J. M. B.

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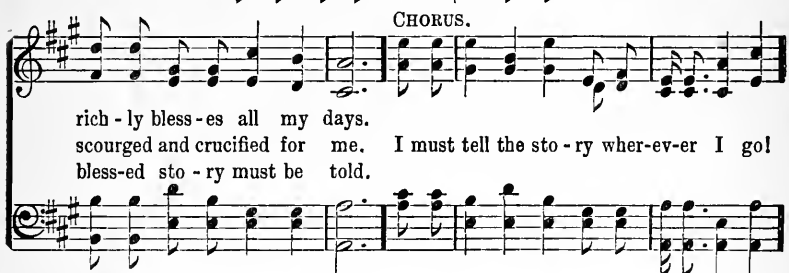
James M. Black.



1. I must tell the precious sto-ry of Christ my King, For my soul is bounding
 2. I am rec-on-ciled to God thro' the precious blood That my Savior shed on
 3. I must tell the precious story, for there are those Who are wand'ring from the

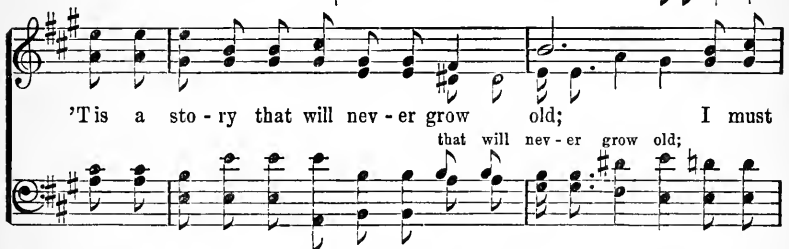


with His praise; He has pardoned all my sins,—Washed them all away, And He
 Cal - va - ry, And my soul is sat-is-fied since I found my Lord, Who was
 Shepherd's fold; I must tell the glad good news of a Sav-ior's love, For the

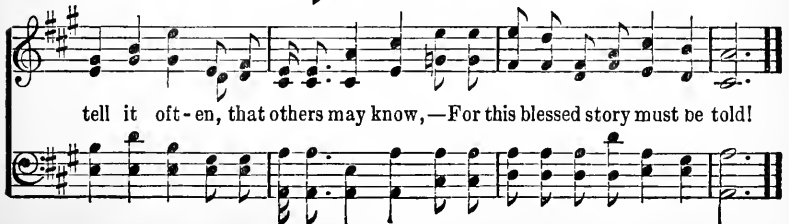


CHORUS.

rich - ly bless-es all my days.
 scourged and crucified for me. I must tell the sto-ry wher-ev-er I go!
 bless-ed sto - ry must be told.



'Tis a sto - ry that will nev - er grow old; I must
 that will nev - er grow old;



tell it oft-en, that others may know,—For this blessed story must be told!

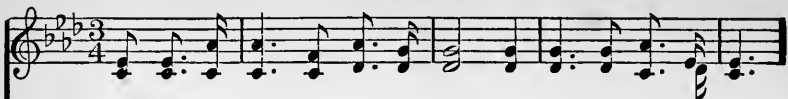
No. 24.

Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.



1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While standing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be-held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with-in the veil, My por-tion there will be,



Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
 Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)
 I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
 To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.



CHORUS.



Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . . .
 Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry for me, Grace as fath - om - less as the roll-ing sea.



Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, . . . Grace, . . . enough for me.
 Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, His a - bun - dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

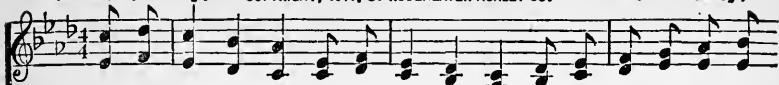


No. 25. I Shall Dwell Forever There.

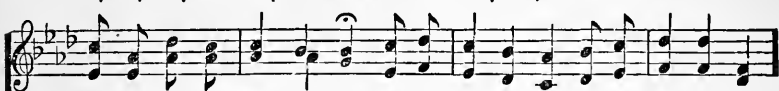
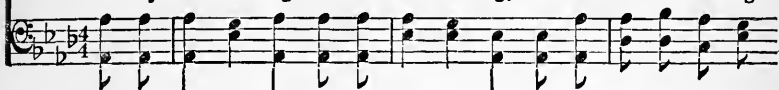
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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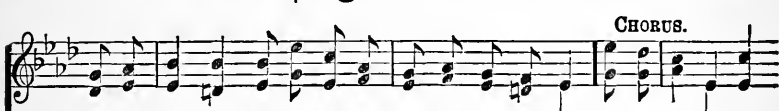
B. D. Ackley.



1. When the night is o'er and the shadows past, And e - ter - nal dawn dis-
2. Tho' my sky be filled with the clouds of time, And my Soul is burdened
3. How my heart will sing when I see the King, For there is no Sovereign



pels the gloom of earth - ly care; In the home of God I shall rest at last,
with for - bod-ings of de - spair, Yet, my heart is cheered, for the Hope is mine,
that with Je - sus can com-pare; So the sac - ri - fice of a life I'll bring,



CHORUS.

In the land of E - den I shall dwell for-ev-er there.

If I trust in Je - sus I shall dwell for-ev-er there. I shall walk the streets
And with Him in glo - ry, I shall dwell for-ev-er there.



of the cit - y of God with its tree of Life so bright so fair,



There will be no night— Je - sus is the light, I shall dwell for-ev - er there.

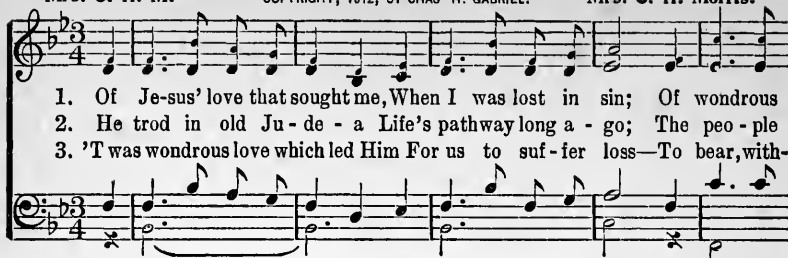


No. 26. Sweeter As the Years Go By.

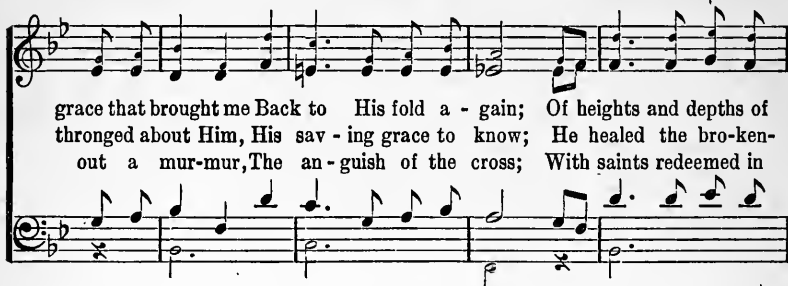
Mrs. C. H. M.

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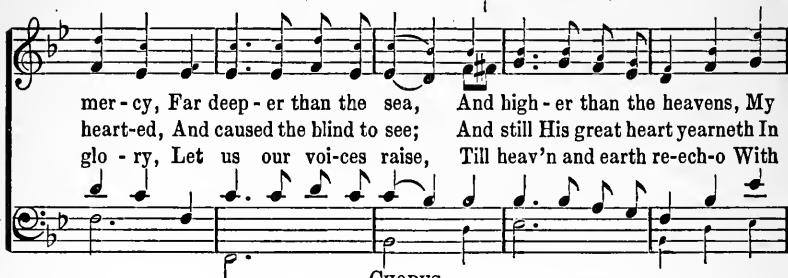
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



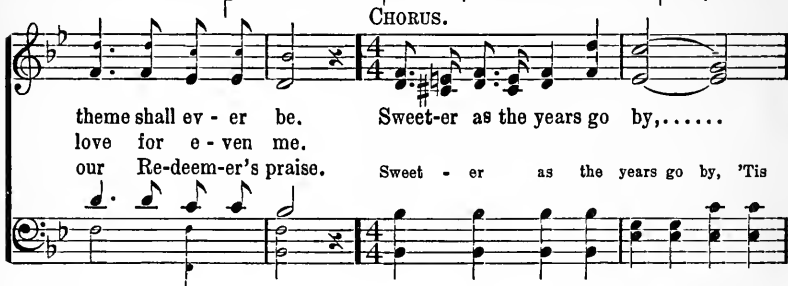
1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of wondrous
2. He trod in old Ju-de-a Life's pathway long a-go; The peo-ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf-fer loss-To bear, with-



grace that brought me Back to His fold a-gain; Of heights and depths of
thronged about Him, His sav-ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken-
out a mur-mur, The an-guish of the cross; With saints redeemed in

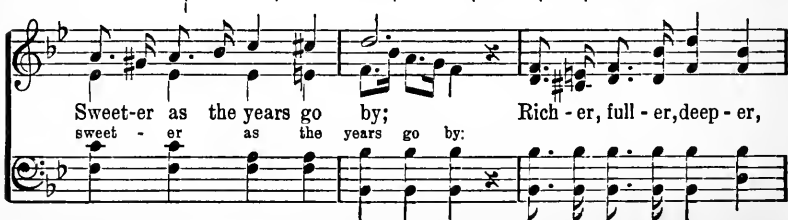


mer-cy, Far deep-er than the sea, And high-er than the heavens, My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo-ry, Let us our voi-ces raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With



CHORUS.

theme shall ev-er be. Sweet-er as the years go by,.....
love for e-ven me.
our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet-er as the years go by, 'Tis



Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full-er, deep-er,
sweet-er as the years go by:

Sweeter As the Years Go By.

rit.



Je - sus' love is sweet - er, Sweet-er as the years go by.

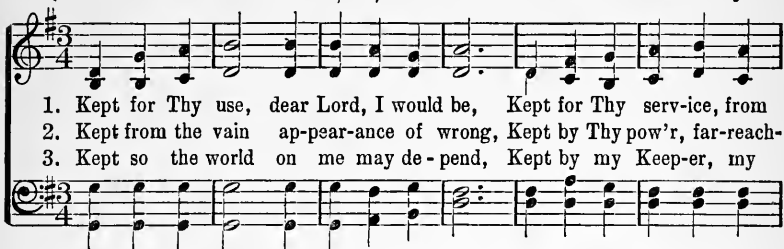
No. 27.

Kept For Thy Use.

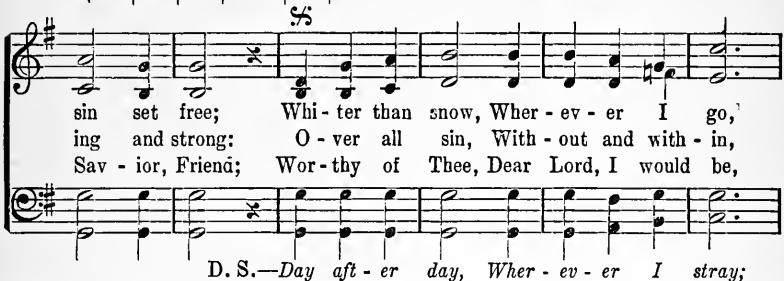
Rev. W. C. Poole.

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H. A. Henry.

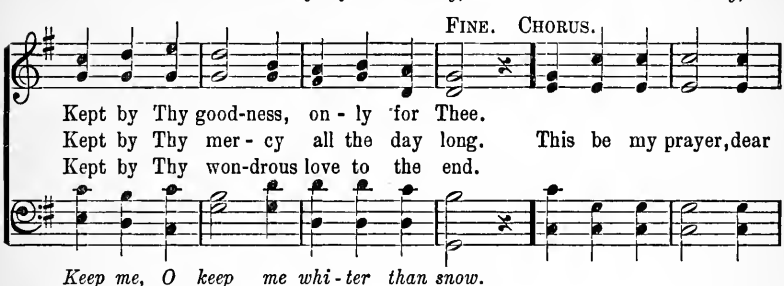


1. Kept for Thy use, dear Lord, I would be, Kept for Thy serv-ice, from
2. Kept from the vain ap-pear-ance of wrong, Kept by Thy pow'r, far-reach-
3. Kept so the world on me may de-pend, Kept by my Keep-er, my



sin set free; Whi - ter than snow, Wher - ev - er I go,
ing and strong; O - ver all sin, With - out and with - in,
Sav - ior, Friend; Wor - thy of Thee, Dear Lord, I would be,
D. S.—Day aft - er day, Wher - ev - er I stray;

FINE. CHORUS.



Kept by Thy good-ness, on - ly for Thee.
Kept by Thy mer - cy all the day long. This be my prayer, dear
Kept by Thy won-drous love to the end.

Keep me, O keep me whi-ter than snow.

D. S.



Lord, as I go, That I to oth - ers Thy glo - ry may show;

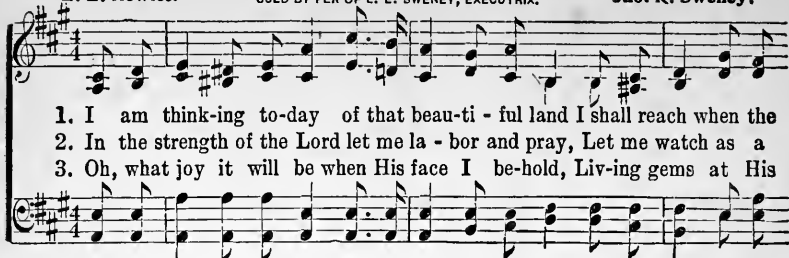
No. 28.

Will There be any Stars?

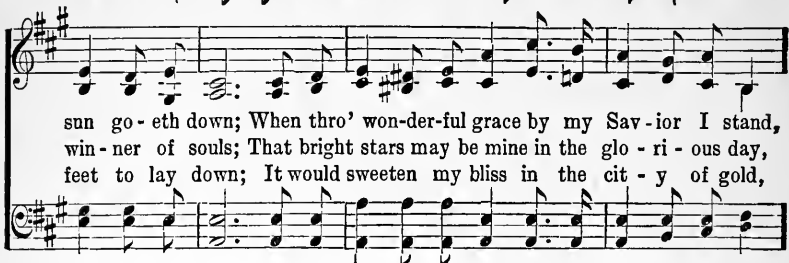
E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO R. SWENEY
USED BY PER OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.

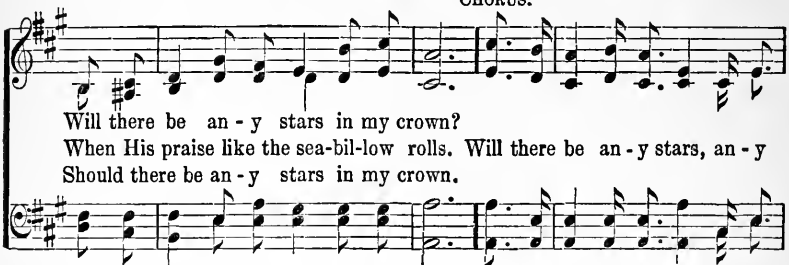


1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

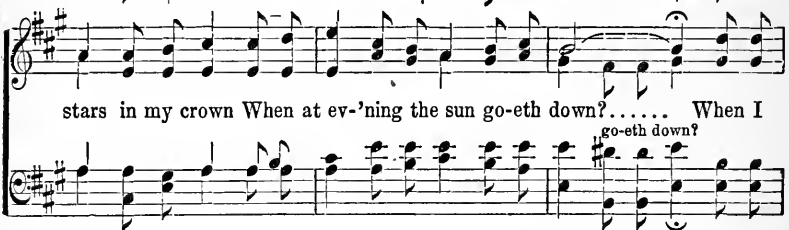


sun go - eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,
 win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

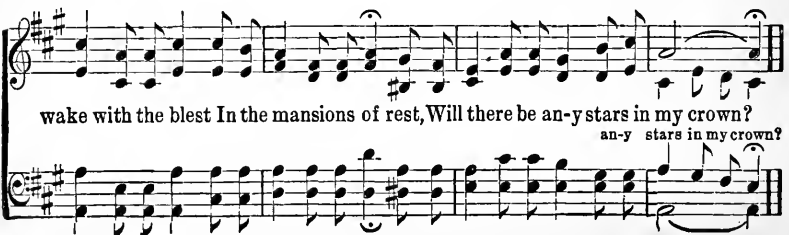
CHORUS.



Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
 When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an - y stars, an - y
 Should there be an - y stars in my crown.



stars in my crown When at ev-'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I
 go-eth down?



wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
 an-y stars in my crown?

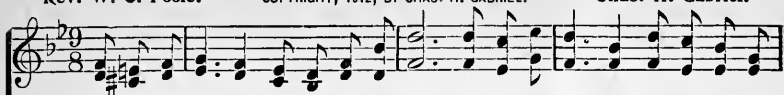
No. 29.

He Promised to Keep Me.

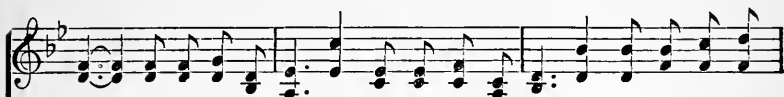
Rev. W. C. Poole.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

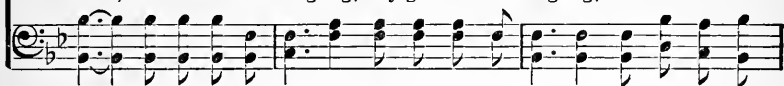
Chas. H. Gabriel.



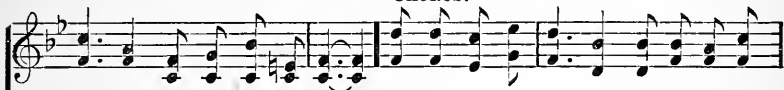
1. Christ will not fail me! how precious the word! I am se-cure with my Savior and
2. Christ will not fail me, a child of His care; All of my burdens He glad-ly will
3. Christ will not fail me when tempted by sin; He felt its pow'r in the struggle to
4. On - ward I journey, no need shall I know But that His goodness and pow'r will be-



Lord; His love faileth nev - er—en - dur - eth for - ev - er, And le-gions of
share. He's ev - er be - side me, no harm can be - tide me, For when I most
win. My weakness He knoweth; His love ev - er show - eth, So sweet - ly con -
stow; The while I am cling - ing, my glad heart is sing - ing, For Christ is be -



CHORUS.



an - gels shall o - ver me guard.

need Him, my Sav - ior is there.

trol - ling my spir - it with - in.

side me wher - ev - er I go.

He promised to keep me, support and de -



fend me When trials o'er - take and temp - ta - tions as - sail; He promised to



guide me, and I am per - suad - ed His pro - mis - es nev - er, no, nev - er can fail.

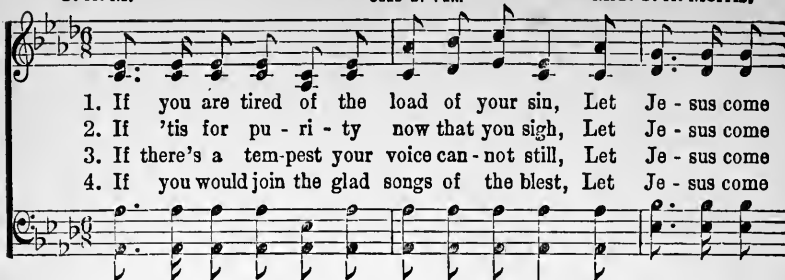


No. 30. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

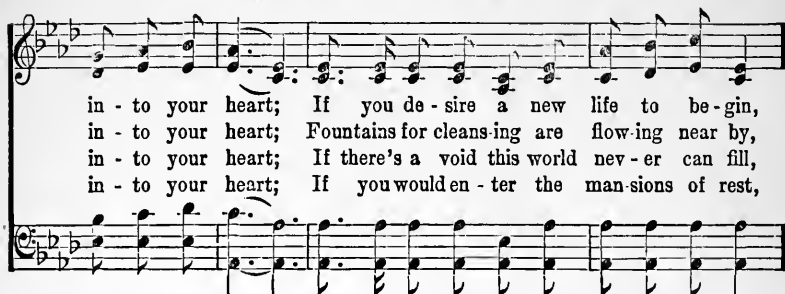
C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.

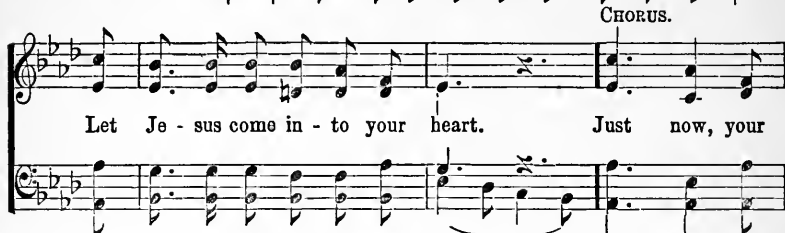
Mrs. C. H. Morris,



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

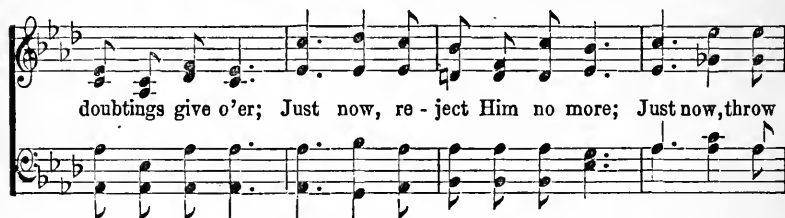


in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleans - ing are flow - ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man - sions of rest,

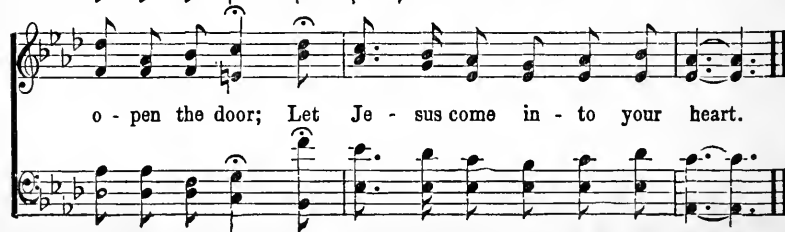


CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your



doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw



o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

No. 31. I Have Never Found a Friend Like Jesus.

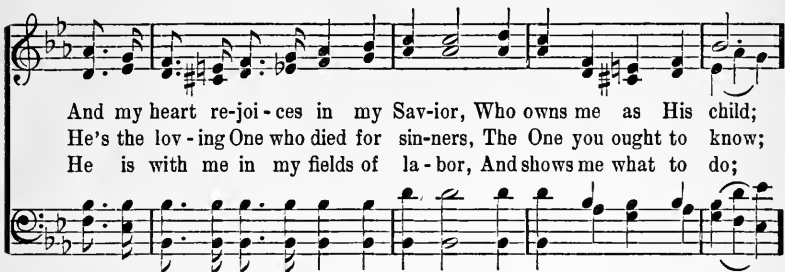
Lavinia E. Brauff.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

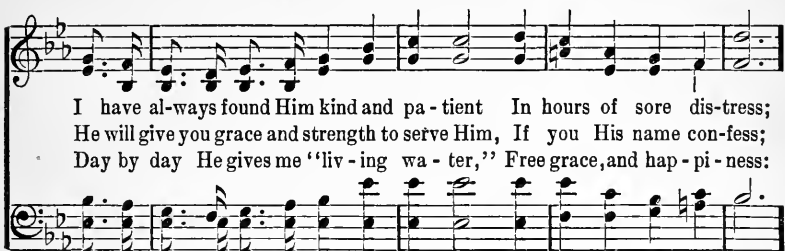
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I have nev - er found a friend like Je - sus, So ten - der and so mild,
 2. I have nev - er found a friend like Je - sus, No mat - ter where I go;
 3. I have nev - er found a friend like Je - sus, So faith - ful and so true;



And my heart re - joi - ces in my Sav - ior, Who owns me as His child;
 He's the lov - ing One who died for sin - ners, The One you ought to know;
 He is with me in my fields of la - bor, And shows me what to do;



I have al - ways found Him kind and pa - tient In hours of sore dis - tress;
 He will give you grace and strength to serve Him, If you His name con - fess;
 Day by day He gives me "liv - ing wa - ter," Free grace, and hap - pi - ness:



FINE.



D. S.—I have nev - er found a friend like Je - sus, To com - fort and to bless.



CHORUS.

I have never found a friend like Je - sus, Nev - er such a friend as Je - sus;

D. S.

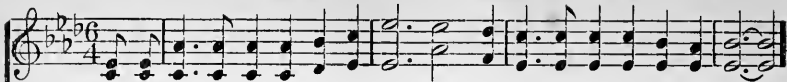
No. 32.

Only One Way.

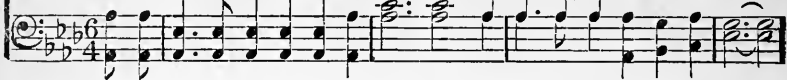
E. E. Rexford.

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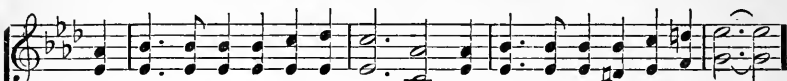
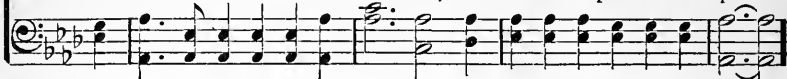
Chas. H. Gabriel.



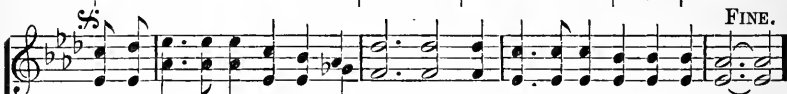
1. There is on - ly one way of sal - va - tion—The glo - ri - ous way of the cross!
2. There is on - ly one way of sal - va - tion! At Cal - va - ry's cross it be - gins,
3. There is on - ly one way of sal - va - tion, Tho' oft - en it seems to be vain—



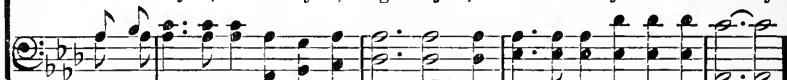
It leads thro' Gethsemane's gar - den, Thro' pain, self - de - ni - al and loss.
 And winds thro' the vale of re - pent - ance, And out of the val - ley of sins.
 It's mountains of tri - al and sor - row, It's des - erts of pas - sion and pain—



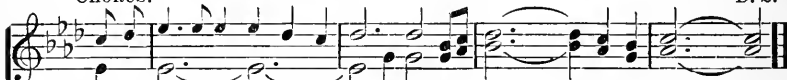
'Tis nar - row, but ev - er a - bound - ing With glimpses of heaven a - bove;
 'Tis marked by the blood of the martyrs, And hallowed by sorrows un - told,
 But Je - sus, the Sav - ior of sin - ners, Will walk by your side all the way;



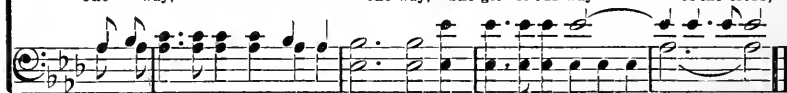
It is rug - ged, but radiant with glo - ry, And blazoned with mercy and love.
 But it still is the way, and the on - ly Way un - to the Cit - y of Gold.
 He will love you, and cheer you, and guide you,—O make Him your Savior to - day!



D.S.—There is on - ly one way of sal - va - tion,—The glo - ri - ous way of the cross.
 CHORUS.



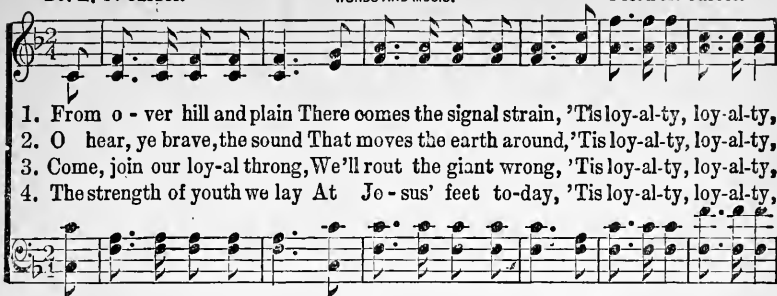
There is on - ly one way of sal - va - tion,—The way of the cross;
 One way, one way,—The glo - ri - ous way of the cross;



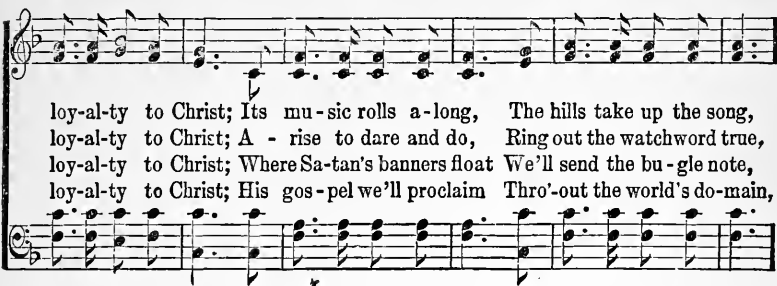
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

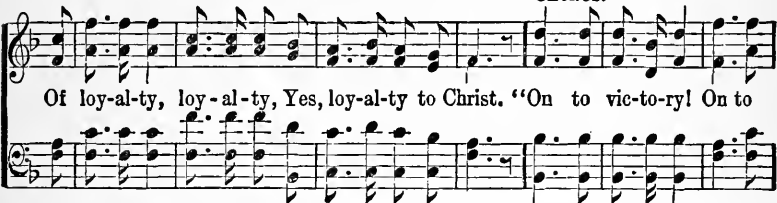


1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
 2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
 3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
 4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,



loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
 loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
 loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
 loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main,

CHORUS.



Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
 great Commander: "On!"



We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

No. 34.

I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to o - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

D. S. - I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone;

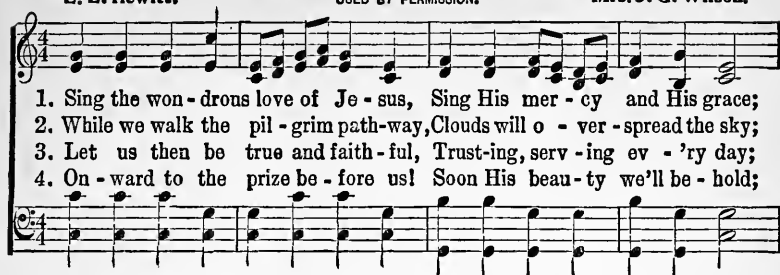
D. S.

No. 35. When We All Get to Heaven.

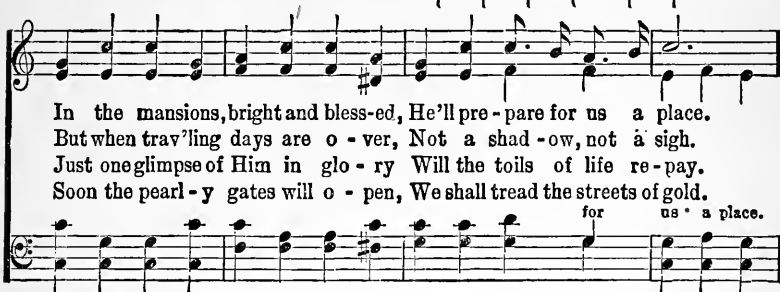
E. E. Hewitt.

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Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

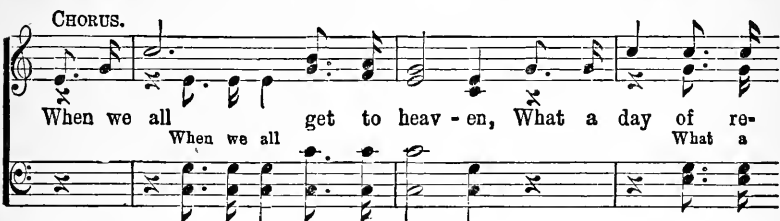


1. Sing the won-drons love of Je-sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim path-way, Clouds will o-ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev-'ry day;
4. On-ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be-hold;

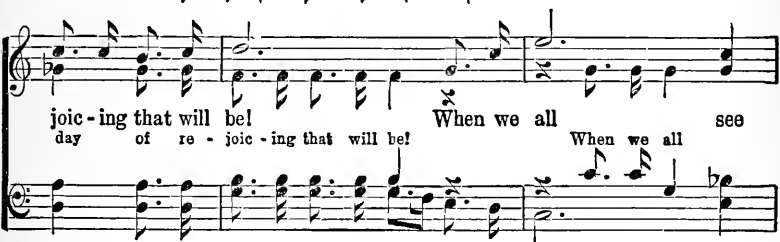


In the mansions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o-ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo-ry Will the toils of life re-pay.
Soon the pearl-y gates will o-pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
for us a place.

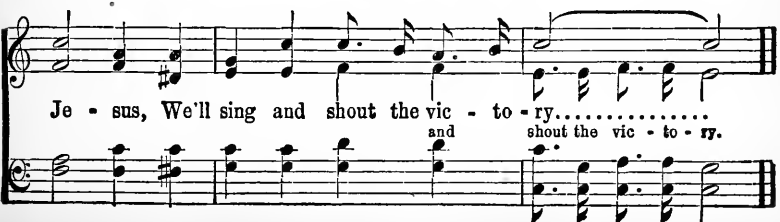
CHORUS.



When we all get to heav-en, What a day of re-
When we all What a



joic-ing that will be! When we all see
day of re-joic-ing that will be! When we all



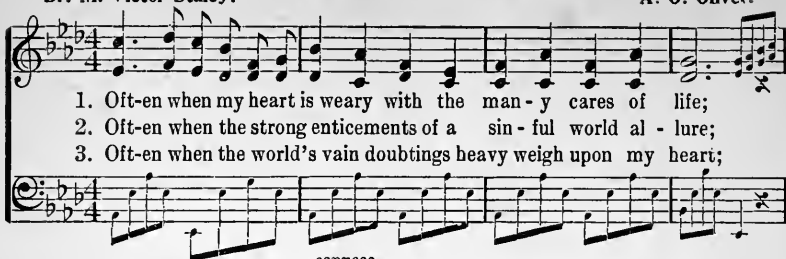
Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry.....
and shout the vic-to-ry.

No. 36. I Know He Keeps His Promise.

Dr. M. Victor Staley.

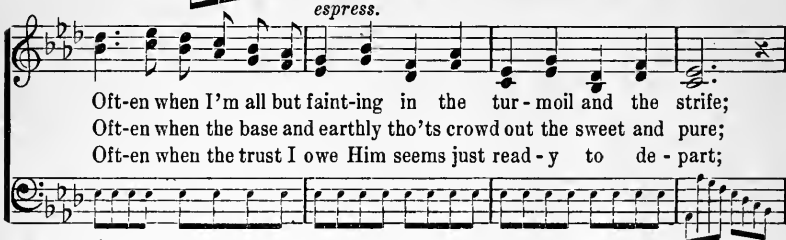
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

A. O. Oliver.

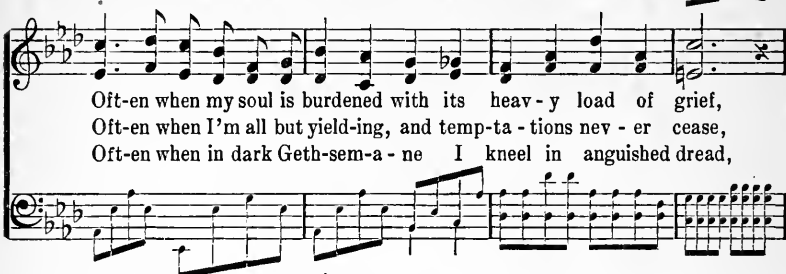


1. Oft-en when my heart is weary with the man - y cares of life;
 2. Oft-en when the strong enticements of a sin - ful world al - lure;
 3. Oft-en when the world's vain doubtings heavy weigh upon my heart;

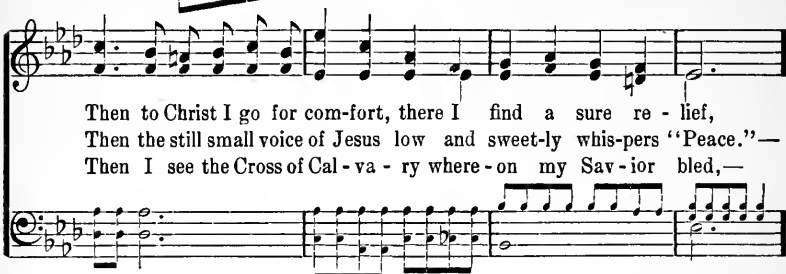
espress.



Oft-en when I'm all but faint-ing in the tur - moil and the strife;
 Oft-en when the base and earthly tho'ts crowd out the sweet and pure;
 Oft-en when the trust I owe Him seems just read - y to de - part;

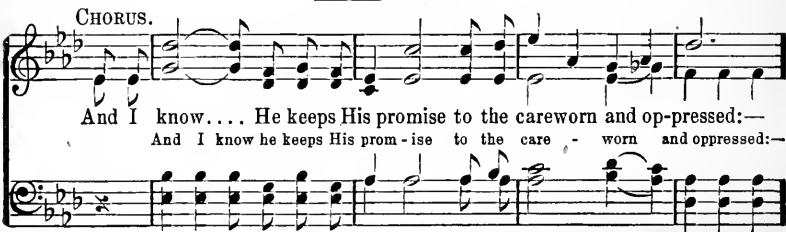


Oft-en when my soul is burdened with its heav - y load of grief,
 Oft-en when I'm all but yield-ing, and temp - ta - tions nev - er cease,
 Oft-en when in dark Geth-sem-a - ne I kneel in anguished dread,



Then to Christ I go for com-fort, there I find a sure re - lief,
 Then the still small voice of Jesus low and sweet-ly whis-pers "Peace."—
 Then I see the Cross of Cal - va - ry where-on my Sav - ior bled,—

CHORUS.



And I know.... He keeps His promise to the careworn and op-pressed:—
 And I know he keeps His prom - ise to the care - worn and oppressed:—

I Know He Keeps His Promise.

rit.

To the heav - y - la - dened - com - fort; to the wear - y - rest, sweet rest.
To the heav - y - la - dened - com - fort; to the wear - y - rest, sweet rest.

No. 37.

Come, Thou Fount.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Robert Robinson.

(Welsh Tune—HYFRYDOL.)

Arr. by Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I'll raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues above;
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love!
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

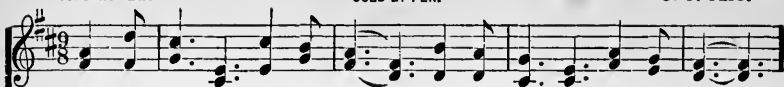
No. 38.

Why Not Now?

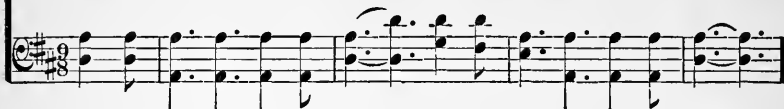
El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.
USED BY PER.

C. C. Case.



1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;



While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



CHORUS



Why not now? . . . why not now? . . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? . . . why not now? . . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



No. 39.

My Wonderful Dream.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a dream that I dream, of my Sav - ior di - vine, And I know that my
 2. There is sweet com-pen-sa - tion for heart-ache and loss In the hope that is
 3. It will still be my stay when the fash-ions of earth In the mist is dis-

dream will come true; At the morn, in the night, comes the vi-sion of light,
 giv - en to me; I shall quick-ly for - get how the road was be - set
 solv - ing a - way; For the pass-age of death will be on - ly a breath,—

CHORUS.

With a prom-ise e - ter - nal - ly new.
 When the King in His beau-ty I see. O this won-der - ful dream is a
 But a breath, and my dream will come true.

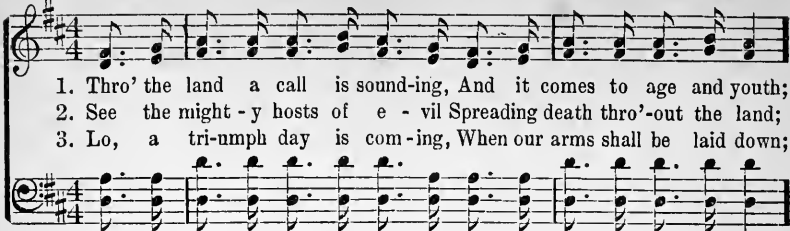
se-cret of grace, And I would that this se-cret you knew;..... For I
 that you knew;

dream that at last I shall look on His face, And I know that my dream will come true.

No. 40. The Victory May Depend on You.

George O. Webster. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE FILLMORE BROS. CO

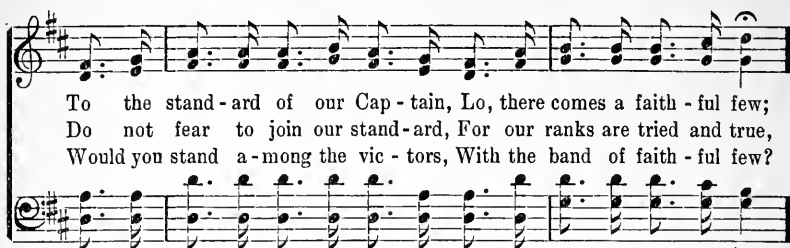
J. H. Fillmore.



1. Thro' the land a call is sound-ing, And it comes to age and youth;
2. See the might - y hosts of e - vil Spreading death thro'-out the land;
3. Lo, a tri-umph day is com-ing, When our arms shall be laid down;

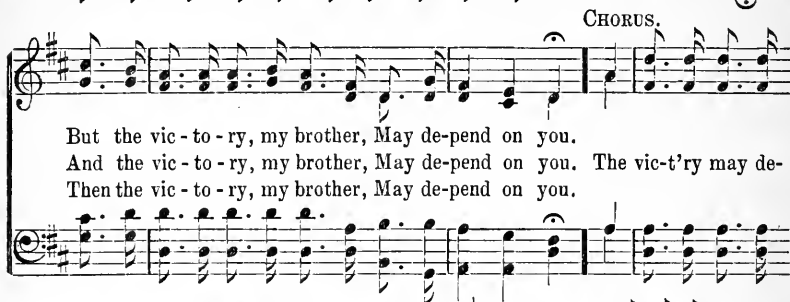


'Tis a sum-mons to the con-flict, In the cause of right and truth:
Who is there will an-swer quick-ly, And the hosts of sin with-stand!
Then each faith-ful, loy-al sol-dier Shall re-ceive a vic-tor's crown;

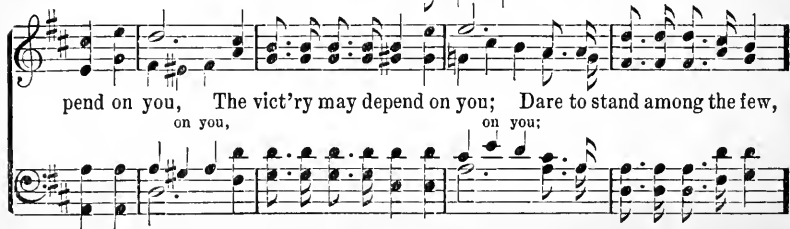


To the stand-ard of our Cap-tain, Lo, there comes a faith-ful few;
Do not fear to join our stand-ard, For our ranks are tried and true,
Would you stand a-mong the vic-tors, With the band of faith-ful few?

CHORUS.



But the vic-to-ry, my brother, May de-pend on you.
And the vic-to-ry, my brother, May de-pend on you. The vic-t'ry may de-
Then the vic-to-ry, my brother, May de-pend on you.



pend on you, The vic't'ry may depend on you; Dare to stand among the few,
on you, on you;

The Victory May Depend on You.

With the faith-ful tried and true, For the vic-t'ry may de-pend on you.

No. 41.

Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Silas J. Vail.

1. Thou, my ev - er-last-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

All a - long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-ior, let me walk with Thee.
Glad-ly will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

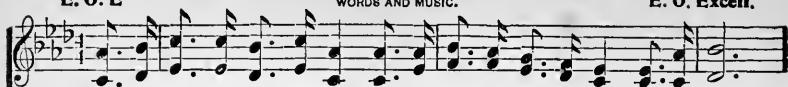
All a - long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-ior, let me walk with Thee.
Glad-ly will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

No. 42. We Shall Stand Before the King.

E. O. E

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. We shall stand before the King, With the angels we shall sing, By and by,
2. Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring, We shall stand before the King, By and by,
3. Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring, Thou shalt stand before the King, By and by,

By and by,



by and by; Walk the bright, the golden shore, Praising Him forevermore,
by and by; There our sorrows will be o'er, There His name we will adore,
by and by; Lay thy trophies at His feet, In His likeness stand complete,

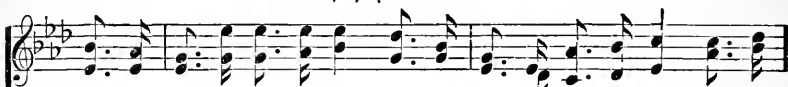
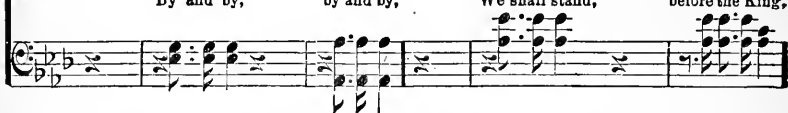
by and by



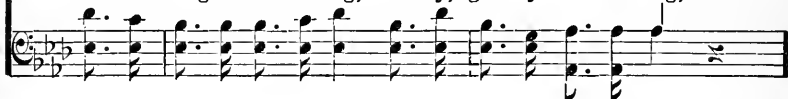
CHORUS



By and by, by and by. We shall stand, . . . before the King,
By and by, by and by, We shall stand, before the King,

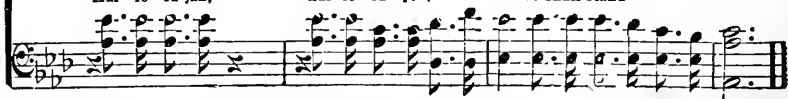


With the an-gels we shall sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King, Hal-le-



lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, We shall stand before the King.

Hal-le-lu-jah; hal-le-lu-jah; we shall stand



No. 43.

Go Garry His Love.

Katharine Atherton Grimes.

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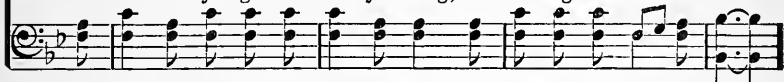
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Go car-ry His love to the hearts of men, Weighed down by the world's unrest;
2. Go car-ry His love to the wayward souls That flaunt in the streets outside;
3. Go car-ry His love, and the tale re-peat Of what He has done for you;



Go tell the sto - ry of peace a - gain To those who are sore op-pressed;
 Per-haps the word they nev-er have heard Of Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.
 Some heart may sing at the news you bring, With courage to dare and do.



Go, car - ry it where there are those to bear Their burdens of want and sin;
 Go, car - ry His love to the haunts of shame, — 'Twas such that He came to save;
 There nev-er was one beneath God's bright sun But needed the Master's care;



Un-bar the door of some wear-y heart, That Je-sus may en - ter in.
 He sends you forth to the wait-ing earth Wher-ev-er sin's ban - ners wave.
 So take the love of the Lord a - bove, And car-ry it ev - 'ry - where.



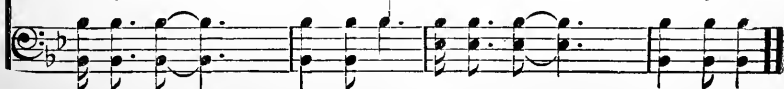
D.S.—Go take the love of the Lord a - bove, And car-ry it ev - 'ry - where.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Car-ry it ev - 'ry - where,.... Car-ry it ev - 'ry - where;....
 Car - ry it . . . ev - 'ry-where, Car - ry it . . . ev - 'ry-where.



No. 44.

The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
 2. The fight is on, A-rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
 3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of

arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march - ing
 leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
 prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry

on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap - pear.
 God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en - dure.
 land shall hon - ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris - tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar -

ray, . . . With ar - mor gleam - ing, and col - ors stream - ing, The right and

The Fight is On.

Wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
 wear - y; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be
 for us, His ban - ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last.
 vic - t'ry, vic - t'ry,

No. 45. The Lord Will Provide.

Mrs. M. A. W. Cook.

C. S. Harrington.

1. In some way or oth - er The Lord will pro - vide; It may not be my way,
 2. At some time or oth - er The Lord will pro - vide; It may not be my time,
 3. De - spond then no lon - ger, The Lord will pro - vide; And this be the to - ken—
 4. March on, then, right boldly; The sea shall di - vide; The pathway made glorious,

It may not be thy way, And yet in His own way The Lord will pro - vide.
 It may not be thy time, And yet in His own time The Lord will pro - vide.
 No word He hath spo - ken Was ev - er yet broken—The Lord will pro - vide.
 With shoutings vic - to - rious We'll join in the cho - rus, The Lord will pro - vide.

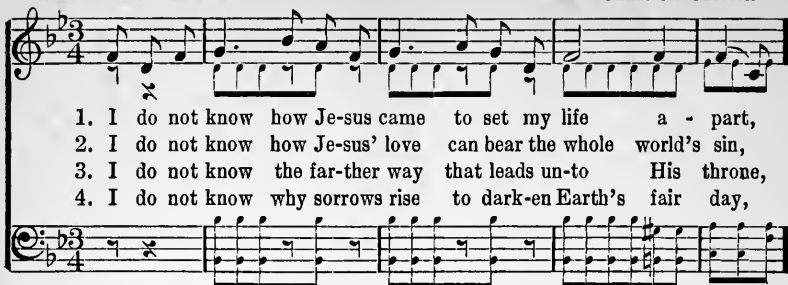
No. 46.

He Died For Me.

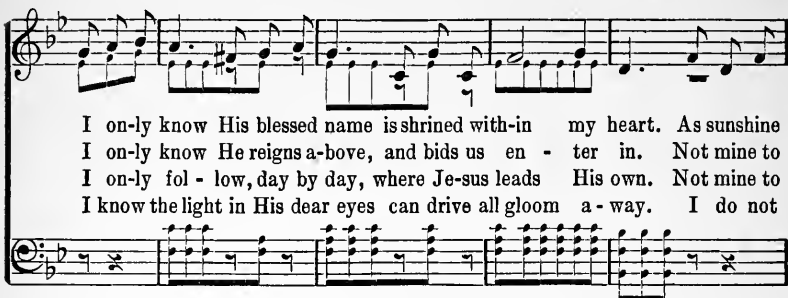
Katharine A. Grimes.

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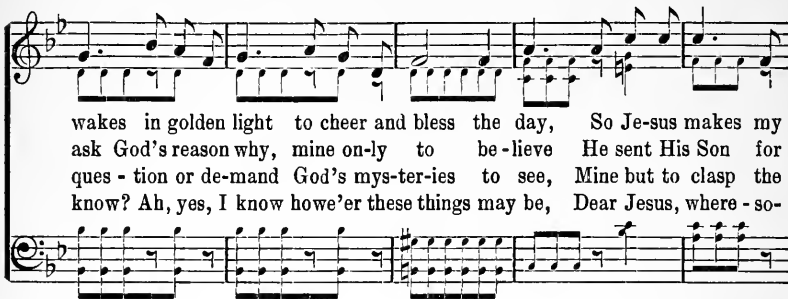
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I do not know how Je-sus came to set my life a - part,
 2. I do not know how Je-sus' love can bear the whole world's sin,
 3. I do not know the far-ther way that leads un-to His throne,
 4. I do not know why sorrows rise to dark-en Earth's fair day,

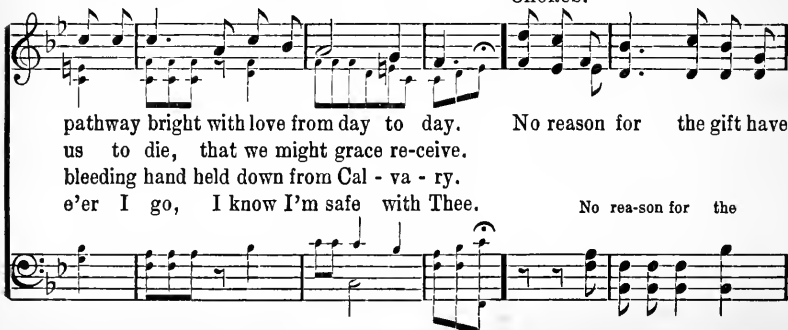


I on-ly know His blessed name isshrined with-in my heart. As sunshine
 I on-ly know He reigns a-bove, and bids us en - ter in. Not mine to
 I on-ly fol - low, day by day, where Je-sus leads His own. Not mine to
 I know the light in His dear eyes can drive all gloom a - way. I do not



wakes in golden light to cheer and bless the day, So Je-sus makes my
 ask God's reason why, mine on-ly to be-lieve He sent His Son for
 ques - tion or de-mand God's mys-ter-ies to see, Mine but to clasp the
 know? Ah, yes, I know howe'er these things may be, Dear Jesus, where - so -

CHORUS.



pathway bright with love from day to day. No reason for the gift have
 us to die, that we might grace re-ceive.
 bleeding hand held down from Cal - va - ry.
 e'er I go, I know I'm safe with Thee. No rea-son for the

He Died For Me.

I, The truth a - lone is all my plea; No mat-ter
gift have I, The truth a - lone is all my plea; No

where, or when, or why, I know, I 'know... He died for me!
mat-ter where, or when, or why, I know, O yes, I know He died for me!

No. 47.

Stay Thou Near By.

David J. Beattie.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GAERIEL.

A. Oliver.

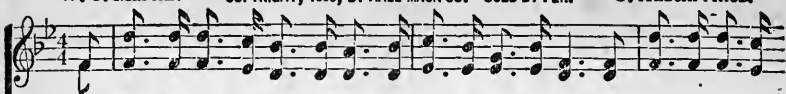
1. Stay Thou near by! Whom have I, Lord, but Thee? Earth's dearest friends may change—their love grow
2. Stay Thou near by! I dare not tread alone The thorny path that once Thy feet didst
3. Stay Thou near by! Life's journey soon will end; Mine eyes are dim, I cannot see my

cold;.... O Savior, Lord, Thou'rt all in all to me, Thy love's un - told.
tread;... Safe shall I be with Thee to lean upon, And by Thee led,
way..... O tho't supreme! From earth I shall ascend To bright - er day.

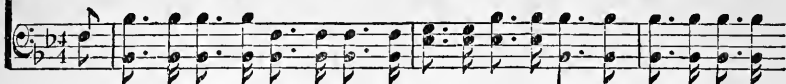
W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY HALL-MACK CO. USED BY PER.

C. Austin Miles.



1. To Je - sus ev-'ry day I find my heart is closer drawn; He's fairer than the
2. His glo - ry broke up-on me when I saw Him from a-far; He's fairer than the
3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but He comes with sweet relief; He folds me to His



glo - ry of the gold and pur - ple dawn; He's all my fan - cy pic-tured in its
 lil - y, brighter than the morning star; He fills and sat - is-fies my long-ing
 bos-om when I droop with blighting grief, I love the Christ who all my burdens



fairest dreams, and more; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day be-fore.
 spir-it o'er and o'er: Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day be-fore.
 in His bod - y bore; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day be-fore.



CHORUS.



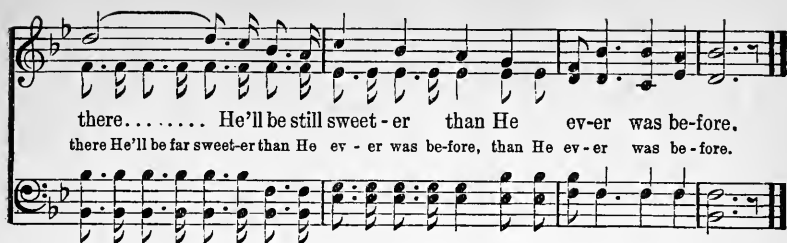
The half..... can-not be fan - cied, this
 The half can-not be fan - cied on this side the gold - en shore, The



side..... the gold - en shore; O
 half can - not be fan - cied on this side the gold - en shore; O



Still Sweeter Every Day.



there..... He'll be still sweet-er than He ev-er was be-fore.
 there He'll be far sweet-er than He ev-er was be-fore, than He ev-er was be-fore.

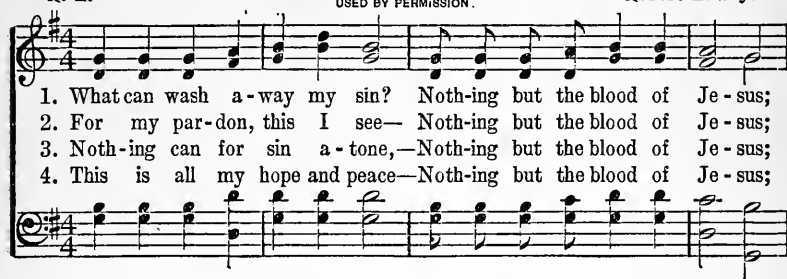
No. 49.

Nothing But the Blood.

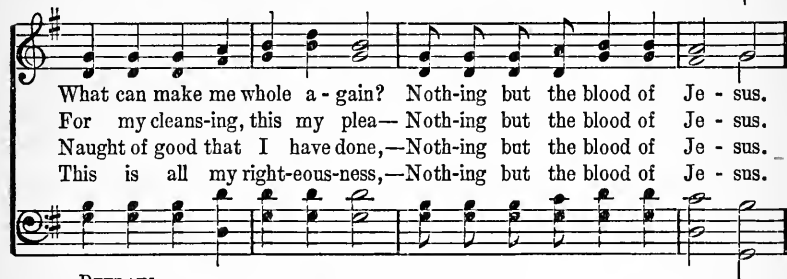
R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
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Robert Lowry.

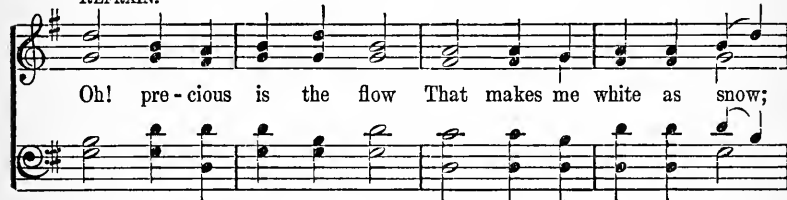


1. What can wash a-way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 2. For my par-don, this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;

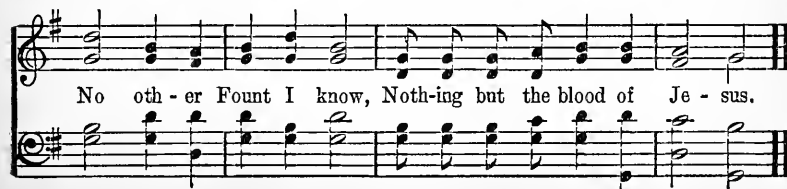


What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Naught of good that I have done,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 This is all my right-eous-ness,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.



Oh! pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;



No oth - er Fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

No. 50.

His Wonderful Glory.

Katharine A. Grimes.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I know the Lord has mer - cy,—I my - self have felt His grace; And I
 2. I know the Lord loves sin - ners, for He came and told me so, And the
 3. I know the Lord will bring me safe to heav-en's hap - py land, For He

know that He has beau - ty,—I, by faith, have seen His face; He has
 bless - ing of His pres - ence goes for - ev - er where I go; He has
 reach - es down and holds me with His bless - ed, bleed - ing hand; He has

won - drous pow'r of heal - ing, for He cleansed and made me whole, And has
 prom - ised to be with me where the floods of sin may roll, And has
 bought me, He has bound me, and His love has made me whole; And has

CHORUS.
 giv - en me His glo - ry in my soul. O His glo - ry, won - der - ful

glo - ry, 'Twill go with me while e - ter - nal a - ges roll!..... O His

His Wonderful Glory.

glo - ry, won - der - ful glo - ry, He has giv - en me His glo - ry in my soul.

The musical score for 'His Wonderful Glory' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is marked with a '3' (triple) and a 'rit.' (ritardando) at the end. The lyrics are: 'glo - ry, won - der - ful glo - ry, He has giv - en me His glo - ry in my soul.'

No. 51.

0 Love of Christ.

E. E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. O Love of Christ that fail-eth not, Thou an-chor for the drift-ing soul,
2. O Love that saves us from our sin, And wash-es ev - 'ry stain a - way,
3. O Love un - fail - ing and so free, O Christ, Redeemer, Lord and Friend,

The musical score for '0 Love of Christ' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, and A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is marked with a '3' (triple) and a 'rit.' (ritardando) at the end. The lyrics are: '1. O Love of Christ that fail-eth not, Thou an-chor for the drift-ing soul, 2. O Love that saves us from our sin, And wash-es ev - 'ry stain a - way, 3. O Love un - fail - ing and so free, O Christ, Redeemer, Lord and Friend,'

Be all but this by us forgot,—When sick with sin Thou mad'st us whole.
That makes us clean without,with-in, What shall we of - fer Thee to - day?
Teach us to trust all things to Thee, Who will go with us to the end.

The musical score for '0 Love of Christ' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, and A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is marked with a '3' (triple) and a 'rit.' (ritardando) at the end. The lyrics are: 'Be all but this by us forgot,—When sick with sin Thou mad'st us whole. That makes us clean without,with-in, What shall we of - fer Thee to - day? Teach us to trust all things to Thee, Who will go with us to the end.'

O Love so boundless, deep, and so divine,What joy to know that Thou art mine!
Naught have we,blessed Lord,so poor are we,But love and grat-i-tude to Thee:
In ev - 'ry joy or sor-row, gain or loss, Keep Thou our eyes upon the cross.

The musical score for '0 Love of Christ' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, and A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is marked with a '3' (triple) and a 'rit.' (ritardando) at the end. The lyrics are: 'O Love so boundless, deep, and so divine,What joy to know that Thou art mine! Naught have we,blessed Lord,so poor are we,But love and grat-i-tude to Thee: In ev - 'ry joy or sor-row, gain or loss, Keep Thou our eyes upon the cross.'

O wondrous Love of Christ that fail-eth not, Be all but this by us forgot.
O love that saves and keeps us from our sin, That makes us clean without,with-in.
O Love of Christ,un-fail-ing and so free, Teach us to trust all things to Thee.

The musical score for '0 Love of Christ' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, and A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is marked with a '3' (triple) and a 'rit.' (ritardando) at the end. The lyrics are: 'O wondrous Love of Christ that fail-eth not, Be all but this by us forgot. O love that saves and keeps us from our sin, That makes us clean without,with-in. O Love of Christ,un-fail-ing and so free, Teach us to trust all things to Thee.'

No. 52.

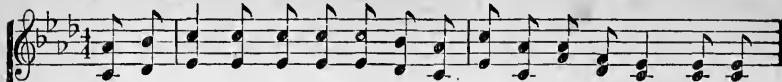
My Savior First of All.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Jno. R. Sweney.



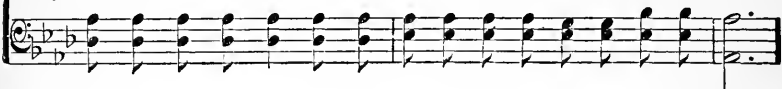
1. When my life work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His bless - ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot - less white He will



bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deemer when I
 lus - ter of His kind - ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
 lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall



reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel - come me.
 mer - cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
 sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
 min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

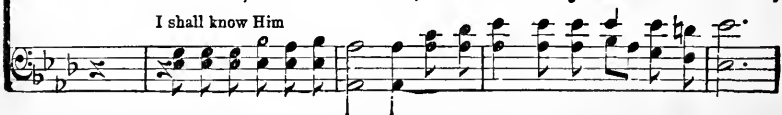


CHORUS.

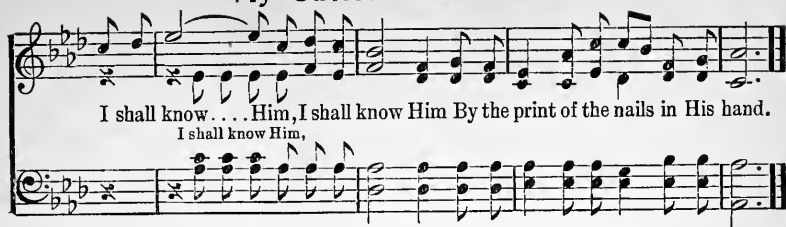


I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,

I shall know Him



My Savior First of All.



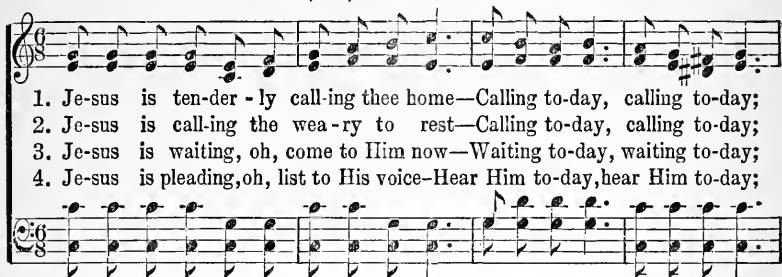
I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

No. 53.

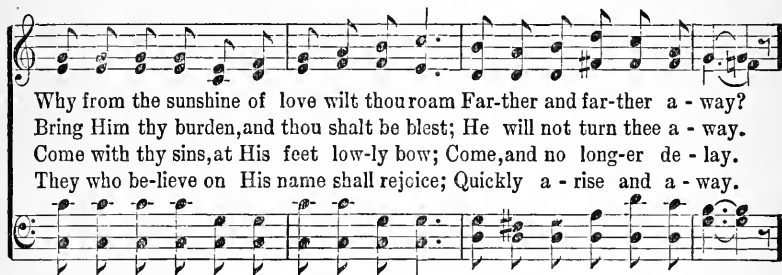
Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby.

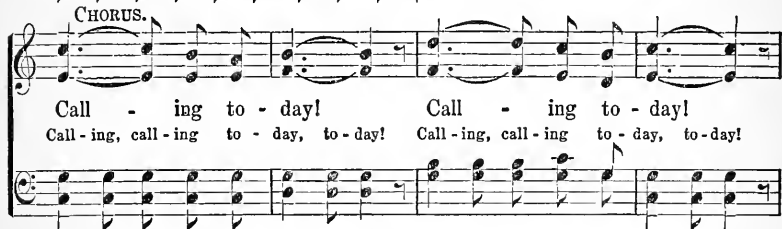
COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. BY PER. George C. Stebbins.



1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;



Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.



CHORUS.
Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!



Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day,

His Way With Thee.

C. S. N.

Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him

Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor

CHORUS.

carry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
 you need never fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
 always at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written in 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written above the first measure, and 'The Rose Tree' is written above the second measure. The system ends with a double bar line.

The Day of Glory.

'Home at last!'—Rev. W. A. Sunday.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

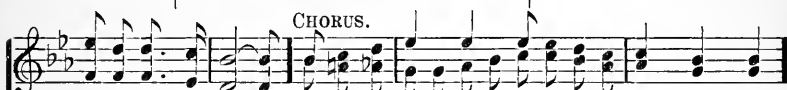
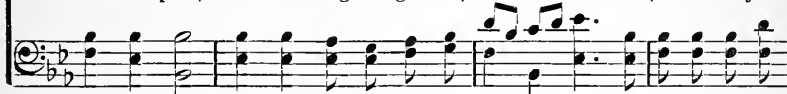
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. When my labors here on earth are o'er, And I reach my home on that e-
2. No more sorrow there, no pain, no tears, No more anxious longing, no more
3. When the beauty of e - ter - nal skies Breaks in all its splendor on my
4. Where a shadow nev-er-more is cast, Where all tears and tri - als are for-

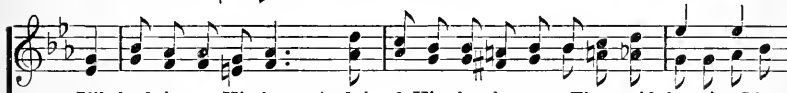


ter - nal shore, With my Sav-ior there for - ev - er-more,—Oh, what a day of
haunting fears, No more waiting thro' the lone-ly years,—Oh, what a day of
op'n-ing eyes, When the countless dead in Christ a - rise,—Oh, what a day of
ev - er past, As we sing to - geth-er, "Home at last!" Oh, what a day of



CHORUS.

glo-ry that will be! The time will come! And when at last I reach my home,
And when at last, at last I reach my home,



I'll look in - to His face, And thank Him for the grace That paid the price Of
I'll look in - to His face, That paid the price, the price Of



sin at such a sac - ri - fice,—Oh, what a day of glo - ry that will be!
sin at such a sac - ri - fice,—

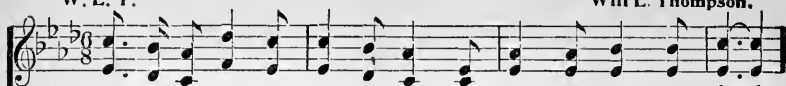


No. 56. Jesus is All the World to Me.

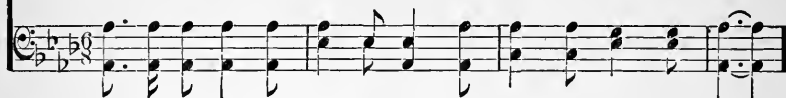
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.



1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.

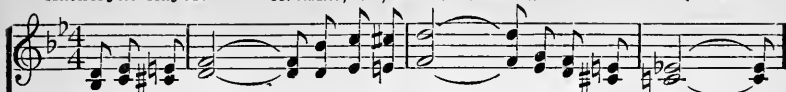


When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;


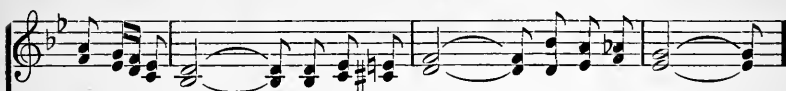


When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

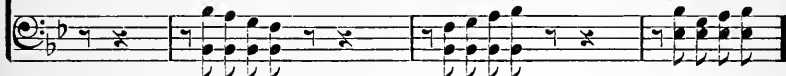





1. O soul dis - tressed.... by doubt and fear,.... Believe on Me.....
 2. In faith be - lieve..... that thou art Mine;... In faith be - lieve.....
 3. Thy trembling hand..... I'll hold in Mine;... My peace for - ev - -
 1. O soul distressed by doubt and fear, Believe on Me—


that I am near..... Thy fears to quell,..... thy soul to calm.....
 My pow'r di-vine..... Can wash a - way..... each guilty stain,.....
 er shall be thine;..... No pow'r can rob..... thy soul of rest,.....
 that I am near Thy fears to quell, thy soul to calm



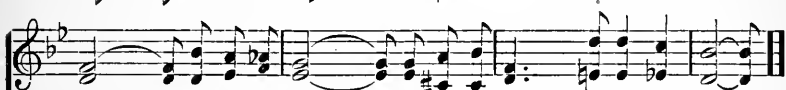
CHORUS.



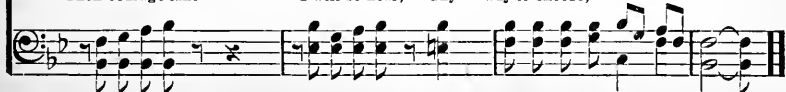
With heav'nly peace, with heav'nly balm.
 Can still each doubt and soothe each pain. I'll guide thy feet,..... thy falt'ring
 While thou art lean - ing on My breast. I'll guide thy feet,
 With heav'nly peace,




feet,.... Thy soul shall find..... communion sweet;..... Then courage
 thy falt'ring feet, Thy soul shall find, shall find com-mun-ion sweet;

take..... I will be near,.... Thy way to choose, thy prayer to hear.
 Then courage take— I will be near, Thy way to choose,



Blanche V. McDowell.

James M. Black.

1. I hear the voice of Je-sus my Shep-herd, Call-ing me 'on-ward,
 2. Tho' I may walk the shad-ow-y val-ley, Nothing can harm me,
 3. He will not leave me, nei-ther for-sake me, Un-der His care I

up-ward each day; Un-to green pas-tures, by liv-ing wa-ters,
 noth-ing mo-lest; For His pro-tec-tion safe-guards my foot-steps
 safe-ly a-bide; Tho' the storm gath-ers dark-ly a-round me,

CHORUS.

Je-sus is ev-er leading the way.
 Till I shall reach the home-land of rest. He is my Shepherd, patient and
 Yet in His se-cret presence I hide.

watch-ful, Go-ing be-fore me day aft-er day; Safe-ly He

leads me, ten-der-ly leads me, And from His side I nev-er will stray.

Why Not Say Yes To-night?

Effie Wells Loucks.

BY PERMISSION OF R. A. WALTON.

Louis D. Eichhorn.

DUET.

1. O why not say Yes to the Sav-ior to-night? He's ten-der-ly
 2. For with you the Spir-it will not al-ways plead—O do not re-
 3. Take Christ as your Sav-ior, then all shall be well, The mor-row let

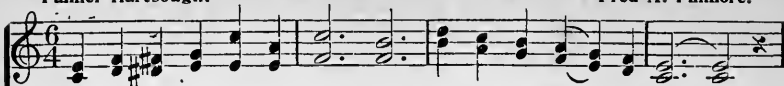
plead-ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin-bur-den-ed heart
 ject Him to -night! To -mor-row may bring you the dark-ness of death,
 bring what it may; His love shall pro-tect you, His Spir-it shall guide,

CHORUS.

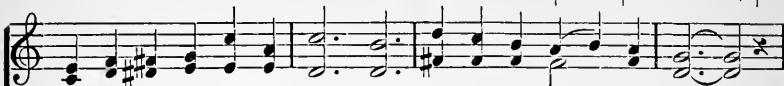
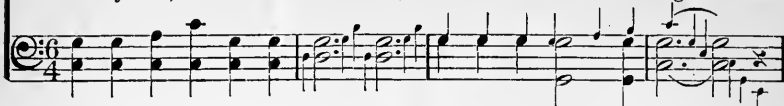
For par-don so full and so free. . . .
 Un-bro-ken by heav-en-ly light. . . . so free.
 And safe-ly keep you in His heav'n-ly light.
 way. . . . Why not say Yes to-
 His way. Why not say Yes to the

night? . . . Why not? Why not? While He so gen-tly, so
 Sav-ior to -night? Say Yes! Say Yes!
 Why not say Yes? Why not to -night?

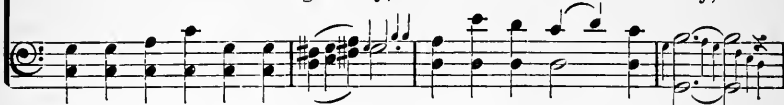
ten-der-ly pleads, O ac-cept Him to -night!
 ac-cept Him to -night!



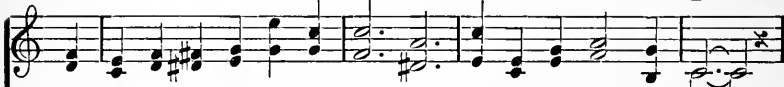
1. Ho - ly One, Je - sus our Sav - ior, Once Thou wast here be - low;
 2. Ho - ly One, Je - sus our Sav - ior, When I was lost in sin
 2. Ho - ly One, Je - sus our Sav - ior, Thou art en - throned on high



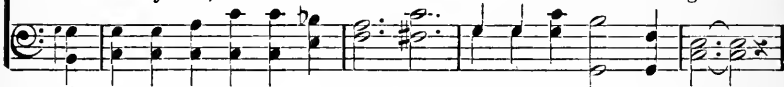
Smit - ten wast Thou, and af - flict - ed, Suf - f'ring and death didst know.
 Thou didst leave heav - en to seek me, Died my poor soul to win;
 Now with the Fa - ther in glo - ry, Mon - arch of earth and sky;



All of our griefs and our sor - rows Thou didst so meek - ly bear;
 Now will I cling to Thee ev - er, Thou art the on - ly good;
 Thou hast prepared us a man - sion With Thee in heav'n to reign;



O Ho - ly One, e'en thro' the shad - ow Thou wilt sup - port us there.
 O Ho - ly One, now I a - dore Thee, Cleansed by Thy pre - cious blood.
 O Ho - ly One, we shall be like Thee When Thou shalt come a - gain.



CHORUS.



Praise Him who bro't us such fa - vor, O sing of His won - der - ful love;.....
 won - der - ful love;



Holy One, Jesus Our Savior.

Ho - ly One, Je - sus our Sav - ior, Prince of the worlds a - bove.
Sav - ior, Prince of the worlds a - - bove.

No. 61. Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CLARA M. SCOTT. OWNED BY
THE EVANGELICAL PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO.

Chas. H. Scott.

1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voi - ces of truth Thou send - est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me hear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - 'ry - where;

Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un - clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave - notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry - thing false will dis - ap - pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre - pare Love with Thy children thus to share.

Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy will to see;

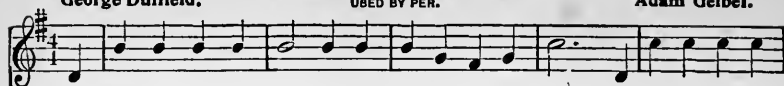
O - pen my {eyes,
ears,
heart,} il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!

No. 62. Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus.

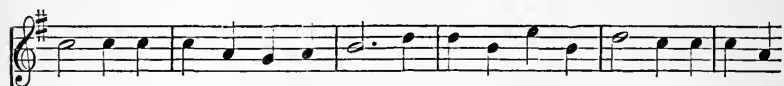
George Duffield.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY GEIBEL & LEHMAN.
USED BY PER.

Adam Geibel.



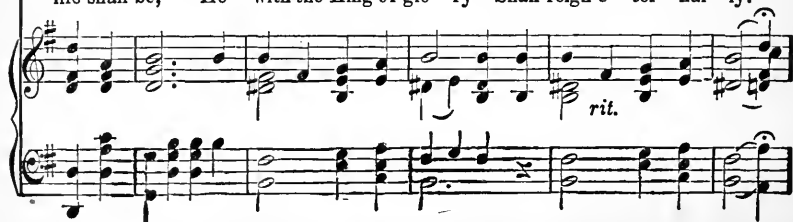
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey, Forth to the might - y
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone, The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of



ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my
con - flict, In this His glorious day; "Ye that are men now serve Him" Against un -
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put
bat - tle, The next, the victor's song; To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of



shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
number'd foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
on with pray'r; Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,
high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

No. 63.

I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

USED BY PERMISSION.

S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er - more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
pre - cious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a - way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.
purchased my sal - va - tion On Cal - v'ry's tree.

D. S.—Be - cause He first loved me, And

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.

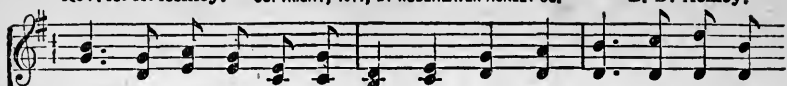
No. 64.

I Am Coming Home.


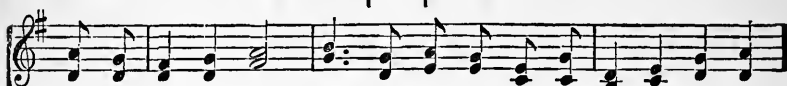
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.



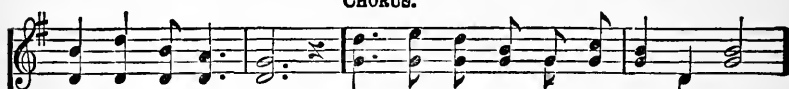
1. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day, For I have found there's
 2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, and Now re - pent - ant
 3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and
 4. Ful - ly trust - ing in Thy pre - cious prom - ise, With no right - eous -
 5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sin His



joy in Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now
 to Thy throne I come; Je - sus o - pened up the way for me, now
 sor - row I have known, Now I seek Thy sav - ing grace and mer - cy,
 ness to call my own, Plead - ing noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus,
 blood will still a - tone, Flow - ing o'er till ev - 'ry stain is cov - ered,



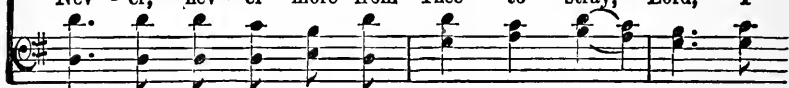
CHORUS.



I am com - ing home. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day,

Nev - er, nev - er more from Thee to stray, Lord, I



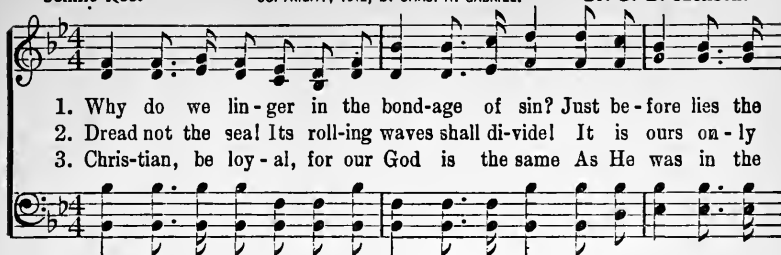

now ac - cept Thy pre - cious prom - ise, I am com - ing home.



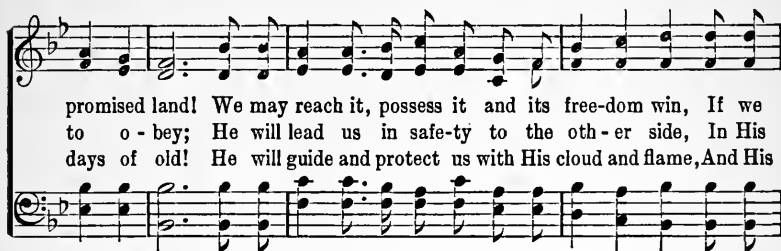
Jennie Ree.

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Dr. S. B. Jackson.

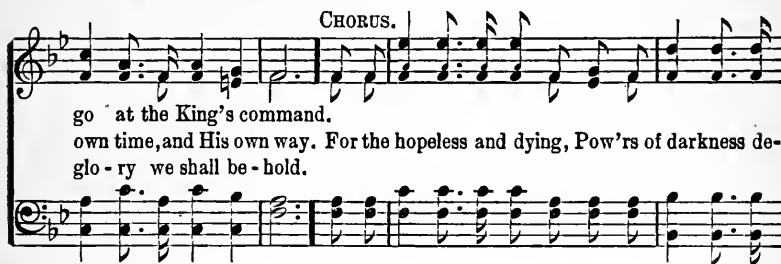


1. Why do we lin-ger in the bond-age of sin? Just be-fore lies the
 2. Dread not the sea! Its roll-ing waves shall di-vide! It is ours on-ly
 3. Chris-tian, be loy-al, for our God is the same As He was in the

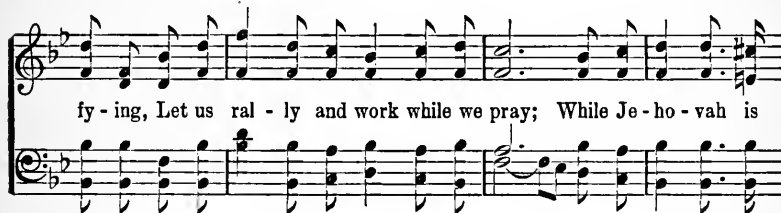


promised land! We may reach it, possess it and its free-dom win, If we
 to o-bey; He will lead us in safe-ty to the oth-er side, In His
 days of old! He will guide and protect us with His cloud and flame, And His

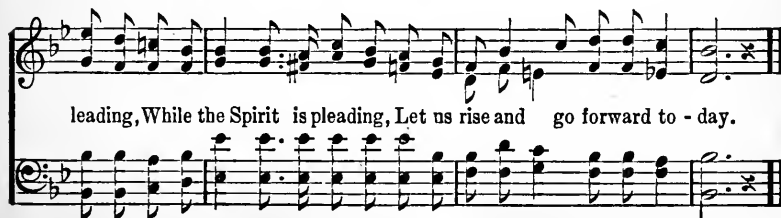
CHORUS.



go at the King's command.
 own time, and His own way. For the hopeless and dying, Pow'rs of darkness de-
 glo-ry we shall be-hold.



fy-ing, Let us ral-ly and work while we pray; While Je-ho-vah is



leading, While the Spirit is pleading, Let us rise and go forward to-day.

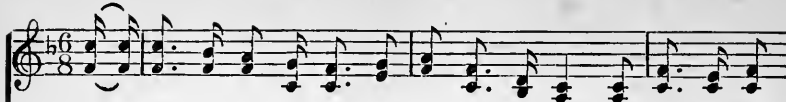
No. 66.

It Pays to Serve Jesus.

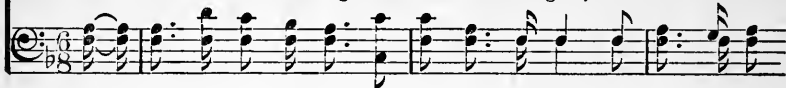
E. G. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY JNO R. SWENEY.

Ell G. Christy.



1. It pays to serve Je-sus,—I speak from my heart; He'll al-ways be
2. And oft when I'm tempted to turn from the track, I think of my
3. There's a place that remembrance still brings back to me, 'T was there I found
4. How rich is the bless-ing the world can-not give; I'm sat-is-fied



with us, if we do our part; There's naught in this wide world can
Sav-ior—my mind wan-ders back To the place where they nailed Him on
par-don,—'t was heav-en to me; There Je-sus spoke sweetly to
full-y for Je-sus to live; Tho' friends may for-sake me and



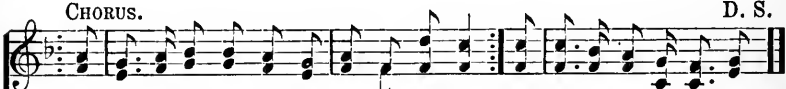
pleas-ure af-ford, There's peace and con-tent-ment in serv-ing the Lord.
Cal-va-ry's tree—I hear a voice say-ing: I suf-ered for thee!
my wear-y soul, My sins were for-giv-en, He made my heart whole.
tri-als a-rise, I'm trust-ing in Je-sus—His love nev-er dies.



D. S.—ev-er the cost, I'll be a true sol-dier,—I'll die at my post.

CHORUS.

D. S.



{ I love Him far bet-ter than in days of yore, }
{ I'll serve Him more truly than ev-er be-fore, } I'll do as He bids me, what-



No. 67.

Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

WORDS AND MUSIC, E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Legato.

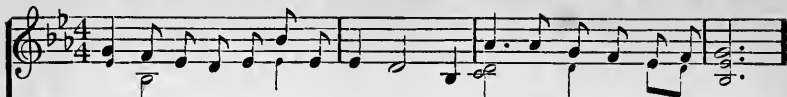
1. Failing in strength when oppressed by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
 2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
 3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;

Wait - ing for some one to banish my woes, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
 When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
 Long - ing for home and a mother's ca - res - s, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.

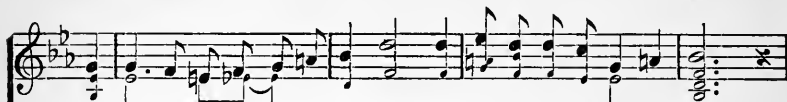
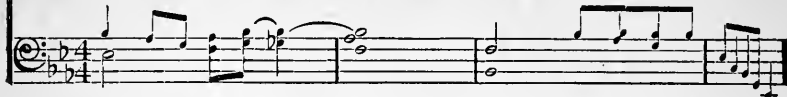
CHORUS.

Somebody knows, Somebody knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;

He is the One who will keep me—Some - bod - y knows—'t is Je - sus.



1. When-e'er I read the wondrous sto-ry Of Him who came the world to save;
2. I see Him prostrate in the gar-den! His Father's name I hear Him call!
3. I see the band with spears and torches! The hour of which He spake has come!
4. I see Him on the cross up-lift-ed! He treads the wine-press all a-lone!



The deeds He wro't, the things He suffered, How, at the last His life He gave;
His soul is wrung with aw-ful an-guish, He tastes the wormwood and the gall;
With cru-el hands they seize and bind Him, Then lead Him onward to His doom,
He seems as one whom God hath smitten, And yet what e-vil hath He done?



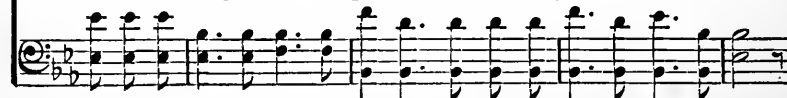
Those scenes, in fan-cy, still I see, And ask my-self, was it for me? was it for me?
His foll'wers sleep—a-lone is He—Again I ask, was it for me? was it for me?
Reviled and scourged! His foll'wers flee! Forsaken thus, was it for me? was it for me?
Not for Him-self—that could not be—He knew no sin—it was for me! it was for me!



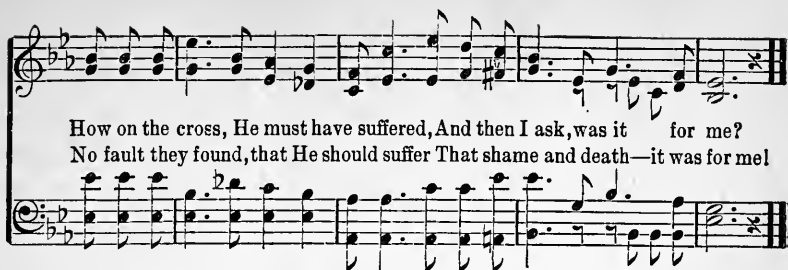
CHORUS.



- 1-3. I think of Him de-spised, re-ject-ed, I think of dark Geth-sem-a-ne,
4. For me the an-guish in the gar-den, For me the pains on Cal-va-ry;



Was It For Me?



How on the cross, He must have suffered, And then I ask, was it for me?
No fault they found, that He should suffer That shame and death—it was for me!

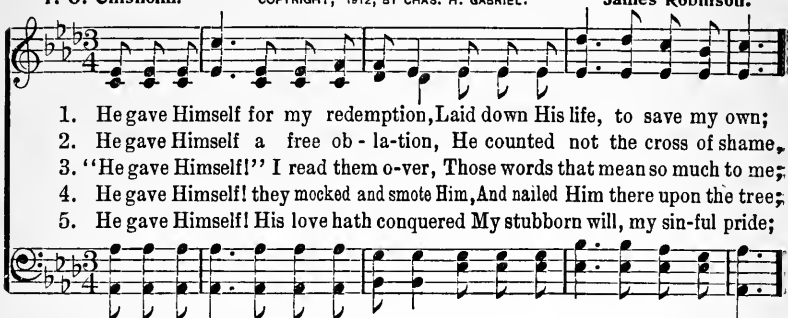
No. 69. He Gave Himself.

"The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—GAL. 2: 14.

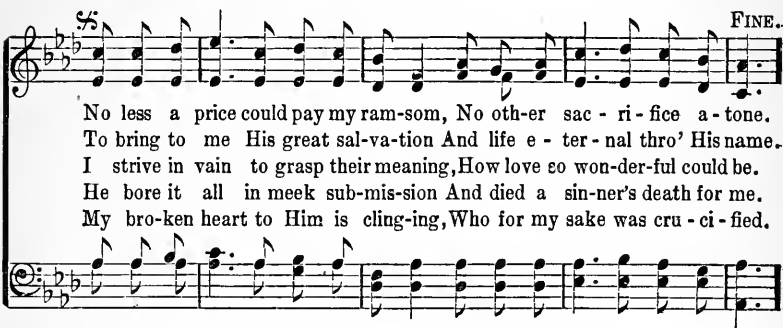
T. O. Chisholm.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

James Robinson.



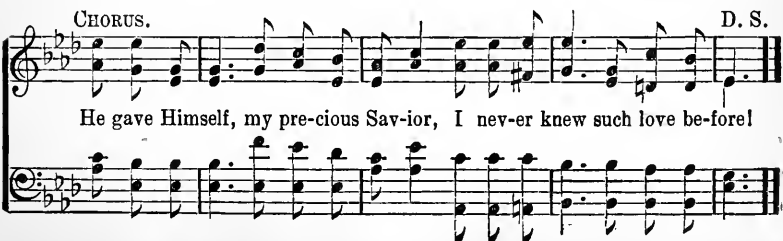
1. He gave Himself for my redemption, Laid down His life, to save my own;
2. He gave Himself a free ob-lation, He counted not the cross of shame,
3. "He gave Himself!" I read them o-ver, Those words that mean so much to me;
4. He gave Himself! they mocked and smote Him, And nailed Him there upon the tree;
5. He gave Himself! His love hath conquered My stubborn will, my sin-ful pride;



FINE.

No less a price could pay my ram-som, No oth-er sac-ri-fice a-tone.
To bring to me His great sal-va-tion And life e-ter-nal thro' His name.
I strive in vain to grasp their meaning, How love so won-der-ful could be.
He bore it all in meek sub-mis-sion And died a sin-ner's death for me.
My bro-ken heart to Him is cling-ing, Who for my sake was cru-ci-fied.

D.S.—Now He is mine, yes, mine for-ev-er, And I am His for-ev-er-more!



CHORUS. D. S.

He gave Himself, my pre-cious Sav-ior, I nev-er knew such love be-fore!

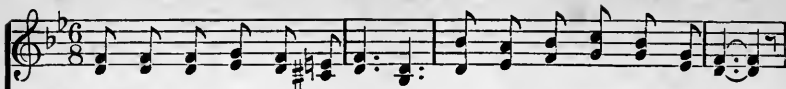
No. 70.

Never Give Up!

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

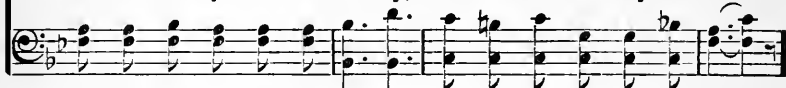
I. Allan Sankey.



1. Nev - er be sad or de-spond-ing If thou hast faith to be - lieve;
2. What if thy bur-dens op-press thee, What tho' thy life may be drear?
3. Nev - er be sad or de-spond-ing,—There is a mor-row for thee;
4. Nev - er be sad or de-spond-ing,—Lean on the arm of thy Lord;



Grace for the du - ties be - fore thee Ask of thy God, and re - ceive.
 Look on the side that is bright-est; Pray, and thy path will be clear.
 Soon thou shalt dwell in its brightness; There with the Lord thou shalt be.
 Dwell in the depths of His mer - cy, Thou shalt re - ceive thy re - ward.



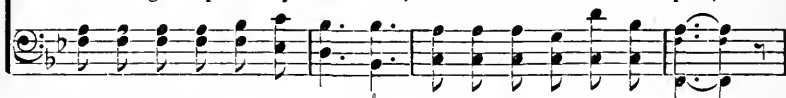
CHORUS.



Nev - - er give up, Nev - - er give up,
 Nev - er give up, nev - er give up. Nev - er give up, nev - er give up.



Nev - er give up to thy sor - rows, Je - sus will bid them de - part;



Trust . . . in the Lord, Trust . . . in the Lord, . . .
 Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord. trust in the Lord.



Never Give Up!

Sing when your tri - als are great - est, Trust in the Lord and take heart!

No. 71.

What a Dear Savior.

Alice Horton.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

James M. Black.

1. O how I love Him, my Savior, my King! All the day long His praises I sing;
2. On - ly a sin - ner, I fell at His feet, And found in Him salvation complete;
3. He is my Friend, and I go undismayed—“None can molest or make me afraid,”

For He is mighty to cleanse and renew, And I would He were your Savior, too.
Wonderful peace, like a deep, quiet sea, Thro' His great love is giv-en to me.
For He is with me, my Shelter and Guide; Un-der His wing se-cure-ly I hide.

CHORUS.

O what a dear Sav - ior, O what a dear Sav - ior!
Sav - ior is He, Sav - ior is He!

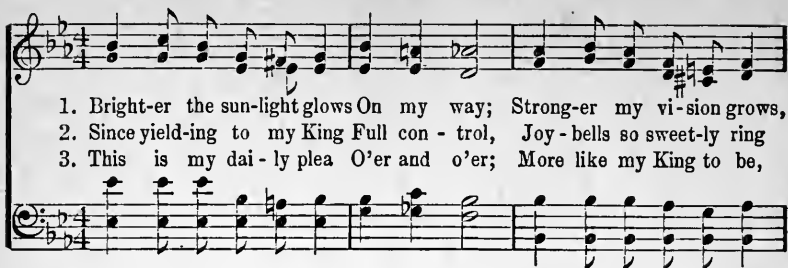
I'll ev - er-more praise Him, For He has cleansed my heart from all sin.
ev - er-more praise Him.

No. 72. Till I Meet Him Face to Face.

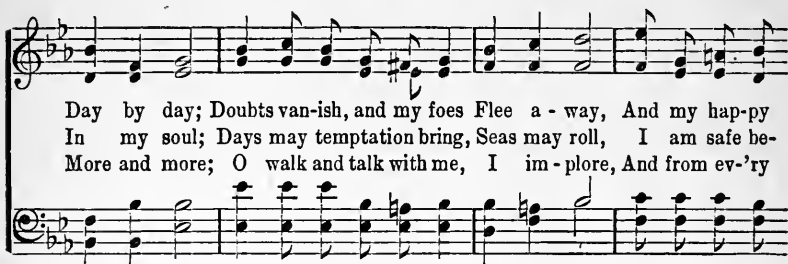
Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

B. D. Ackley.

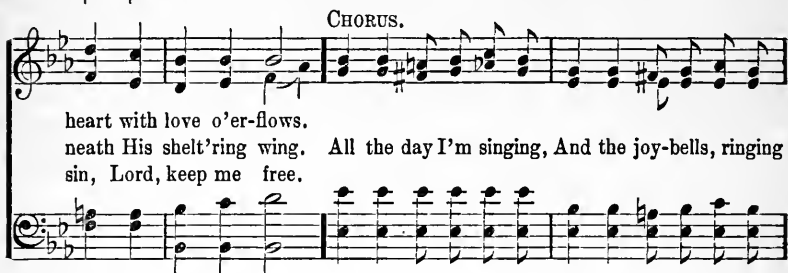


1. Bright-er the sun-light glows On my way; Strong-er my vi-sion grows,
 2. Since yield-ing to my King Full con - trol, Joy - bells so sweet-ly ring
 3. This is my dai - ly plea O'er and o'er; More like my King to be,

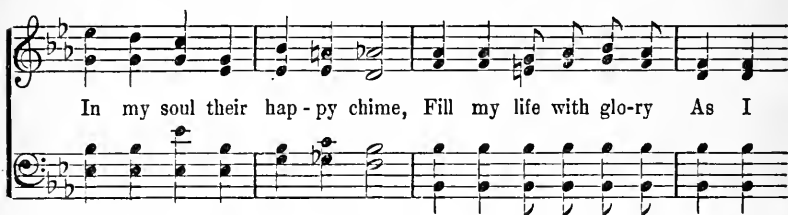


Day by day; Doubts van-ish, and my foes Flee a - way, And my hap-py
 In my soul; Days may temptation bring, Seas may roll, I am safe be-
 More and more; O walk and talk with me, I im-plore, And from ev-'ry

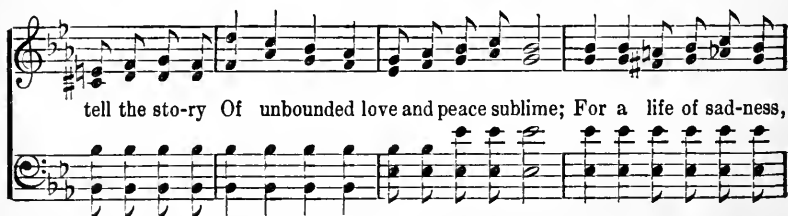
CHORUS.



heart with love o'er-flows.
 neath His shelt'ring wing. All the day I'm singing, And the joy-bells, ringing
 sin, Lord, keep me free.



In my soul their hap - py chime, Fill my life with glo-ry As I



tell the sto-ry Of unbounded love and peace sublime; For a life of sad-ness,

Till I Meet Him Face to Face.

I have one of glad-ness, Thro' His sav-ing grace, . . . Je - sus,
and mer-cy,

mine for ev-er! He will fail me nev-er, Till I meet Him face to face.

No. 73. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS. USED BY PERMISSION.

J. S. Norris.

1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D.C.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

D. C.

I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

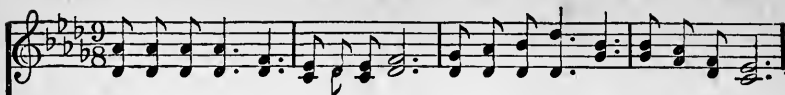
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 74. Just When I Need Him Most.

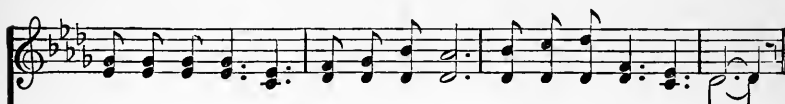
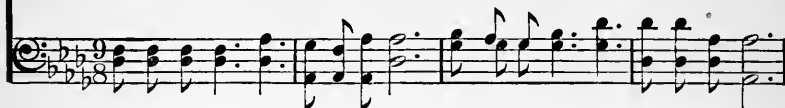
Rev. Wm. Pool.

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COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;



Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



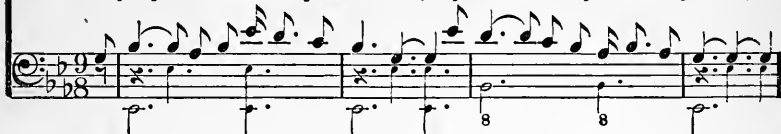
E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;



His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
 Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
 His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
 Till then I will ev-er be faith - ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.



CHORUS.



I am hap-py in Him, . . I am hap-py in Him; . .
 I am hap-py in Him. I am hap-py in Him;



My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

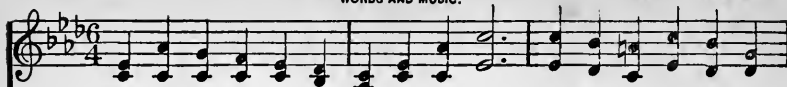


O That Will Be Glory.



C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.


Chas. H. Gabriel.




1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fin-ite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-


beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,



Rit. - - - - - CHORUS.



Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me . . . O that will be
O that will




glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me. glo-ry for me:




rit. > > > >

I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.



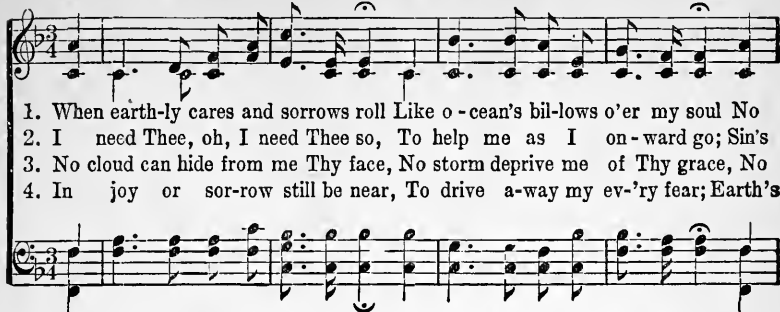
No. 77.

Bring Peace to My Soul.

Helen M. Dungan,

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J. M. Dungan.

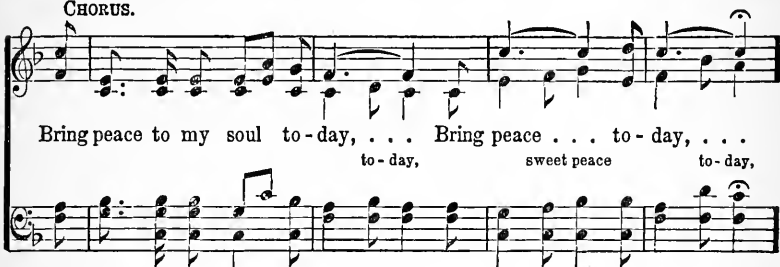


1. When earth-ly cares and sorrows roll Like o - cean's bil-lows o'er my soul No
 2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I on - ward go; Sin's
 3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
 4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; Earth's

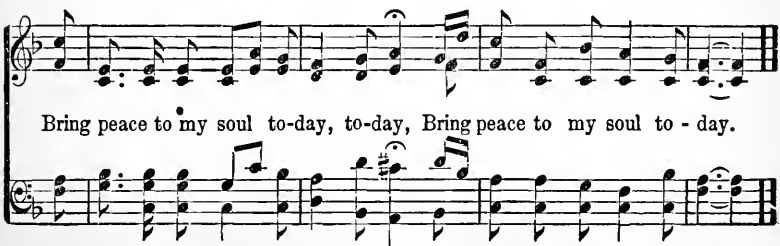


temp-est can my barque control, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
 ar - rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
 sin with - in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
 chang-es can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.

CHORUS.



Bring peace to my soul to-day, . . . Bring peace . . . to-day, . . .
 to-day, sweet peace to-day,



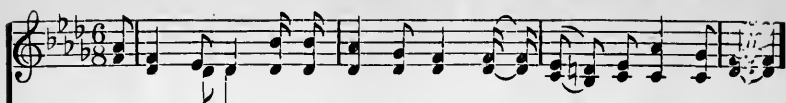
Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to-day.

Does Jesus Care?

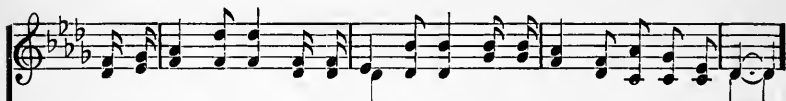
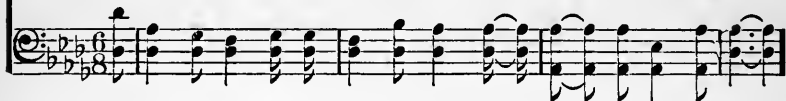
Frank E. Graff.

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J. Lincoln Hall



1. Does Je-sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth or song,
2. Does Je-sus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Je-sus care when I've tried and failed To re-sist some temptation strong?
4. Does Je-sus care when I've said "Good-bye!" To the dearest on earth to me,



As the bur-dens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the day-light fades Into deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?
When in my deep grief I find no re-lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it nearly breaks: Is this aught to Him?—does He see?



CHORUS.



O yes, He cares; I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;



When the days are weary, The long nights dreary, I know my Sav-ior cares.

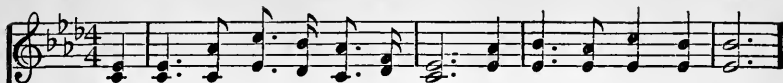
He cares.



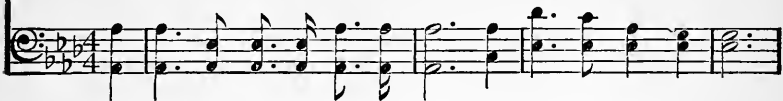
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

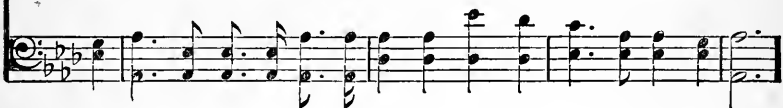
E. O. Excell.



1. His gifts are great-er than my dreams, The gifts of God to me;
2. I ask a part, He gives the whole—Him-self, and all be-side;
3. "His ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness, His paths are paths of peace;"
4. With-in my heart He shall have place To rule and reign su-preme;



As count-less as the sun-set's gold-en beams, As bound-less as the sea.
His lov-ing-kind-ness o-ver-flows my soul, In-rush-ing as the tide.
His hand is ev-er reaching out to bless; He bids each sor-row cease.
My voice will ev-er praise Him for the grace Of which I ne'er could dream.



CHORUS.



His gifts are greater than my dreams, The gifts of Him who set me free;
His gifts are great-er, they are greater than my dreams.



And more and more a-bun-dant dai-ly seems The grace of God to me.

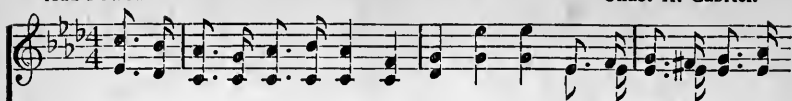


No. 80. Jesus is the Friend You Need.

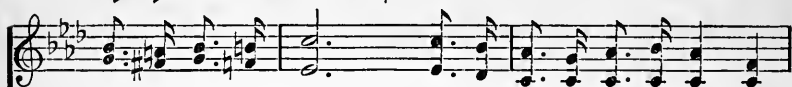
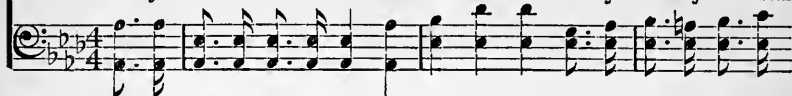
Ada Powell.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Have you wandered from the Shepherd's fold a-way, In - to ways for-bid-den
2. Are you dai-ly burdened with a heav-y load, As you trav-el in the
3. Would you dwell within the mansions of the blest? Does your weary heart still

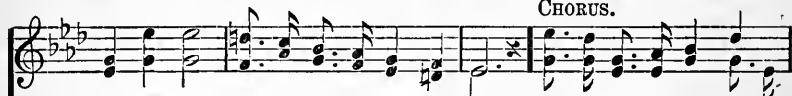


have you gone a - stray?
straight and nar-row road?
long for peace-ful rest?

Are you still in darkness, long-ing
Are you striv-ing to be loy - al,
You will find the pil-grim-way is



CHORUS.



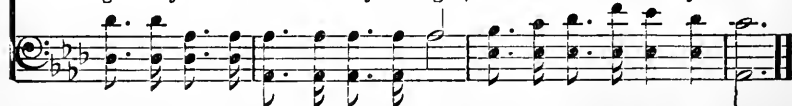
for the day? Je - sus is the Friend you need.
pure and good? Je - sus is the Friend you need. Je - sus is the Friend you
al-ways best, Je - sus is the Friend you need. is the



need, Je - sus is the Friend you need; Let His love and
Friend you need, is the Friend you need;



light be yours to shine a-way the night, Je - sus is the Friend you need.



No. 81.

His Grace Aboundeth More.

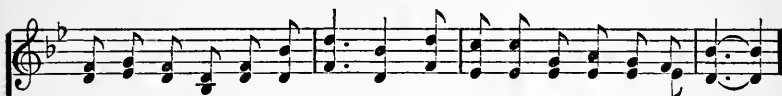
Kate Ulmer.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. O what a won-der-ful Sav-ior In Je-sus my Lord I have found!
2. When a poor sin-ner He found me, No goodness to of-fer had I;
3. Noth-ing of mer-it pos-sess-ing, All help-less be-fore Him I lay;
4. In Him, my gracious Re-deem-er, My Proph-et, my Priest and my King,
5. How can I keep from re-joic-ing? I'll sing of the joy of my soul,



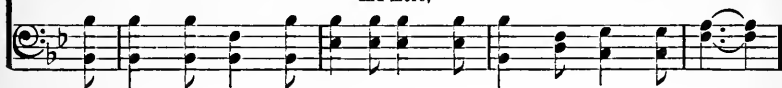
Tho' I had sins without num-ber, His grace un-to me did a-bound.
 Oft-en His law I had bro-ken, And mer-it-ed naught but to die.
 But in the pre-cious blood flow-ing He washed all my sin-stains a-way.
 Mer-cy I find and for-give-ness; My all to His keep-ing I bring.
 Prais-ing the love of my Sav-ior, While years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.



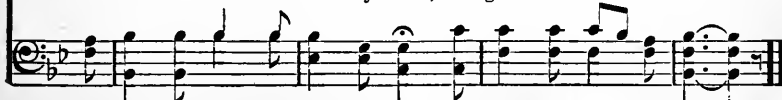
CHORUS.



His grace a-bound-eth more,.. His grace a-bound-eth more;]
 and more,



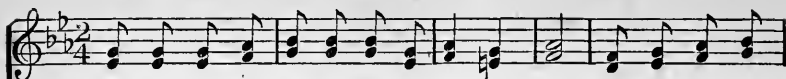
Tho' sin a-bound-ed in my heart, His grace a-bound-eth more.



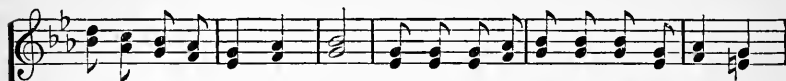
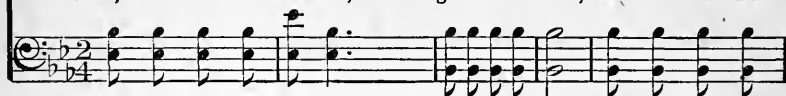
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

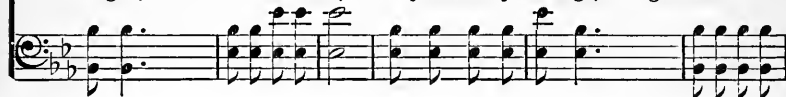
E. O. Excell.



1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest-tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the conflict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-



couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will
 promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, mon-ey can not
 couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels will at-

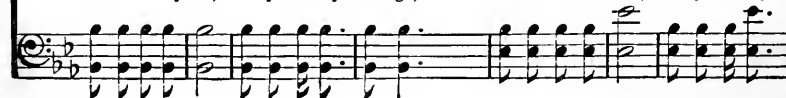


one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
 fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
 buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
 tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Count your many blessings,



one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
 Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many



Count Your Blessings.

rit.

blessings, Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

No. 83.

Somebody.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements.

W. S. Weedon.

1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Proving him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y i-dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fair-est flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the days with light, Con-stant-ly chased a-way the night;

Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how his will was sac-ri-ficed,—
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease,—

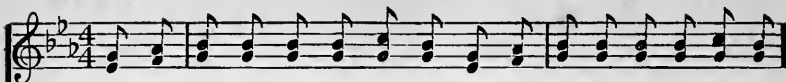
rit.

Was that some-bod-y you? Was that some-bod-y you?

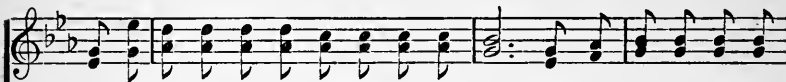
Claire Ward.

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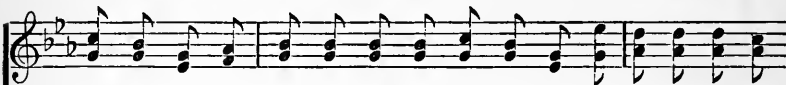
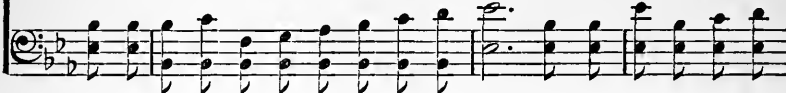
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. When your path is dark and drear-y, When with care your soul is wear-y,
2. When temp-ta-tions shall sur-round you, Sa-tan's legions shall have found you,
3. When your way's be-set with dan-ger, You're a pil-grim and a stran-ger,



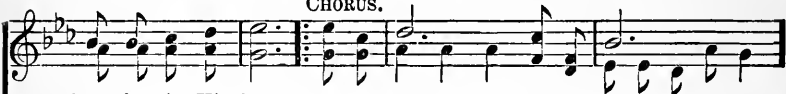
What a bless-ing just to know He un-der-stands; When you've tried and not suc-
 What a bless-ing just to feel that He is there; When all earth-ly friends de-
 What a bless-ing just to feel that He's your Guide; When you reach the si-lent



ceed-ed To do work you know was need-ed, What a bless-ing just to
 sert you, Smiles and frowns have pow'r to hurt you, What a bless-ing just to
 riv-er, And there's no one to de-liv-er, What a bless-ing just to



CHORUS.

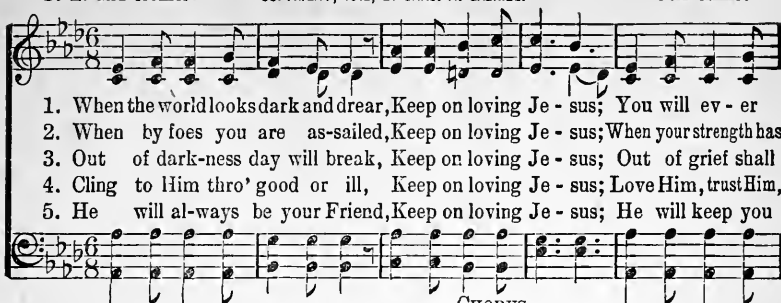


leave it in His hands.
 go to Him in prayer. Je-sus cares, Je-sus cares,
 know He's by your side. He cares, I know He cares,



Walks be-side me day by day; And I trust Him, fully trust Him all the way.



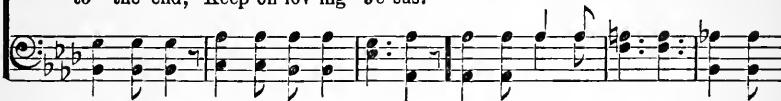


1. When the world looks dark and drear, Keep on loving Je - sus; You will ev - er
 2. When hy foes you are as-sailed, Keep on loving Je - sus; When your strength has
 3. Out of dark-ness day will break, Keep on loving Je - sus; Out of grief shall
 4. Cling to Him thro' good or ill, Keep on loving Je - sus; Love Him, trust Him,
 5. He will al-ways be your Friend, Keep on loving Je - sus; He will keep you

CHORUS.



find Him near, Keep on lov-ing Je-sus.
 al-most failed, Keep on lov-ing Je-sus.
 joy a-wake, Keep on lov-ing Je-sus. Keep on lov-ing Je-sus, Love Him
 do His will—Keep on lov-ing Je-sus.
 to the end, Keep on lov-ing Je-sus.




ev-'ry day, Strive to do His bid-ding, Trust Him, and o-
 Love Him tru-ly and




bey; Love to tell the sto-ry Old, yet ev-er
 show your loy-al-ty;



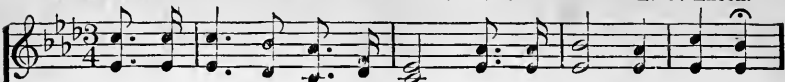

new; Keep on lov-ing Je - sus, Be-cause He first loved you.



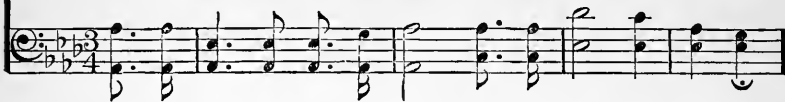
Katharine A. Grimes.

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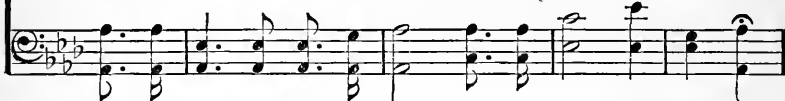
E. O. Excell.



1. Wear - y soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm-y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;



He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
 In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
 He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
 Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:



He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor - rows o'er,
 He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
 Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
 Tell Him all— He is your Friend, He will count-less bless - ings send,



He will ev - 'ry joy re-store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
 Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
 Grace to con-quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
 He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus.



No. 87.

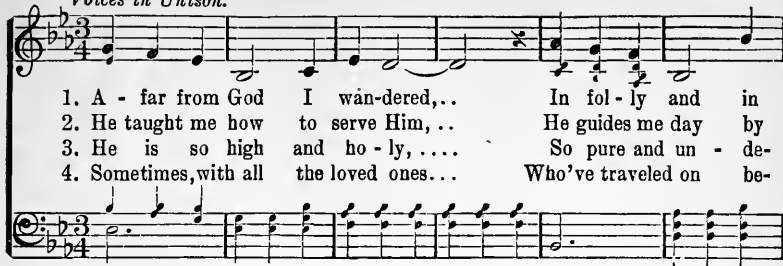
My Savior.

Maggie Gregory.

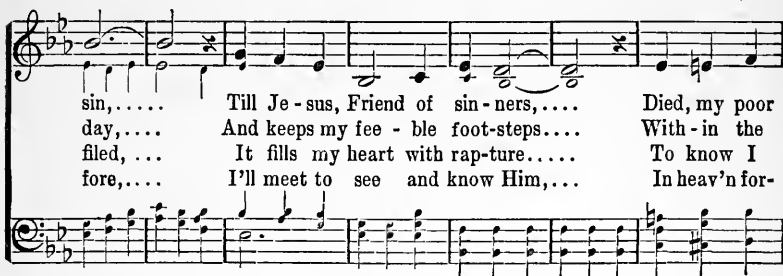
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

Voices in Unison.

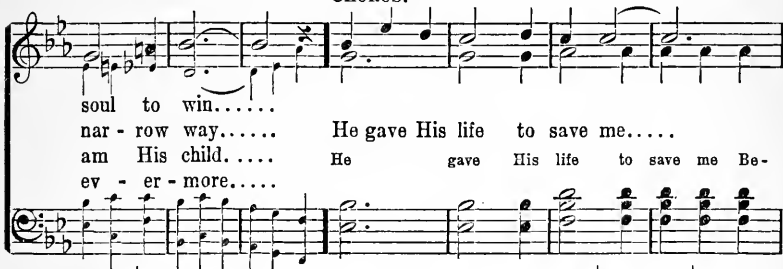


1. A - far from God I wan-dered,.. In fol - ly and in
 2. He taught me how to serve Him,.. He guides me day by
 3. He is so high and ho - ly,.... So pure and un - de-
 4. Sometimes, with all the loved ones... Who've traveled on be-



sin,.... Till Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners,.... Died, my poor
 day,.... And keeps my fee - ble foot-steps.... With - in the
 fled, ... It fills my heart with rap-ture.... To know I
 fore,.... I'll meet to see and know Him,... In heav'n for-

CHORUS.



soul to win.....
 nar - row way..... He gave His life to save me....
 am His child. He gave His life to save me Be-
 ev - er - more.....



Be-cause He loved me so;..... In His own blood He
 cause He so loved me, so loved me; In His own blood He



cleansed me,..... And made me white as snow.
 cleansed me, He cleansed me, And made me white as the driv - en snow.

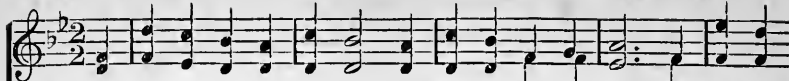
No. 88.

The Victor's Song.

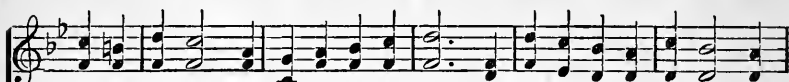
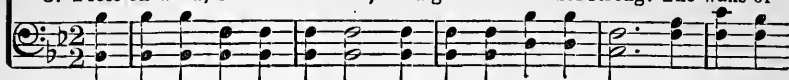
Maggie A. Pulver.

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Ghas. H. Gabriel.



1. Press on-ward, Christian sol-dier, press on-ward to the prize! Tho' shadows
2. Press on-ward, Christian sol-dier, the Mas-ter knoweth best! Thy way He
3. Press on-ward, Christian sol-dier, and gird thine ar-mor strong! The walls of



deep may gath-er and dis-mal clouds a-rise; Sometime the rays of sun-light will
hath ap-point-ed, and He will give thee rest; His face must be re-flec-ted, His
sin are trembling, the fight will not be long; The hosts of sin and darkness are



pierce the deepest gloom, And round thy rugged path way The flow'rs of peace shall bloom.
fire all dross con-sume, Then in His arms protected The flow'rs of peace shall bloom.
march-ing to their doom, Then in thy heart for-ev-er The flow'rs of peace shall bloom.



CHORUS.



Press on-ward, on-ward, The prize lies just be-yond! Press on-ward,
up-ward, on-ward, for The prize lies just be-yond! up-ward.



on-ward, Soon shall thy crown be won! Press on-ward, on-ward! Fear not, tho'
on-ward press! upward, onward, and



The Victor's Song.

foes be strong; Re-joice! for your's in glory Shall be the victor's song.
press on!

No. 89. Lead Me Farther From Temptation.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Henry P. Morton.

1. Lead me farther from temp-ta-tion, I can feel its breath of shame;
2. Mine the shame that sin has found me; That I feel its aw-ful pow'r;
3. Faint and all but lost, O take me! Thine indeed henceforth to be;

Save the child of Thy cre-a-tion! God a-bove, Thy help I claim!
Put Thy mighty arm a-round me, Save me from this fier-y hour!
In Thine own safe presence make me Thine a-lone, and tru-ly free!

CHORUS.

Lead me far-ther from temp-ta-tion! In my need I cry to Thee;

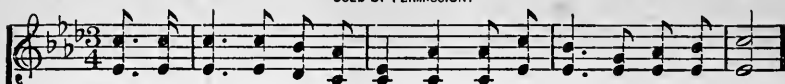
Let me know Thy swift sal-va-tion—Reach Thy hand of strength to me!

No. 90. All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Robert Lowry.



1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheer-seach wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful-ness of His love!



Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;



Heav'nly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wear-y steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a-ges, Je-sus led me all the way;



All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
 Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lol a spring of joy I see.
 This my song thro' end-less a- ges, Je-sus led me all the way.

No. 91. The Half Has Never Been Told.

Frances R. Havergal.

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY R. E. HUDSON.
 USED BY PER.

R. E. Hudson,

1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth-ly joy,
 2. I know that Thou art near-er still, Than an - y earth-ly throng,
 3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
 4. O Sav-ior, pre-cious Sav-ior mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,

For Thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-stroy.
 And sweet-er is the tho't of Thee, Than an - y love-ly song.
 With-out the se-cret of Thy love, I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of love can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

{ The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free.
 The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me. }

yet been told,

No. 92.

More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek - ness,
 2. More like the Mas - ter is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car - ry
 3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to .

more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour - age to be
 cross - es I must bear; More earn - est ef - fort to bring His king - dom
 oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i -

true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
 in; More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
 lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

CHORUS.

Take Thou my heart, . . I would be Thine a - lone; . . Take Thou my
 Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O

heart . . and make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . O
 take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.

Lord, I now im-plore, Wash me and keep me Thine for-ev-er-more.
 Lord, I now im-plore, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for-ev-er - more.

No. 93.

Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

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 WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
 2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;
 3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;

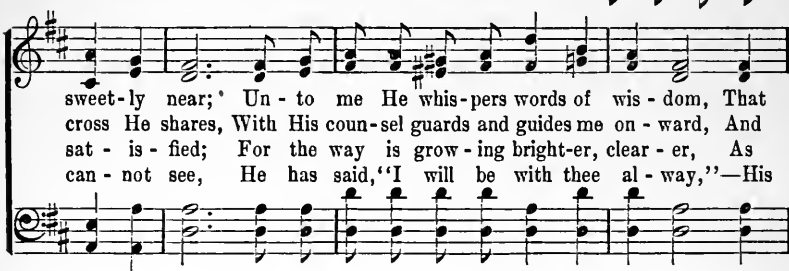
Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
 Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer - don won.
 Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.

CHORUS.
 Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
 Some-where, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,

Land of the true, where we live a - new, — Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!

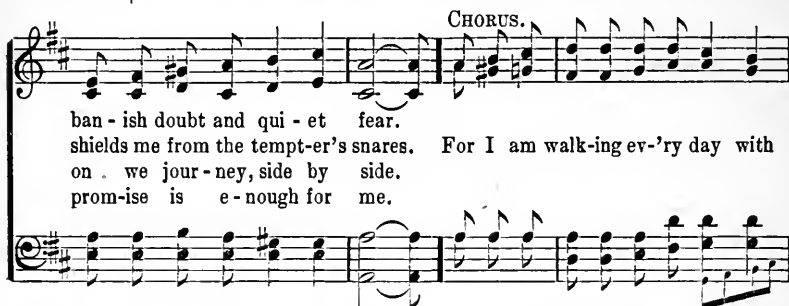


1. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus; I feel His pres-ence
 2. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus; My bur - den and my
 3. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus, Con - tent and full - y
 4. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus; Al - tho' His face I

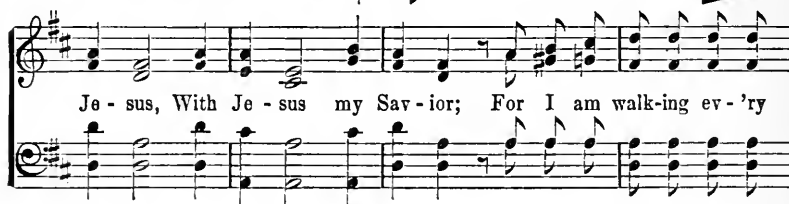


sweet-ly near; Un - to me He whis-pers words of wis - dom, That
 cross He shares, With His coun-sel guards and guides me on - ward, And
 sat - is - fied; For the way is grow - ing bright-er, clear - er, As
 can - not see, He has said, "I will be with thee al - way,"—His

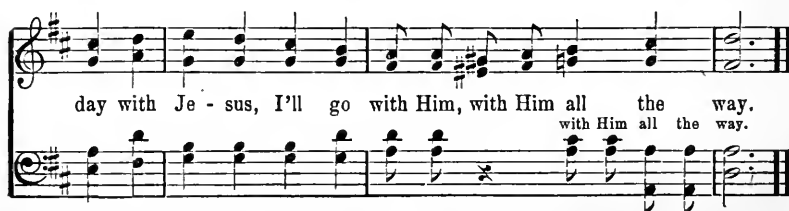
CHORUS.



ban - ish doubt and qui - et fear.
 shields me from the tempt-er's snares. For I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with
 on - we jour - ney, side by side.
 prom - ise is e - nough for me.



Je - sus, With Je - sus my Sav - ior; For I am walk-ing ev - 'ry

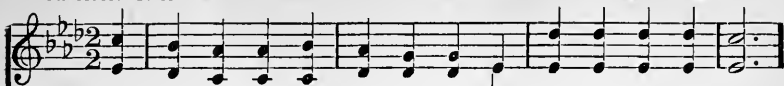


day with Je - sus, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 with Him all the way.

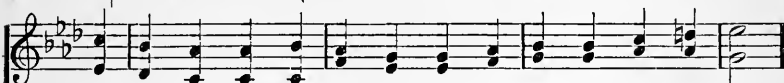
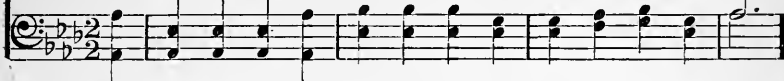
Charlotte G. Homer.

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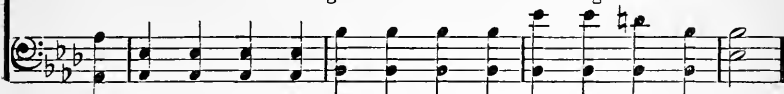
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
2. For might - y works for Thee prepare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
3. All self con - sume, all sin de - stroy! With ear - nest zeal en - due
4. Speak, Lord! be - fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom - ise we be - lieve,



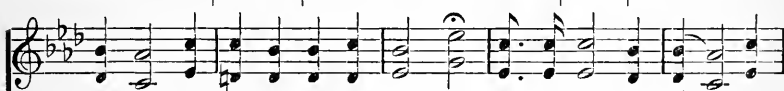
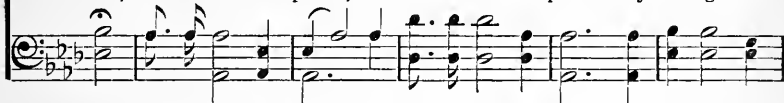
With cleans - ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De - scend on us to - day.
 Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
 Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
 And will not let Thee go un - til The bless - ing we re - ceive.



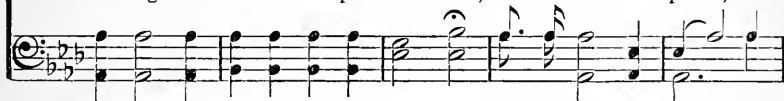
CHORUS.



Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r! Thy flood - gates of



bless - ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the



Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r, That sinners be con - vert - ed and Thy name glo - ri - fied!



1. Rouse, ye Chris-tian work-ers, be ye up and do-ing, Shall the
 2. Wait no lon-ger for some more con-ven-ient sea-son, Souls are
 3. Do your spir-its fal-ter at the un-der-tak-ing, Lest one
 4. Ev-'ry soul you win shall add a star of beau-ty To the

Mas-ter's king-dom suf-fer at your hands? There are pre-cious souls just
 dy-ing 'round you, let them not be lost; Talk or sing of Je-sus,
 might re-pay you with a cru-el sneer? Do not let them per-ish,
 crown of glo-ry Je-sus has for you; Al-ways thus be work-ing,

wait-ing for your wooing, Go ye forth and win them, Christ your Lord commands.
 they will yield to rea-son, Tell of their re-demp-tion, what a price it cost.
 stand no lon-ger quak-ing, Win them for the Mas-ter, tell them He is near.
 do-ing all your du-ty, Winning souls for Je-sus, they will bless you too.

D. S.—seeking to re-claim them, O be up and winning souls, while't is called to-day.

CHORUS.

Win-ning souls, win-ning souls, win-ning souls for Je-sus, O what joy in

D. S.

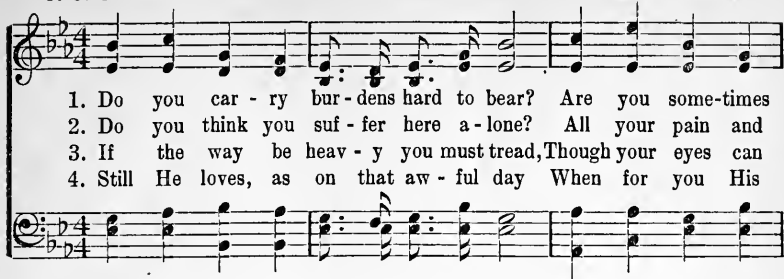
win-ning souls from the down-ward way; Out up-on the high-ways,

No. 97. Jesus Has You On His Heart.

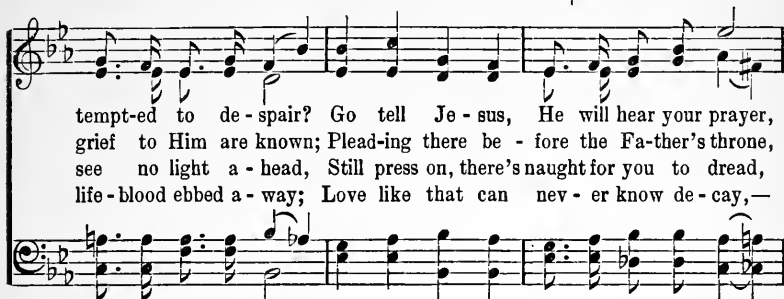
T. O. Chisholm.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

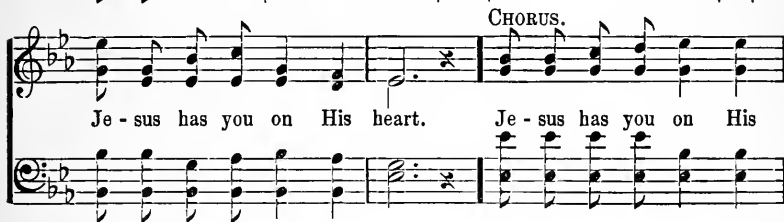


1. Do you car - ry bur - dens hard to bear? Are you some-times
 2. Do you think you suf - fer here a - lone? All your pain and
 3. If the way be heav - y you must tread, Though your eyes can
 4. Still He loves, as on that aw - ful day When for you His



tempt-ed to de-spair? Go tell Je - sus, He will hear your prayer,
 grief to Him are known; Plead-ing there be - fore the Fa-ther's throne,
 see no light a - head, Still press on, there's naught for you to dread,
 life-blood ebb'd a - way; Love like that can nev - er know de - cay, —

CHORUS.



Je - sus has you on His heart. Je - sus has you on His



heart, Je - sus has you on His heart; He knows, and waits to
 He loves you, al - way;



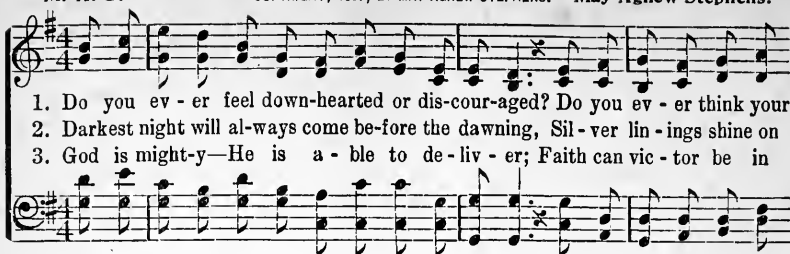
share the bur-dens you must bear, Je - sus has you on His heart.
 yes,

No. 98.

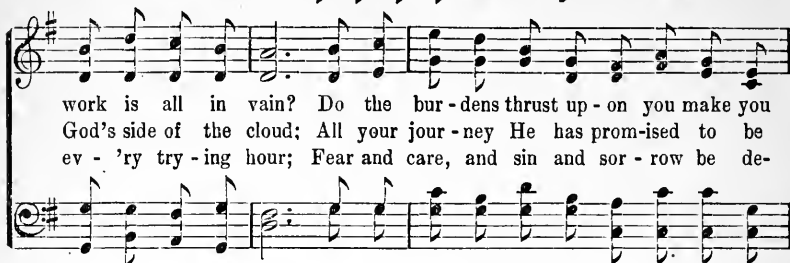
Have Faith in God.

M. A. S.

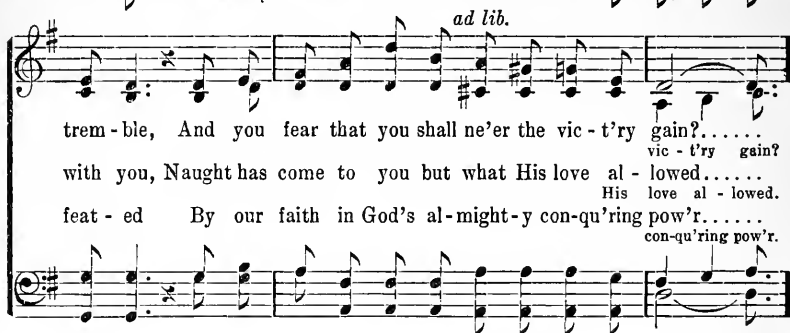
COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY MAY AGNEW STEPHENS. May Agnew Stephens.



1. Do you ev - er feel down-hearted or dis-cour-aged? Do you ev - er think your
 2. Darkest night will al-ways come be-fore the dawning, Sil-ver lin-ings shine on
 3. God is might-y—He is a - ble to de-liv - er; Faith can vic-tor be in



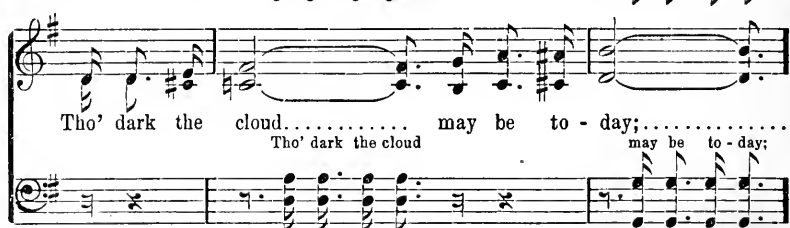
work is all in vain? Do the bur-dens thrust up - on you make you
 God's side of the cloud; All your jour-ney He has prom-ised to be
 ev - 'ry try - ing hour; Fear and care, and sin and sor - row be de-



ad lib.
 trem-ble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vic - t'ry gain?.....
 with you, Naught has come to you but what His love al - lowed.....
 feat - ed By our faith in God's al-might-y con-qu'ring pow'r.....
 His love al - lowed.
 con-qu'ring pow'r.



CHORUS.
 Have faith in God,..... the sun will shine,.....
 Have faith in God, the sun will shine.



Tho' dark the cloud..... may be to - day;.....
 Tho' dark the cloud may be to - day;

Have Faith in God.

His heart hath planned..... your path and mine;.....
 His heart hath planned your path and mine;

Have faith in God,..... have faith al - way.....
 Have faith in God, have faith al - way.

rit.

No. 99.

The Land of Beulah.

Rev. J. Haskell.

W. B. Bradbury.

1. { My la - test sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run; }
 { My strong - est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun. }
 2. { I'm near - ing now the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear; }
 { I brush the dews on Jor - dan's banks—The cross - ing must be near. }

CHORUS.

O come, angel band, come, and around me stand; O bear me away on your snowy wings To
 my im - mor - tal home; O bear me away on your snowy wings To my immortal home.

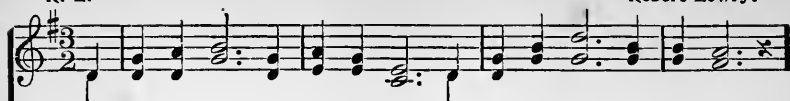
3 I've almost gained my heavenly home, 4 O bear my longing heart to Him
 My spirit loudly sings; Who bled and died for me;
 The holy ones, behold they come! Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
 I hear the noise of wings. And gives me victory.

No. 100. How Can I Keep From Singing?

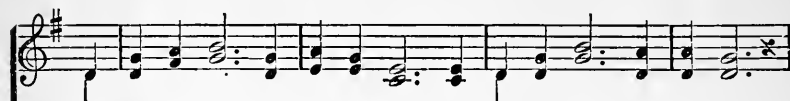
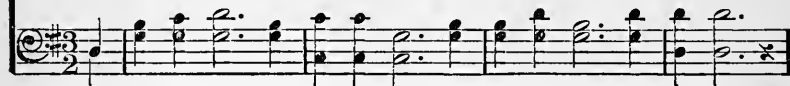
R. L.

BY PERMISSION OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.

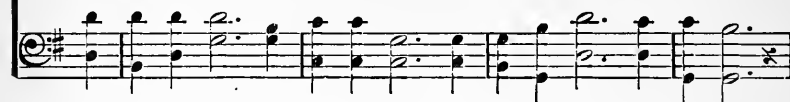
Robert Lowry.



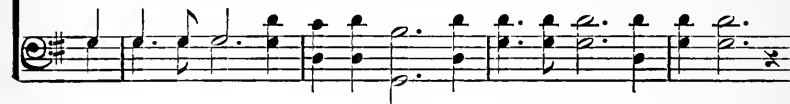
1. My life flows on in end-less song; A-bove earth's lam-en - ta-tion
2. What tho' my joys and com-forts die? The Lord my Sav - ior liv - eth!
3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin, I see the blue a - bove it;



I catch the sweet tho' far-off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion;
What tho' the dark-ness gath-er round? Songs in the night He giv - eth;
And day by day this pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it:



Thro' all the tu - mult and the strife I hear the mu - sic ring-ing;
No storm can shake my in-most calm, While to that ref - uge cling-ing;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A foun-tain ev - er spring-ing;



It finds an ech - o in my soul—How can I keep from sing-ing?
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing-ing?
All things are mine since I am His—How can I keep from sing-ing?



No. 101.

He Knoweth My Way.

Ernest G. W. Wesley.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. He know-eth the way that is best for me, To Him all my
 2. He know-eth the way that is best for me, I fol - low wher-
 3. He know-eth the way that is best for me, Thro' eve-ning, or

paths I con - fide. One step at a time I ask to see, Con-
 ev - er He leads: O'er de - sert, or plain, or storm-tossed sea, I
 mid-night, or noon; His choice, as He shows, my choice shall be: The

CHORUS.

tent in His will to a - bide.
 trust Him—He know-eth my needs. He know-eth my way, He
 end of the jour-ney comes soon.

know-eth my way, His way is the best for me; . . . He knoweth my
 His way is the best for me;

way, He know-eth my way, His way is the best for me. . .

No. 102.

Over and Over Again.

Floy S. Armstrong.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How man-y times has He lightened our cares, O-ver and o-ver a - gain! How
 2. He ne'er re-fus-es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o-ver a - gain, Sends
 3. Tho' we may wander in by-ways of sin, O - ver and o-ver a - gain, The

many times has He answered our prayers, Over and over a - gain! Then tell of His
 show'rs of blessings so freely on all, O - ver and o-ver a - gain; Oh, why are you
 heart of Je-sus will bid us come in, O-ver and o-ver a - gain; Then let us be

good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mercies to me and to mine, Re-
 si - lent so often, so long, When telling the story will turn them from wrong? Then
 will - ing, wher-ever the place, To tell of His kindness, His pardon, His grace, And

peat the old sto-ry of par-don di-vine, O-ver and o-ver a - gain. . . .
 tell it, O tell it in praise or in song,
 some day in glory we'll look on His face, O - - ver and o-ver a - gain.

CHORUS.

O-ver and o-ver a - gain, . . . O-ver and o-ver a - gain, . . .
 and o-ver a - gain, and o-ver a - gain,

Over and Over Again.

O what a won-der-ful sto-ry to tell, O-ver and o-ver a - gain.

No. 103. Teach Me Thy Will, O Lord.

Katharine A. Grimes.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Teach me Thy will, O Lord, Teach me Thy way; Teach me to know Thy
2. Teach me Thy wondrous grace, Bound-less and free; Lord, let Thy bless-ed
3. Teach me by pain Thy pow'r, Teach me by love; Teach me to know, each
4. Teach Thou my lips to sing, My heart to praise; Be Thou my Lord and

word, Teach me to pray. What-e'er seems best to Thee, That be my
face Shine up - on me. Heal Thou sin's ev-'ry smart, Dwell Thou with-
hour, Thou art a - bove. Teach me as seem-eth best In Thee to
King Thro' all my days. Teach Thou my soul to cry, "Be Thou, dear

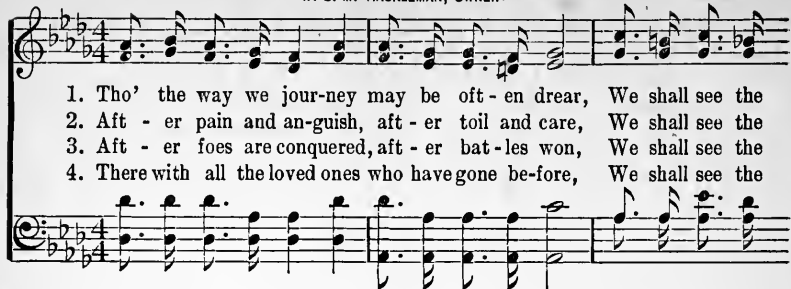
ear - nest plea, So that Thou draw-est me Clos - er each day.
in my heart; Grant that I nev - er part, Sav - ior, from Thee.
find sweet rest; Lean-ing up - on Thy breast, All doubt re - move.
Sav - ior, nigh, Teach me to live, to die, Saved by Thy grace."

No. 104. We Shall See the King Some Day.

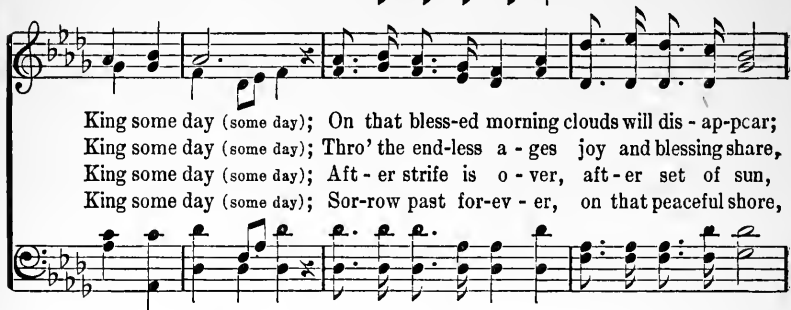
L. E. J.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

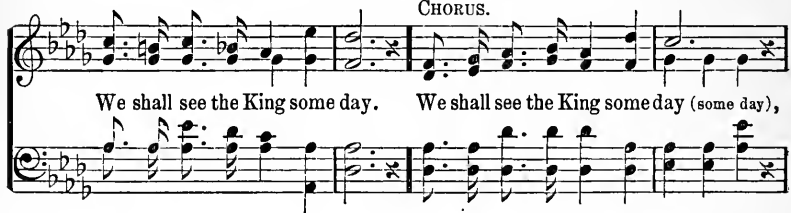


1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bat - les won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be-fore, We shall see the



King some day (some day); On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day (some day); Thro' the end-less a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day (some day); Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day (some day); Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.



We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day (some day),



We will shout and sing some day (some day); Gathered round the throne,

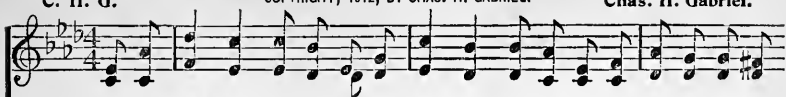


Wher. He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

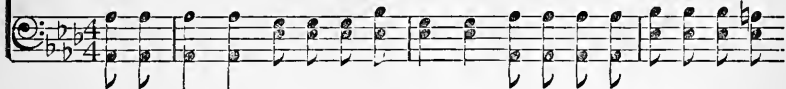
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

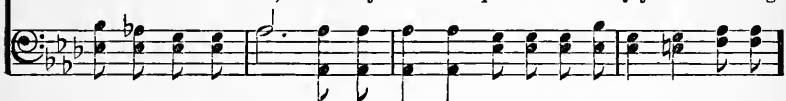
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I shall know my Sav-ior when I reach that cit-y With its Jasper walls and
2. I shall know my Sav-ior when He bids me welcome To His presence where my
3. I shall know my Sav-ior when I cross the riv-er—I shall look for Him in



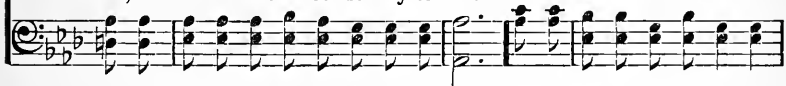
shin-ing streets of gold; When my eyes are o-pened in that world of beau-ty,
 heav'n-ly mansion stands, By His voice—far sweeter than the an-gels' mu-sic,
 heav'n the first of all; How my heart will quiv-er with the joy of meet-ing



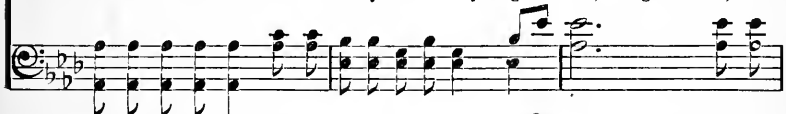
CHORUS.

His dear face will be the first I shall be-hold.

By His face, and by His blessed wounded hands. I shall know my blessed Savior
 Him, and at His feet in ec-sta-sy to fall.



when I meet Him there In that city always bright and fair; Saved by
 cit-y . . . always bright and fair, so bright and fair;



His redeeming grace, I shall look into His face, I shall know my blessed Savior there.



No. 106.

A Little While.

Katharine A. Grimes.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A lit - tle while to watch, and wait, and wonder, A lit - tle while to
 2. A lit - tle while to wan - der in the shad - ows, Be - set by strife and
 3. A lit - tle while—it seems so long and drear - y; We can - not un - der-

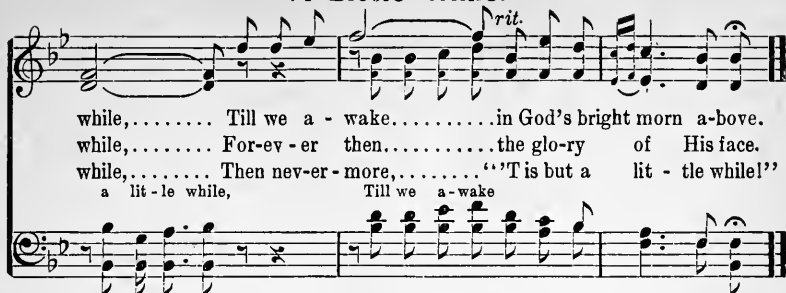
pray, ... And then life's gold - en cord will part a - sun - der To let us
 stain, A lit - tle while to gath - er in life's meadows The bit - ter -
 stand, As we up - on the shore, a - lone and wear - y, Must touch the

drift a - way. A hand to clasp, a moment's faith un - sha - ken, A
 sweet of pain. And aft - er that the peace of death's wide riv - er, Life's
 part - ing hand. But, blessed thought, a - cross the distance wing - ing From

fleet - ing glance of love, Earth's dreams forever done, we glad - ly wa - ken In
 last soft touch of grace, And then the long, long bliss of God's for - ev - er, The
 where God's morning smiles, The knell will never sound 'mid heaven's singing, " 'Tis

God's bright morn a - bove. A lit - tle while, a lit - tl
 glo - ry of His face. A lit - tle while, a lit - tle
 but a lit - tle while, A lit - tle while, a lit - tle
 1. A lit - tle while,

A Little While.



while,..... Till we a - wake.....in God's bright morn a-bove.
 while,..... For-ev - er then.....the glo-ry of His face.
 while,..... Then nev-er - more,....."Tis but a lit - tle while!"
 a lit - le while, Till we a - wake

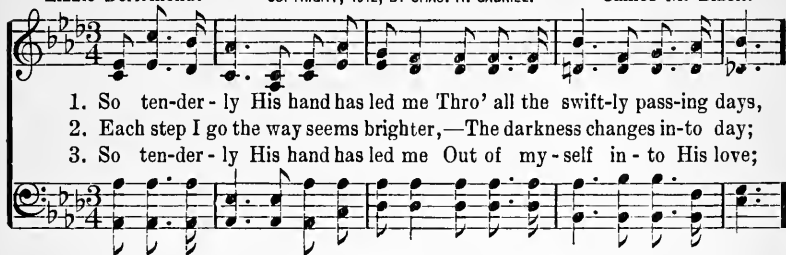
No. 107.

His Love is Mine.

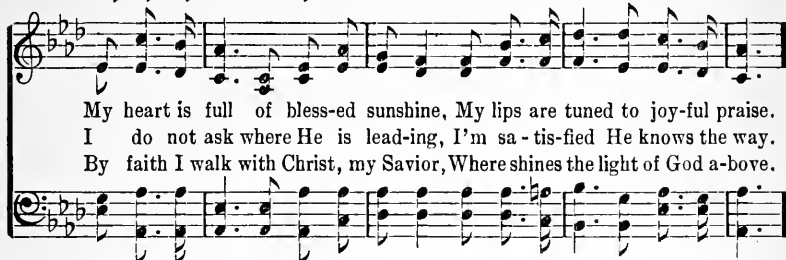
Lizzie DeArmond.

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James M. Black.



1. So ten-der - ly His hand has led me Thro' all the swift-ly pass-ing days,
 2. Each step I go the way seems brighter, — The darkness changes in-to day;
 3. So ten-der - ly His hand has led me Out of my - self in - to His love;

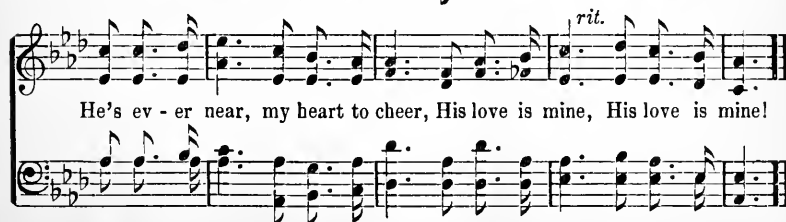


My heart is full of bless-ed sunshine, My lips are tuned to joy-ful praise.
 I do not ask where He is lead-ing, I'm sa - tis-fied He knows the way.
 By faith I walk with Christ, my Savior, Where shines the light of God a-bove.

CHORUS.



And so I sing of Christ, my King! He leads me on thro' storm and shine;

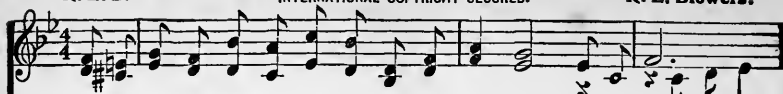


He's ev - er near, my heart to cheer, His love is mine, His love is mine!

R. L. B.

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R. L. Blowers.



1. Do you hear the Savior's voice so sweet-ly call - ing, Come to-day,
2. If you trust Him He will take a - way your sor - row, Day by day,
3. He a-lone can give you par-don and sal - va - tion, Full and free,

Come to - day,



come to-day; He will wipe the teardrops now so swift-ly fall - ing,
 day by day; And in safe - ty lead you to that bright to-mor - row,
 full and free; "Who - so - ev - er," is the bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion,

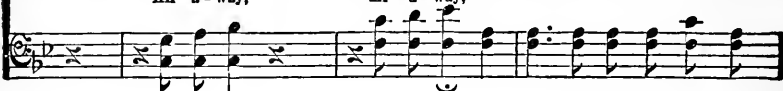
come to - day;



All a - way, all a - way; Come to Him now with all your
 All the way, all the way; His arms are o - pen to re-
 "Come to me, come to me;" Then wait no long-er, night is

All a - way,

all a - way;

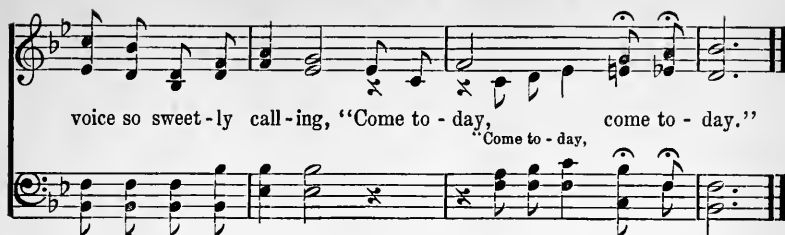


CHORUS.

sor - row, No long - er turn from Him a - way;
 ceive you; From sin and dark-ness turn a - way; List - en to His lov-ing
 fall - ing, Too late, too late, He soon may say;



Come To-day.



voice so sweet-ly call-ing, "Come to - day, come to - day."
Come to - day,

No. 109. Breathe on Me, Breath of God.

To Winona Bethany.

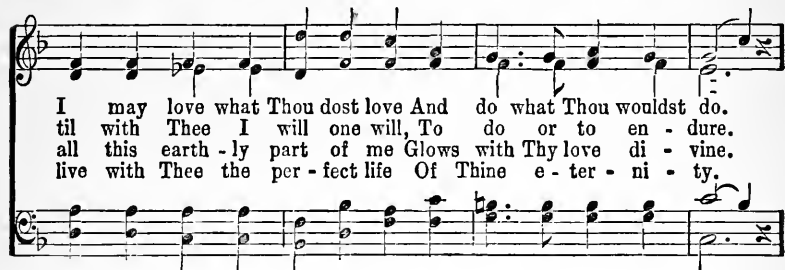
Edwin Hatch.

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Lucy Rider Meyer.

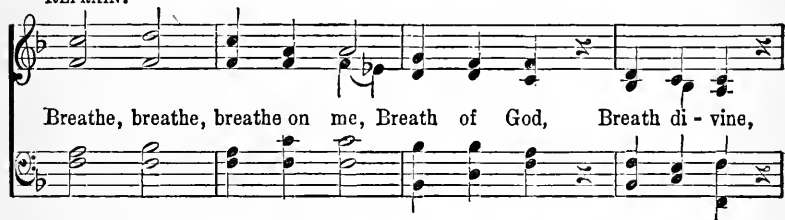


1. Breathe on me, breath of God, Fill me with life a - new That
 2. Breathe on me, breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure, Un-
 3. Breathe on me, breath of God, Till I am whol - ly Thine, Till
 4. Breathe on me, breath of God, So shall I nev - er die, But

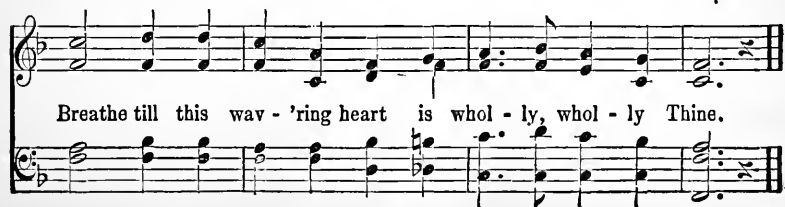


I may love what Thou dost love And do what Thou wouldst do.
 til with Thee I will one will, To do or to en - dure.
 all this earth - ly part of me Glows with Thy love di - vine.
 live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty.

REFRAIN.



Breathe, breathe, breathe on me, Breath of God, Breath di - vine,



Breathe till this wav - 'ring heart is whol - ly, whol - ly Thine.

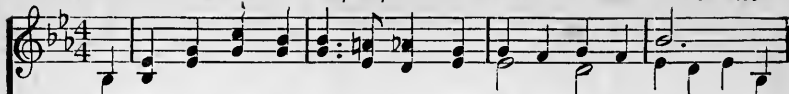
No. 110.

His Name Forever.

Charlotte G. Homer.

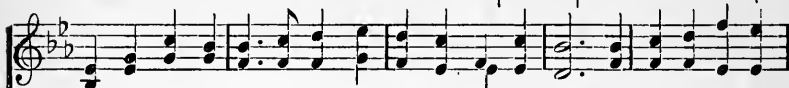
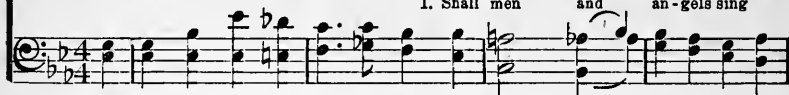
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H. C. Junior.

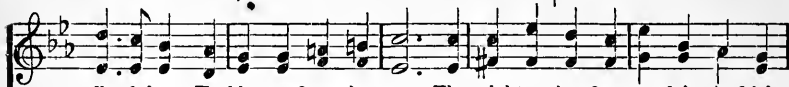
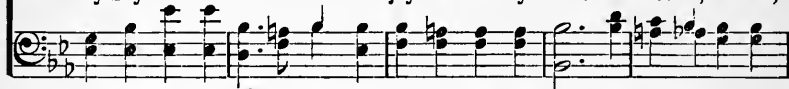


1. His name a-bove all oth-er names Shall men and an-gels sing In
 2. He built the heav'ns, He made the stars, And gave to each a place; The
 3. Al-might-y, ev-er-last-ing God, How won-der-ful Thou art! O

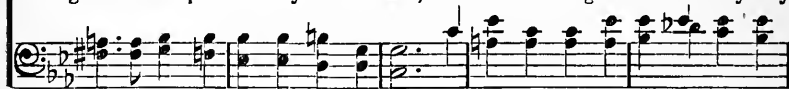
1. Shall men and an-gels sing



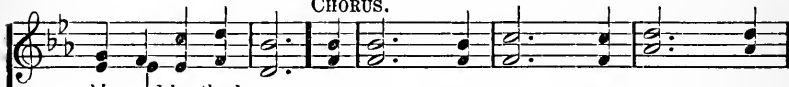
time and in e-ter-ni-ty,—Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King. 'Tis writ-ten on the
 wa-ters in His hands He holds, And keeps the sun in space. Cre-a-tion is His
 may Thy will in serv-ice be The joy of ev-'ry heart. Di-rect us, love us,



walls of time; Emblazoned on the trees; The might-y thunders speak it, And 'tis
 hand-i-work, E-ter-ni-ty His plan; His pow'r in nature He displayed,—His
 guide and keep Us in Thy ten-der care, And in Thine own good time and way May

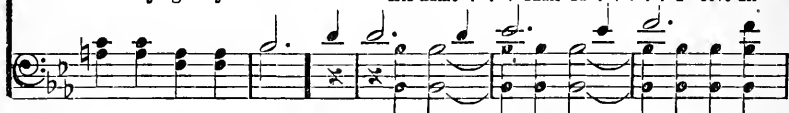


CHORUS.

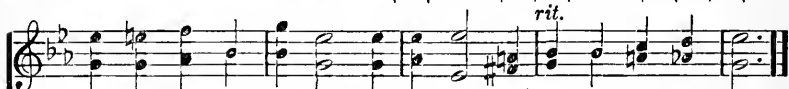


whispered by the breeze.

im-age gave to man. His name shall be a-bove all
 we Thy glo-ry share. His name . . . shall be . . . a-bove all

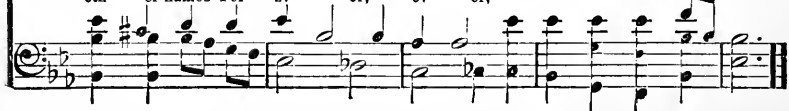


rit.



oth-er names For-ev-er, for-ev-er, Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King.

oth-er names For-ev-er, ev-er,

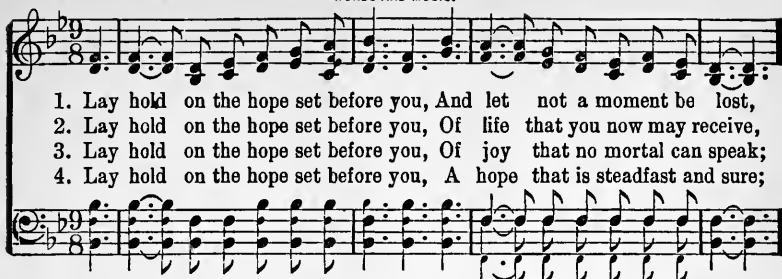


No. 111. The Hope Set Before You.

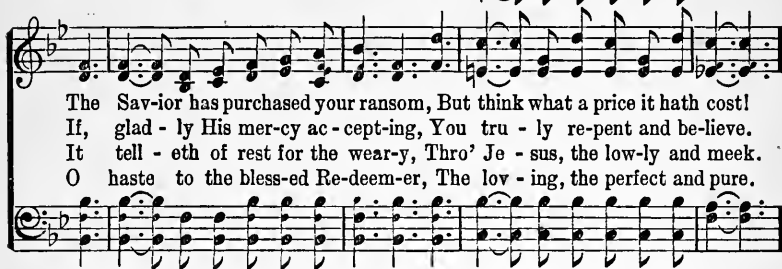
Fanny J. Crosby.

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E. O. Excell.

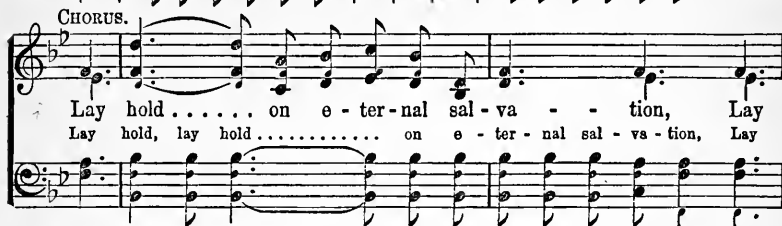


1. Lay hold on the hope set before you, And let not a moment be lost,
2. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of life that you now may receive,
3. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of joy that no mortal can speak;
4. Lay hold on the hope set before you, A hope that is steadfast and sure;



The Sav-ior has purchased your ransom, But think what a price it hath cost!
If, glad-ly His mer-cy ac-cept-ing, You tru-ly re-pent and be-lieve.
It tell-eth of rest for the wear-y, Thro' Je-sus, the low-ly and meek.
O haste to the bless-ed Re-deem-er, The lov-ing, the perfect and pure.

CHORUS.



Lay hold on e-ter-nal sal-va-tion, Lay
Lay hold, lay hold on e-ter-nal sal-va-tion, Lay



hold on the gift of God's on-ly Son; Lay hold on His in-
hold, lay hold on God's on-ly Son; Lay hold, lay hold



fi-nite mer-cy, Lay hold on the Might-y One!
on His mer-cy, Lay hold, lay hold on the Might-y One!

No. 112. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

COPYRIGHT 1882, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead.

USED BY PER.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to. cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;



Just to rest up-on His promise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus simp - ly tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.



REFRAIN.



Je-sus, Je-sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!



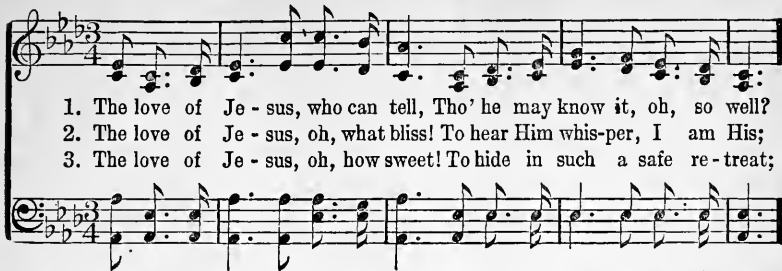
Je-sus, Je-sus, pre-cious Je-sus! O for grace to trust Him more.



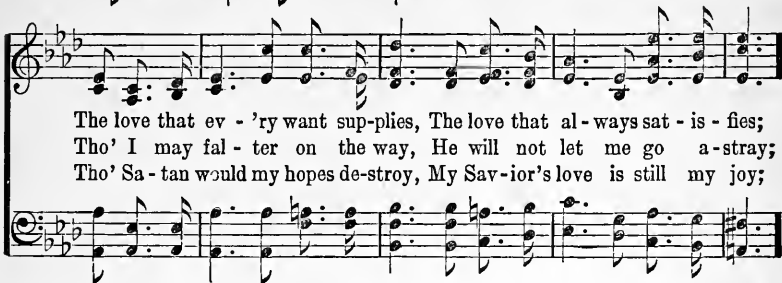
E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.



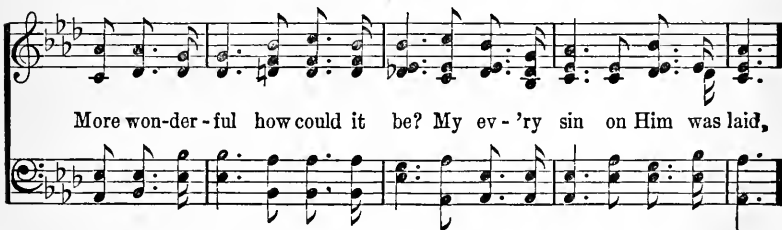
1. The love of Je - sus, who can tell, Tho' he may know it, oh, so well?
2. The love of Je - sus, oh, what bliss! To hear Him whis-per, I am His;
3. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet! To hide in such a safe re-treat;



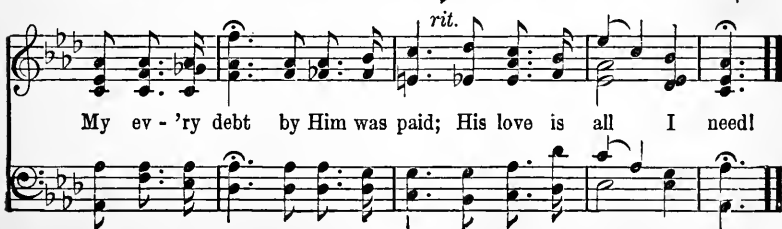
The love that ev - 'ry want sup-plies, The love that al-ways sat - is - fies;
Tho' I may fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a-stray;
Tho' Sa - tan would my hopes de-stroy, My Sav - ior's love is still my joy;



His love is all I need! So won - der - ful, His love to me,



More won - der - ful how could it be? My ev - 'ry sin on Him was laid,



My ev - 'ry debt by Him was paid; His love is all I need!

No. 114. Step Out On the Promise.

The Highway.

BY PERMISSION.

E. F. Miller.

1. O mourn-er in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je - sus is
 2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst-y, re-joice! For ye shall be
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? O poor troubled
 4. The prom-ise don't save, tho' the prom-ise is true; 'T is the blood we get

wait-ing to com-fort thee now; Fear not to re - ly on the
 filled; do you hear that sweet voice, In - vit - ing you now to the
 soul! there's a prom-ise for thee; There's rest, wear-y one, in the
 un - der that cleans-es us thro'; It cleans-es me now, hal - le -

word of thy God; Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
 ban-quet of God? Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
 bos-om of God; Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
 lu - jah to God! I rest on the promise, I'm un-der the blood.

No. 115. Old Time Power.

C. D. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
 USED BY PERMISSION.

Charlie D. Tillman.

1. They were in an up-per cham-ber, They were all with one ac-cord, When the
 2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n descended With the sound of rush-ing wind; Tongues of
 3. Yes, the "old time" pow'r was giv-en To our fa-thers who were true; This is

Old Time Power.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly Ghost de-scend-ed, As was promised by our Lord.
 fire came down up-on them, As the Lord said He would send. O Lord, send the
 promised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it, too.

pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now; And bab-tize ev-'ry one.

No. 116.

I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON.
 USED BY PERMISSION.

C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

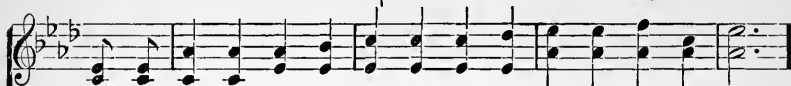
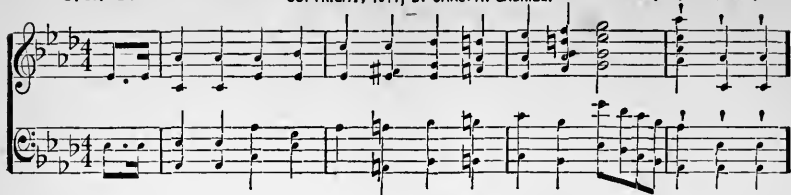
Oh, may we ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
 I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

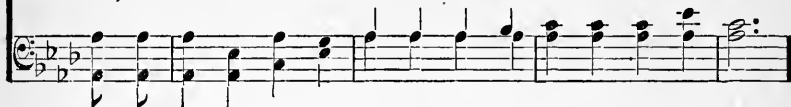
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Lo, a great and might-y ar - my now is march-ing thro' the land!
2. "Forward!" cries the great Commander, and the might-y phal - anx swings
3. See, em - bla-zoned on their ban - ner is the name "Im-man - u - el!"



Ev - 'ry sol - dier brave and loy - al, true, and proud of his com-mand;
 Out in - to the field of ac - tion for the glori - ous King of kings;
 'Tis at His com-mand, and in His might they march the foe to quell;



With a com-mon foe to con-quer, and the bat-tle just be-gun,
 O - ver hill and vale and mount-ain, while all na-ture's voice re - plies,
 No re-treat! in life or death no fa - vor asked, no quar-ter giv'n,



They press in - to the con - flict, for the tri-umph must be won.
 Their "Glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jahs" fill the earth and rend the skies.
 Till shouts of vic-t'ry shake the world and fill the courts of heav'n.



The Great Campaign.

CHORUS.

* *cres.*

Sal - va - tion, and hon - or, and pow - er, and glo - ry, To - day, henceforth, for -

shall be!

ev - er, un - to our King shall be, Un - to our King shall be,

Un - to our King shall be; We will bear the flag of conquest that shall

shall be!

make all nations free, When Christ, our King, triumphant reigns from sea to sea.

* The parts thus indicated should be made prominent.



1. Be - hold the King! go forth to meet Him! The might-y Conq'r'er draw-eth
2. He comes! and ev-'ry land and na - tion Shall un - to Him their hom-age
3. Not by the sword or can-non's rat-tle, Not by the force of stern de-



nigh! The wait-ing, watch-ing mil-lions greet Him With shouts that reach the
pay; He comes! and by His great sal - va - tion Shall gain a u - ni -
cree, Not by the crash or noise of bat - tle Shall His do-main es -



vault-ed sky! He com-eth in His fade-less glo - ry, While the at-
ver - sal sway; His rule and reign shall be all - glo-rious, For pow'r om-
tab-lished be; But love and mer - cy, sweet-ly blend-ing, Shall spread a-



tend-ing le-gion sings With one u - nit - ed voice the sto - ry,
nip - o - tent He brings, And all the earth shall sing vic - to - rious,
broad pro - tect-ing wings, Till this shall be the song tran-scend-ing:—

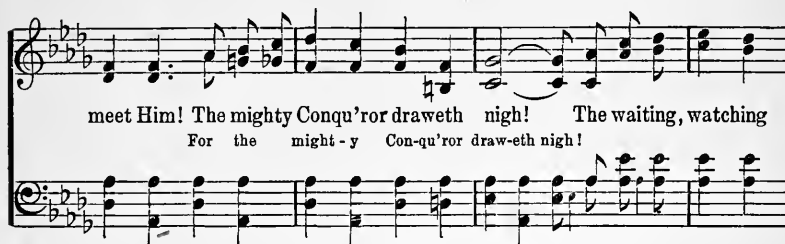


Behold the King!

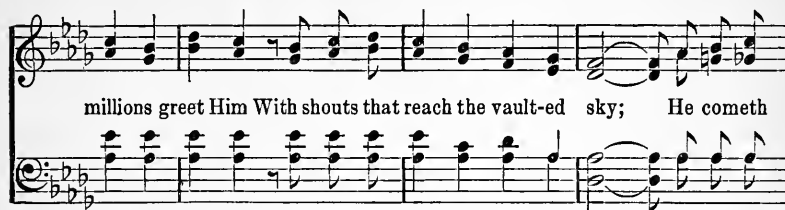
CHORUS.



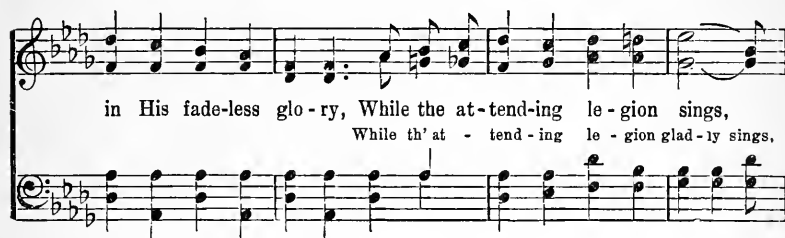
Ho-san - na to the King of kings! Be-hold the King! go forth to



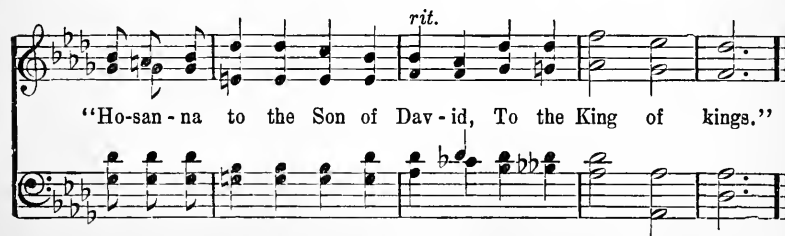
meet Him! The mighty Conqu'ror draweth nigh! The waiting, watching
For the might - y Con-qu'ror draw-eth nigh!



millions greet Him With shouts that reach the vault-ed sky; He cometh



in His fade-less glo - ry, While the at-tend-ing le - gion sings,
While th'at - tend - ing le - gion glad - ly sings,

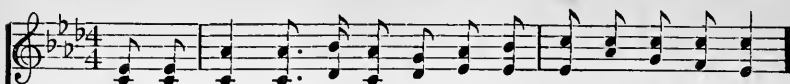


rit.
"Ho-san - na to the Son of Dav - id, To the King of kings."

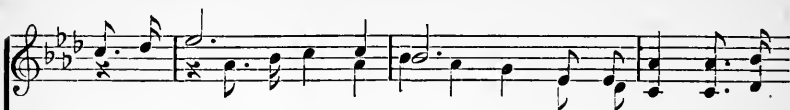
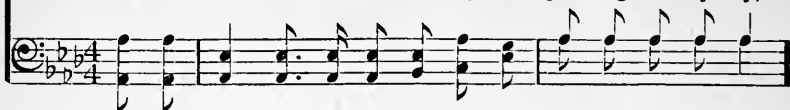
Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

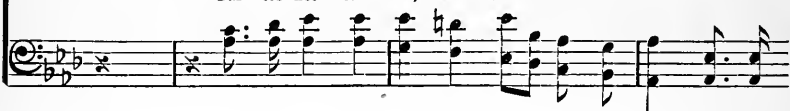


1. Chris-tian work - ers, re-joice, al-though your la - bors seem in vain,
2. Chris-tian work - ers, with Him who stilled the waves of Gal - i - lee,
3. Chris-tian work - ers, the har-vest days are pass-ing swift-ly by,



Fal - ter not— toil on! Bread you cast on the
 Fal - ter not— toil on! Un - to you He is
 Fal - ter not— toil on! Wear - y not in the

Fal - ter not— toil on, toil on!



wa - ters will re - turn to you a - gain, Fal - ter not— toil on!
 calling: "Leave your nets and follow Me!" Fal - ter not— toil on!
 field while yet the glow-ing sun is high, Fal - ter not— toil on!

Fal - ter not—



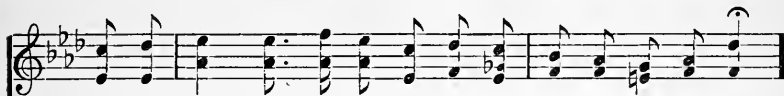
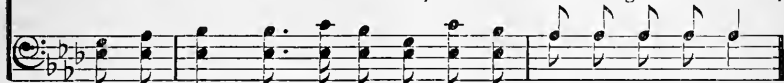
Sure - ly yours is a work that an - gels would re - joice to do,
 There are lives to be brightened by the beau - ty of His Word;
 When the reap - ers re - turn, and each a re - com-pense re - ceives



Falter Not—Toil On!



And the Mas - ter is with you, strength and cour-age to re - new;
There are homes where the sto - ry of His love is nev - er heard;
From the Lord of the har-vest, in re - turn for gold-en sheaves,



Lol the hand that was wound-ed once for all is lead-ing you,
There are weak, fal - t'ring ones who in - to ac - tion must be stirred,
Will you stand in His pres-ence bear-ing on - ly with-ered leaves?



Fal - ter not— toil on! Fal - ter not—toil on till the
Fal - ter not—



work is done, And the crown of life is won: To the Mas - ter be
toil on!



true, In all you think, or say, or do, Fal - ter not— toil on!
Fal - ter not—



John Burton.

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E. O. Excell.

Slow, with dignity.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine,
 2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav - iour's love,
 3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suff - ring in this wil - der - ness;
 4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom;

Rit.
 Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am!
 Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
 Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
 O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine!

CHORUS.

Mine, mine, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
 Ho - ly Bi - ble,

O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine!

No. 121. A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone.

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the
SOLO or QUARTET.

2. I shall stand one day fault-less and pure by His throne, Trans-formed from my

3. All the mu-sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my

high-est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each mo-ment is thrill-ing my soul,

im-age, con-formed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it com-plete; Thro' a-ges un-end-ing the ech-oes will roll,

D. S.—My heart it is sing-ing, the an-them is ring-ing,

FINE. CHORUS.

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole.

sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul

sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul

D. S.

No. 122. His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

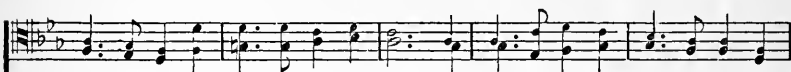
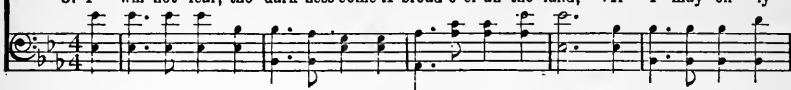
DUET. Tenor and Baritone.



1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread, But on - ly that my
SOLO or QUARTET.



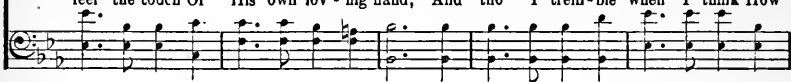
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know That Je-sus guides my
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land, If I may on - ly



soul may feed Up - on the liv - ing bread; 'Tis bet - ter far that I should walk By



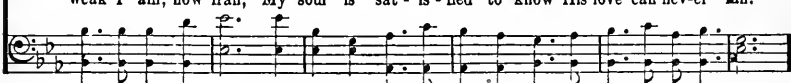
fal-t'ring steps, As joy - ful - ly I go; And tho' I may not see His face, My
feel the touch Of His own lov - ing hand; And tho' I trem - ble when I think How



faith close to His side; I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.



faith is strong and clear That in each hour of sore dis-tress, My Sav-ior will be near.
weak I am, how frail, My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev-er fail.



D. S.—My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev-er fail.

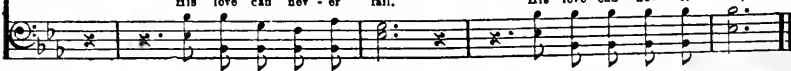
CHORUS OR QUARTET.



His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail, His love can nev - er fail.



His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail, His love can nev - er fail;



No. 123. How Sweet is His Love.

James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

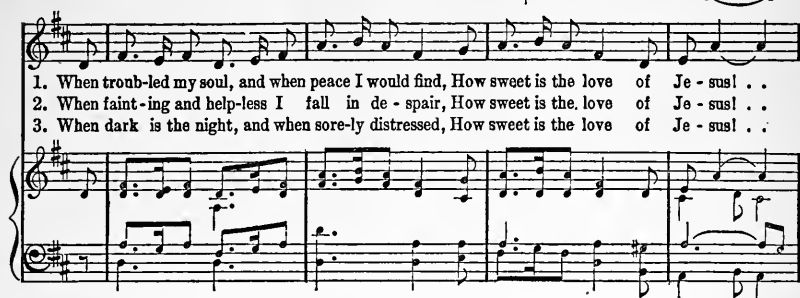
E. O. Excell.

Introduction.



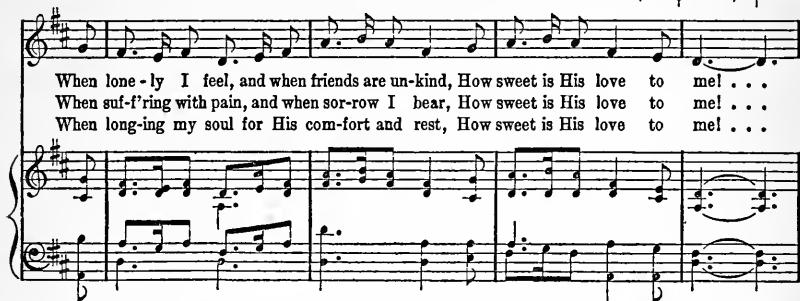
The introduction is an 8-measure piano piece in G major and 6/8 time. It features a simple melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, ending with a sustained chord.

1. When troub-led my soul, and when peace I would find, How sweet is the love of Je - sus! . .
2. When faint-ing and help-less I fall in de - spair, How sweet is the love of Je - sus! . .
3. When dark is the night, and when sore-ly distressed, How sweet is the love of Je - sus! . .



The first system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first three lines of the verse. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

When lone-ly I feel, and when friends are un-kind, How sweet is His love to me! . . .
When suf-f'ring with pain, and when sor-row I bear, How sweet is His love to me! . . .
When long-ing my soul for His com-fort and rest, How sweet is His love to me! . . .



The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the next three lines of the verse, maintaining the same musical structure.

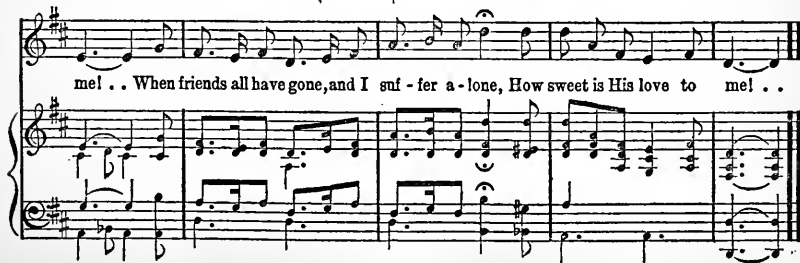
CHORUS.

O . . . how sweet, O how sweet is His love, . . . How sweet is His love to



The chorus begins with a new vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features more active bass lines and sustained chords in the right hand.

me! . . When friends all have gone, and I suf-fer a-lone, How sweet is His love to me! . .

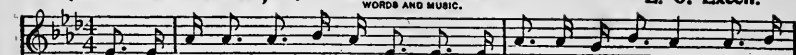


The final system concludes the chorus with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, ending with a final sustained chord in the piano.

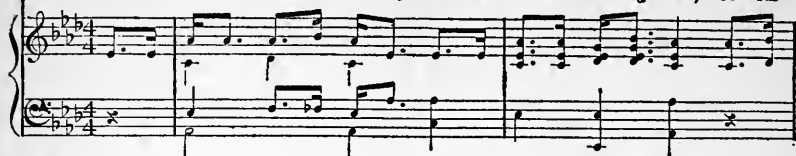
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

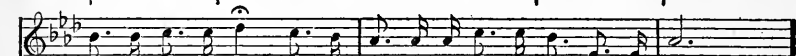
E. O. Excell.



1. Since I start-ed for the Cit - y o - ver in the Prom-ised Land, I have
2. There are man - y snares and pit - falls all a - long the pil - grim road, I can
3. When the clouds, of dark - ness gath - er and the sun - shine all has fled, Then He
4. When I reach the si - lent riv - er, with its cold and chill - ing tide, Je - sus



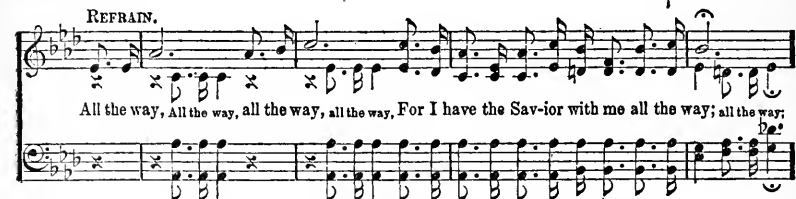
tri - als and temp - ta - tions ev - 'ry day; But I find my - self sup - port - ed by a
o - ver - come them if I watch and pray. In the hour of pain and sor - row, grace suf -
guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray; And the bless - ed light of Heav - en o - ver
will be there, my Help - er and my Stay. I will sail a - way triumphant, land my



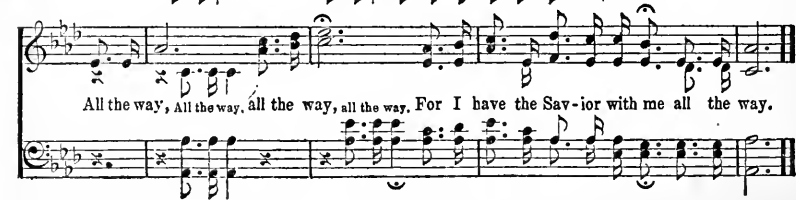
strong and lov - ing hand, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.
fi - cient is be - stowed, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.
all my path is spread, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.
soul on Ca - naan's side, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.



REFRAIN.



All the way, All the way, all the way, all the way, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way; all the way;



All the way, All the way, all the way, all the way, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.

No. 125. Drifting Away From God.

F. A. S.

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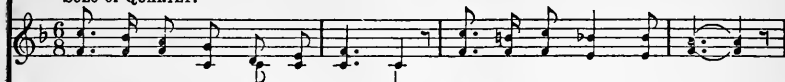
Frank A. Simpkins.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone.

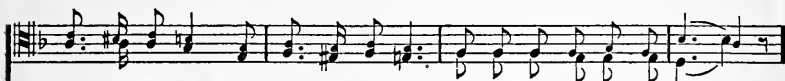
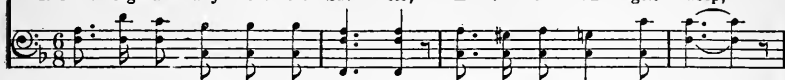


1. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing to lands un - known,
2. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, He who would bear your load;

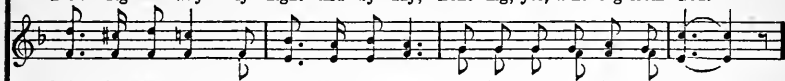
SOLO or QUARTET.



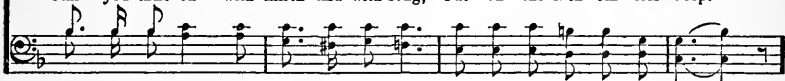
3. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Fear - less - ly on you go;
4. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, E - ven the an - gels weep;



Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing, yes, drift - ing a - lone.
Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing, yes, drift - ing from God.



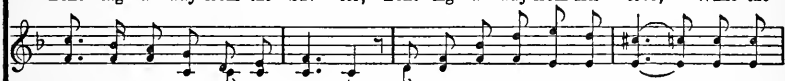
Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing to re - gions of woe.
Still you drift on with mirth and with song, Out on the fath - om - less deep.



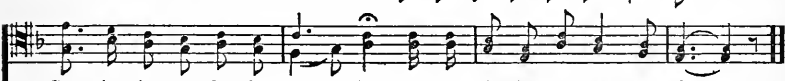
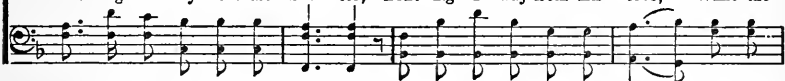
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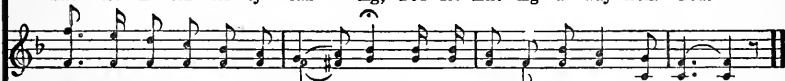
Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing a - way from His love, While the



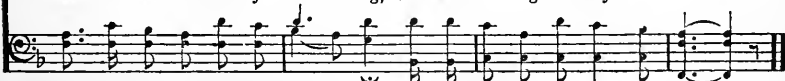
Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing a - way from His love, While the



Sav - ior is ten - der - ly call - ing, You are drift - ing a - way from God.



Sav - ior is ten - der - ly call - ing, You are drift - ing a - way from God.



Hymns of the Heart.

No. 126.

Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley.

Lewis Edson.

1. A - rise, my soul, a-rise, Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In
 2. He - ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His all re - deem - ing love, His
 3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Cal - va - ry; They pour effectual pray'rs, They
 4. The Father hears Him pray, His dear An - noint - ed One; He can - not turn a - way The

thy behalf appears; Before the throne my Surety stands, Before the throne my Surety stands,
 precious blood to plead; His blood atoned for all our race, His blood atoned for all our race,
 strongly plead for me; "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry, "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
 pres - ence of His Son: His Spir - it answers to the blood, His Spirit answers to the blood,

My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
 "Nor let the ransomed sin - ner die."
 And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconciled;
 His pardoning voice I hear;
 He owns me for His child;
 I can no longer fear:
 [[: With confidence I now draw nigh, :]]
 And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

No. 127. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

Thomas J. Potter.

Haydn.

1. Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky, Wav - ing wand'ers on - ward To their home on high.
 2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts re - joic - ing See Thy children meet;
 3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic - to - rious O - ver ev - 'ry foe;

D.C. - Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav - ing wa'd'ers on - ward To their home on high.

Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'nward way.
 Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray; Keep us, might - y Sav - ior, In the nar - row way.
 Bid thine an - gels shield us When the storm - clouds lower; Pardon Thou and save us In the last dread hour.

D. C.

No. 128.

Galling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. { God is call-ing the prodigal, come without delay, Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
The' you've wandered so far from His presence, come to-day, Hear His loving voice [Omit. for thee:] calling still. (calling still.)

Call - - ing now for thee,..... O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come;.....
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come;

CHORUS.

Call - - ing now for thee,..... O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come;.....
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come.

2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

3 Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

No. 129.

Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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E. O. Excell.

1. { There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
[Omit.] Let Him in;
He has been there oft be-fore, Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in; Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

D. S.—Let Him in. D. S.

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho-ly One, Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son,

2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let Him in

No. 130. To Galv'ry I Will Go.

E. E. Hewitt.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Down in - to the foun - tain I would deep - er go; Down in - to the foun - tain, mak - ing white as snow;
2. Down in - to the foun - tain, deep - er, deep - er still, Till the grace of Je - sus all my be - ing fill,
3. Down in - to the foun - tain flow - ing from the cross, Let the might - y cur - rents sweep a - way all dross;

Tho' with sins of scar - let, and of crim - son dyed, I shall come up spot - less from the sav - ing tide.
Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di - vine, Mak - ing "earth - en ves - sels" with His glo - ry shine.
Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His wondrous love, Wash - ing there the gar - ments for the feast a - bove.

CHORUS.

To Cal - v'ry I will go, The bless - ed Word I know, The precious blood of Je - sus cleanseth white as snow;

His voice is call - ing still, To "Who - so - ev - er will;" Down in - to the foun - tain I would deep - er go.

No. 131. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. { There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!

D. C.—There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!

CHORUS.

D. C.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug - gles, He will guide till the day is done;

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc. | 4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc. |
| 3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc. | 5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc. |

No. 132. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est theme for a mor-tal tongue;

'Tis the grand-est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

CHORUS.

He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee;
a - ble, He is a - ble a - ble, He is a - ble

D. S.

Tho' by sin op-prest, Go to Him for rest,

- 2 'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'Tis the grandest theme for a mortal strain; -
'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world again,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."
- 3 'Tis the grandest theme, let the tidings roll
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

No 133. Joy to the World.

I. Watts.

G. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-test the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-

room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won-ders of His love.

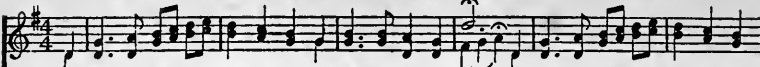
And heav'n and na-ture sing. And heav'n and na-ture sing.

No. 134. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

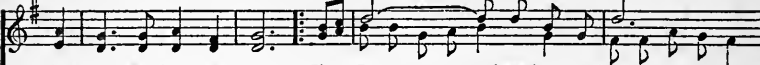
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E. O. Excell.

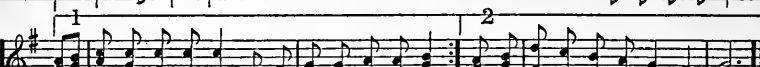


1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King,
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His will my high-est prize,
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deemed, Dis-pel-ling ev-'ry doubt and fear,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deemed, Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly,

CHORUS.



Since I have been re-deemed. Since I..... have been re-deemed,
Since I have been re-deemed, Since I have been re-deemed,




1 Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.
2 Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 135. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Welser Davis.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

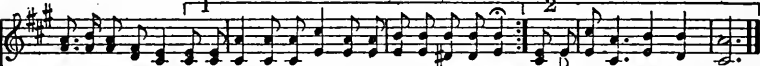


1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since He touched and
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each
4. Since I en-tered Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my

CHORUS.



sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is glo-ry in my soul.
healed me in lov-ing-kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul. There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is
day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul.
life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.

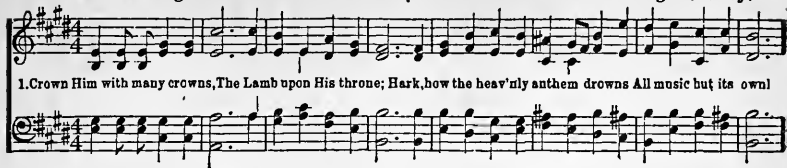


1 glo-ry in my soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo-ry in my soul!
2 glo-ry in my soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo-ry in my soul!

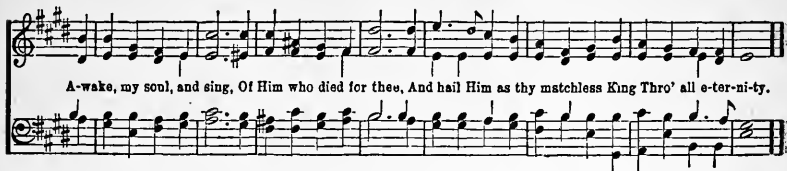
No. 136. Crown Him With Crowns.

Matthew Bridges.

Sir George J. Elvey.



1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne; Hark, how the heav'nly anthem drowns All music but its own!



A-wake, my soul, and sing, Of Him who died for thee, And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love!

Behold His hands and side,—
Rich wounds, yet visible above, •
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends His burning eye
At mysteries so great.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace!

Whose power a scepter sways [cease,
From pole to pole, that wars may
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

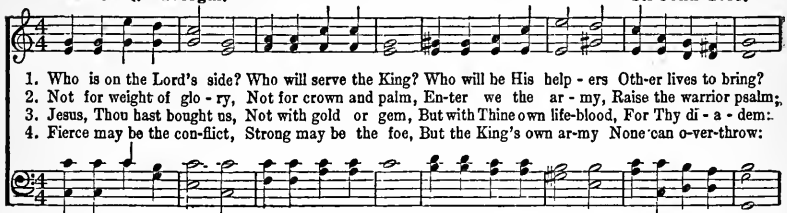
4 Crown Him the Lord of years,

The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

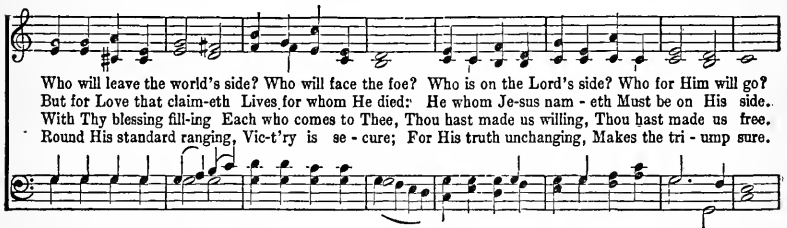
No. 137. Who Is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal.

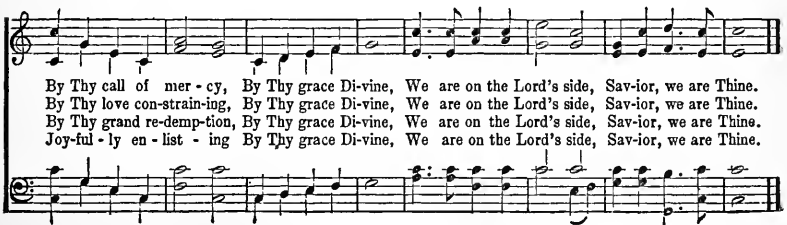
Sir John Goss.



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers Oth-er lives to bring?
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En-ter we the ar - my, Raise the warrior psalm;
3. Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood, For Thy di - a - dem.
4. Fierce may be the con-flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar-my None can o-ver-throw:



Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
But for Love that claim-eth Lives for whom He died: He whom Je-sus nam - eth Must be on His side.
With Thy blessing fill-ing Each who comes to Thee, Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free.
Round His standard ranging, Vic-t'ry is se - cure; For His truth unchanging, Makes the tri - ump sure.



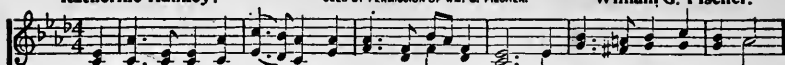
By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace Di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-ior, we are Thine.
By Thy love con-strain-ing, By Thy grace Di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-ior, we are Thine.
By Thy grand re-demp-tion, By Thy grace Di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-ior, we are Thine.
Joy-ful - ly en - list - ing By Thy grace Di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-ior, we are Thine.

No. 138. I Love To Tell The Story.

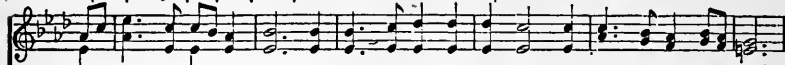
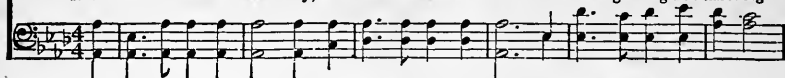
Katherine Hankey.

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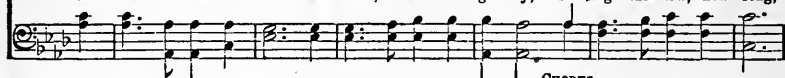
William G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing



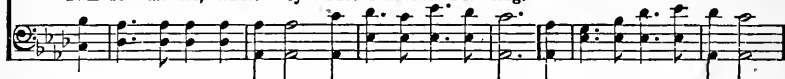
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



CHORUS.



It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.



'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



No. 139. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Ellizabeth Codner.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst - y land re -
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change - less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and



fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.



No. 140.

God is Calling Yet.

Gerhard Tersteegen.

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E. O. Excell.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass-ing
 2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise, And base-ly His kind
 3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clo-ser lock? He still is wait-ing
 4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay; Vain world, farewell, from

CHORUS. *rit.* *a tempo.*

years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
 care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay? Call - - ing, O hear Him, Call - - ing,
 to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
 thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart. God is call-ing yet. God is call-ing yet.

rit. *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.*

O hear Him, God is call-ing yet, O hear Him call-ing, call-ing, Call - - ing,
 God is call-ing yet.

rit. *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.*

O hear Him, Call - - ing, O hear Him, God is call-ing yet, O hear Him call-ing yet.
 God is call-ing yet.

No. 141. Lost, But Jesus Saved Me.

Mrs. Emma Pitt.

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E. O. Excell.

1. Lost, but Je-sus saved me, Saved me by His love; Lost, but now He keeps me For my rest a - bove;
 2. Lost up-on the mountains Of life's woe and sin; Lost, but His free par-don Safe-ly took me in;
 3. Lost far o'er the des-ert, Know not where to flee, Lost, but Je-sus loved me, Kind-ly pit-ied me;

Lost, but Je-sus found me, In the des-ert wild; Lost, but He redeemed me, Owns me for His child.
 Lost, but Je-sus bought me, Bought me with His blood; Lost, but Jesus keeps me In the nar-row road.
 Lost, but Je-sus bro't me, Out in-to the light; Lost, but still He saves me, Guards me with His might.

No. 142.

A Thousand Years.

H. C. W. alt.

Henry C. Work.

1. Lift up your heads ye friends of Jesus, Fling to the winds your needless fears, He who unfurl'd His blood-stained banner,
D. S.—'Tis the glad morn whose radiant glory

FINE CHORUS. D. S.

Says it shall wave a thousand years. A thousand years, my own lov'd Zi - on, 'Tis the glad day so long fore-told
Prophets fore-saw in days of old.

2 What if the clouds, one little moment,
Hide the glad sight when morn appears;
Christ has declared with Him in glory,
We shall all reign a thousand years.

3 Tell the great world these blessed tidings
Yes, and be sure each sinner hears,
Tell the sin-curs'd of every nation
Jubilee lasts a thousand years.

4 Foes all around the wide world over,
Little may heed our prayers and tears,
But the great King our blessed Savior,
Says we shall reign a thousand years.

5 A thousand years, bright reign of glory
Only the dawn when day appears,
Only the dawn of the reign unending,
Each of it stays a thousand years.

No. 143.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould.

Arthur Sullivan.

1: Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countess a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 144.

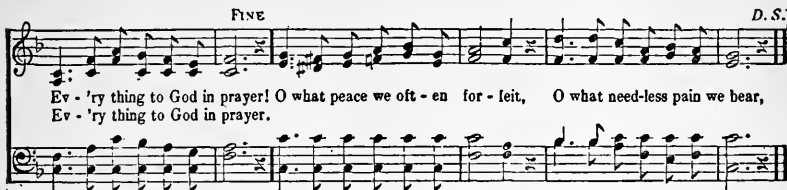
What a Friend.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.



1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry



FINE

D. S.:

Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

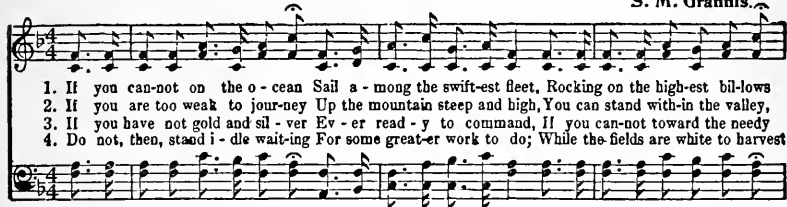
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [these,

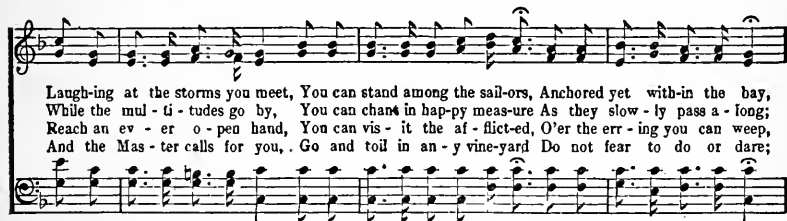
No. 145.

Your Mission.

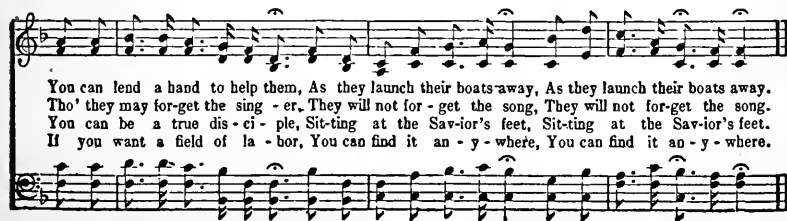
S. M. Grannis.



1. If you can-not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift-est fleet, Rocking on the high-est bil-lows
2. If you are too weak to jour-ney Up the mountain steep and high, You can stand with-in the valley,
3. If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er read - y to command, If you can-not toward the needy
4. Do not, then, stand i - dle wait-ing For some great-er work to do; While the fields are white to harvest



Laugh-ing at the storms you meet, You can stand among the sail-ors, Anchored yet with-in the bay,
While the mul - ti - tudes go by, You can chant in hap-py meas-ure As they slow - ly pass a - long;
Reach an ev - er o - pen hand, You can vis - it the af - flict-ed, O'er the err - ing you can weep,
And the Mas - ter calls for you, Go and toil in an - y vine-yard Do not fear to do or dare;



You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away, As they launch their boats away.
Tho' they may for-get the sing - er, They will not for - get the song, They will not for-get the song.
You can be a true dis - ci - ple, Sit-ting at the Sav-ior's feet, Sit-ting at the Sav-ior's feet.
If you want a field of la - bor, You can find it an - y - where, You can find it an - y - where.

No. 146

All For Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
 All my heart I give to Ja - sus, It be - longs to [Omit] Him;
 D. C. - Ev - er - more His good - ness tell - ing, It be - longs to [Omit] Him.

Ev - er - more to be His dwell - ing, Ev - er - more His prais - es swell - ing,

2 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
 It belongs to Him;
 All my voice I give to Jesus,
 It belongs to Him;
 Pleading for the young and hoary,
 Telling of His power and glory,
 Singing o'er and o'er the story,
 It belongs to Him.

3 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
 It belongs to Him;
 All my love I give to Jesus,
 It belongs to Him;
 Loving Him for love unceasing,
 For His mercy e'er increasing,
 For His watch-care never ceasing,
 It belongs to Him.

4 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
 It belongs to Him;
 All my life I give to Jesus,
 It belongs to Him;
 Hour by hour I'll live for Jesus,
 Day by day I'll work for Jesus,
 Evermore I'll honor Jesus,
 It belongs to Him.

No. 147.

The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vall.

1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And, thro' its portals gleam-ing; A radiance from the Cross a - far
 2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion; The rich and poor, the great and small.

REFRAIN.

The Sav-ior's love re - veal - ing. O depths of mer-cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?
 Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.

For me for me?.... Was left a - jar for me?
 For me For me For me

3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
 While mercy's gate is open,
 Accept the cross, and win the crown,
 Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
 The cross that here is given,
 And bear the crown of life away,
 And love Him more in heaven.

No. 148.

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and

va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry,
 wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song;

No. 149.

He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, where-
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine, Con-tent, what-ev-er
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

CHORUS.
 e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 trou-ble-d sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own
 lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me; His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 150.

Love Divine.

Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

John Zundel.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion,

FINE D. S.
All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thon art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart!

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving
Into every troubled breast! [Spirit
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!</p> | <p>3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-
Glory in Thy perfect love! [ing,</p> | <p>4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.</p> |
|---|---|--|

No. 151. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."</p> | <p>2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.</p> | <p>3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."</p> |
|---|---|--|

No. 152. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte.

Second Tune.

Mozart.

1. Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Naked, poor, despised, for-sa-ken,
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion,

FINE D. S.
Thou from hence my all shalt be; Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped; and known;
God and heav'n are still my own.

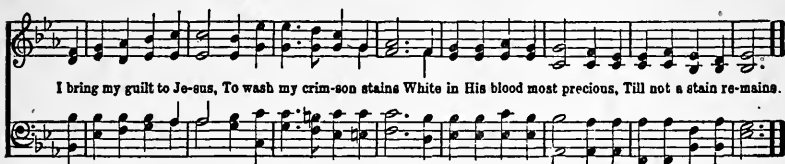
- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might, [me
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show Thy face and all is bright</p> | <p>3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.</p> | <p>4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.</p> |
|---|--|--|

No. 153.

I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar.

Samuel Sebastian Wesley



2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord,
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

No. 154.

Praise Waits for Thee.

Psalm 65.

Tune above.

1 Praise waits for Thee in Zion,
To Thee vows paid shall be;
O Thou of prayer the hearer,
All flesh shall come to Thee;
Iniquities against me
Prevail from day to day,
But as for our transgressions,
Them shalt Thou purge away.

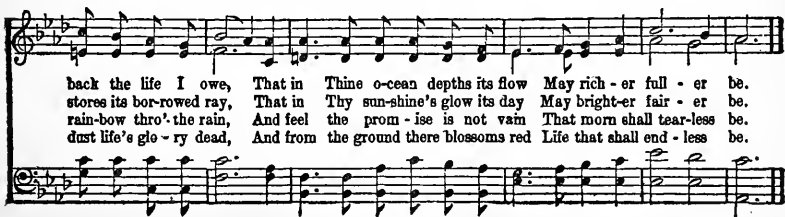
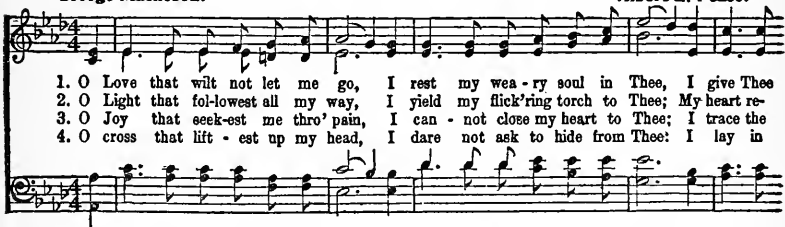
2 Blest he whom Thou hast chosen,
And unto Thee brought nigh;
Who hath for habitation
The courts of God Most High;
We shall in rich abundance
Be satisfied with grace,
And filled with all the goodness
Of Thy most holy place.

3 O God of our salvation,
We plead with Thee in prayer;
Thy righteousness makes answer
By things which fearful are;
Of earth the ends remotest,
And those afar at sea,
These all, O Lord, are placing
Their confidence in Thee.

No. 155. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

Albert L. Peace.



No. 156. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet.

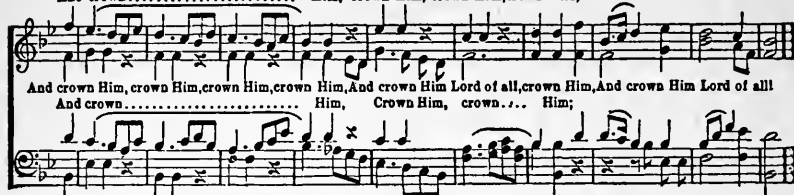
First Tune.

James Ellor.



1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all. | 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. | 4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all. |
|--|---|--|

No. 157. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet.

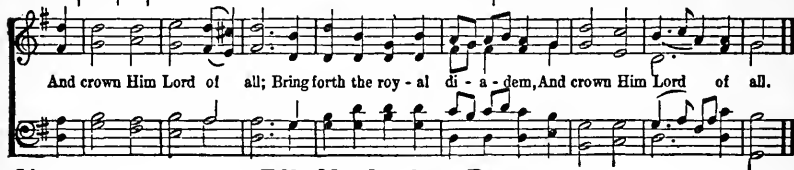
Second Tune.

Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

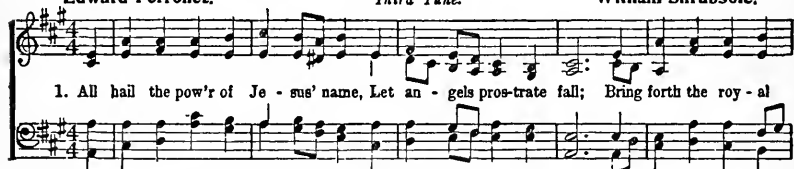


No. 158. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet.

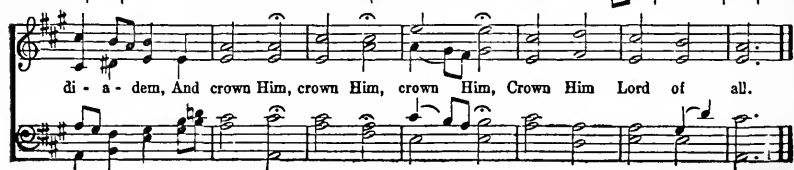
Third Tune.

William Shrubsole.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al

di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.



159.

First Tune.

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo-ries of, the glo-ries
(A. A. A.) The glo-ries of my God and

of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace, The tri - - umphs of His grace!
(r.) The glo - ries of my God and King,
King, The glo - ries of my God and King.

No. 160.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. O'er a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise;
2. My gracious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim,

3 Jesus! the name that charms our
fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled
He sets the prisoner free; [sin,
His blood can make the foulest
clean,
His blood availed for me.

The glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.

5 He speaks, and listening to His
voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice
The humble poor believe.

No. 161.

Wm. Tansur.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick'n - ing pow'rs;
2. Look, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick'n - ing pow'rs;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts -of ours.
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 Come, shed a broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

No. 162. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English.

First Tune.

A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

No. 163. O Turn Ye.

First or Second Tune.

- O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.
- In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?
- Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

No. 164. Look to Jesus.

First or Second Tune.

- O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.
- While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.
- Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in His presence to be
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.
- Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

No. 165. Expostulation.

Josiah Hopkins.

Second Tune.

Koschat.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is coming so nigh? Now Jesus invites you,

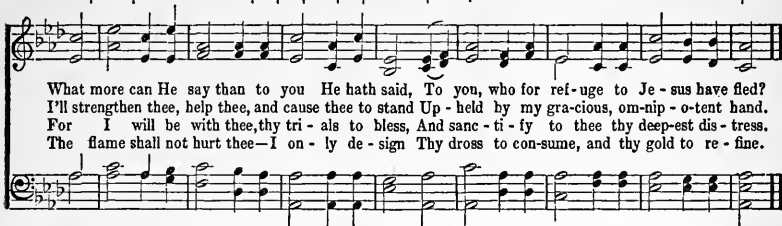
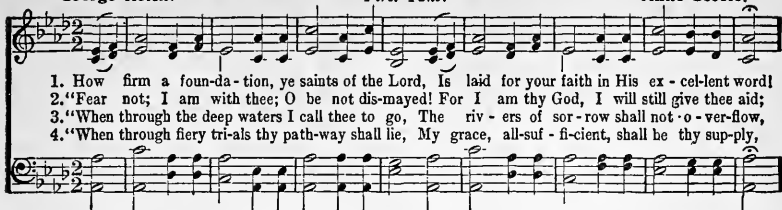
the Spirit says "come." And angels are waiting to welcome you home, And angels are waiting to welcome you home,

No. 166. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

First Tune.

Anne Steele.



5 'E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 167. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
 Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
- 2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
 Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
 Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
 No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
 With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
 O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful 'God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
 I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
 Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 168. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

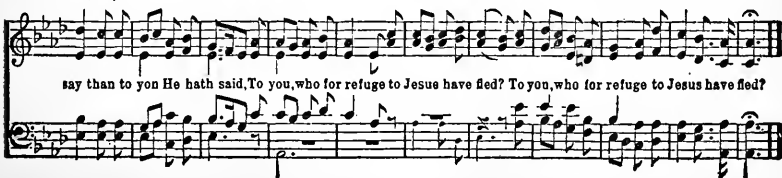
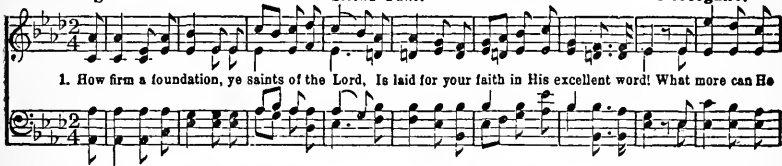
- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
 No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
 The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
 A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
 To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
 For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
 Her voice is not heard in the vale-of the tomb;
 Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
 Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
 To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

No. 169. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

Second Tune.

Portogallo.



No. 170.

Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte.

Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens - Lord, with me a-bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
 Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 171.

Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler.

Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
 thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.
 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For with-out Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.
 4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
 Ere thro' the world my way I take,
 Abide with me till in Thy love
 I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 172.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

Lowell Mason.

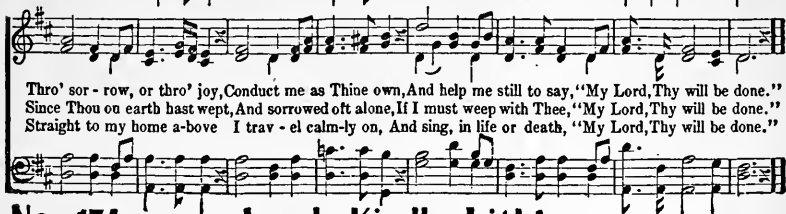
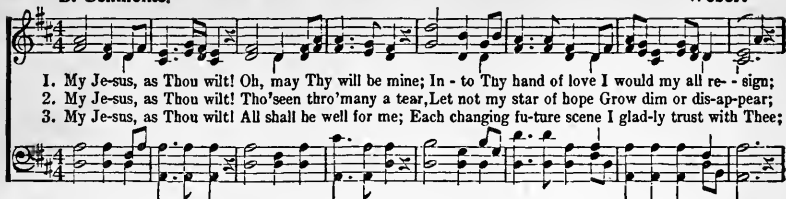
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior

while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove, -A ran - somed soul.

No. 173. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke.

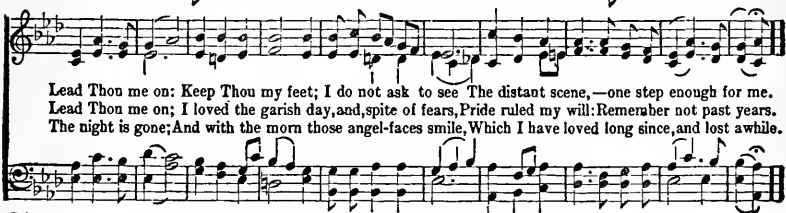
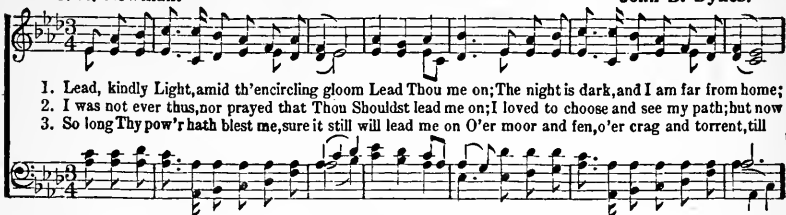
Weber.



No. 174. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

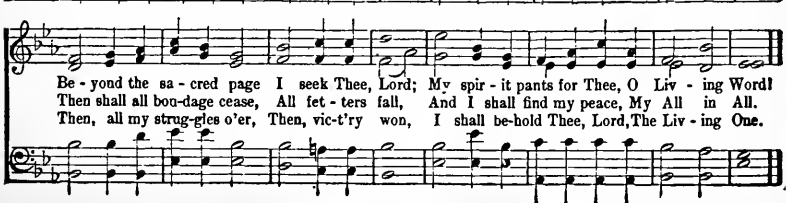
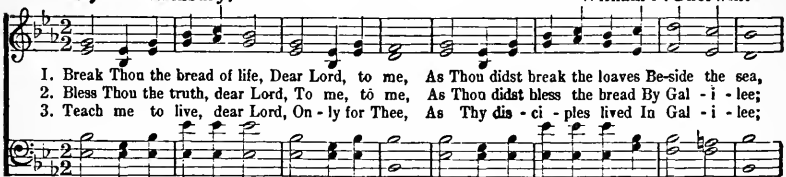
John B. Dykes.



No. 175. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

William F. Sherwin.



No. 176. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts.

Hugh Willson.



1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

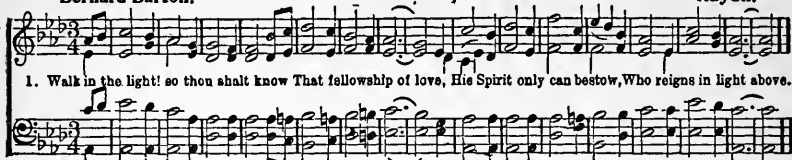
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide!
And shut His glories in, [died,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 177. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton.

Haydn.



1. Walk in the light! so thou shalt know That fellowship of love, His Spirit only can bestow, Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find;
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away, [shone
Because that light hath on thee
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered them.

No. 178. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight.

G. F. Handel.



1. I love Thy Kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode, The Church our blest Redeemer saved With His own precious blood

2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

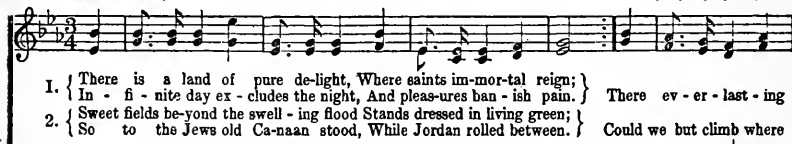
3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, [vows,
Her sweet communion, solemn
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 179. There Is a Land Of Pure Delight.

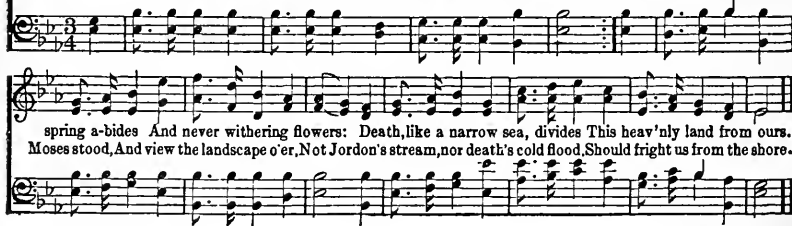
Isaac Watts.

J. C. H. Rink.



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; } There ev-er-last-ing
In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain.

2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell - ing flood Stands dressed in living green; } Could we but climb where
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jordan rolled between.



spring a-bides And never withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.
Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordon's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 180.

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegell.

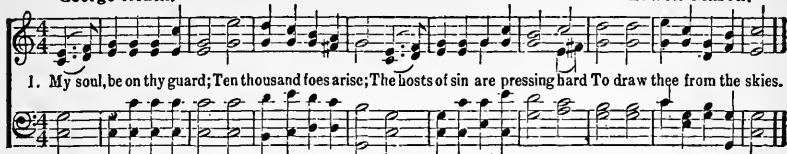


- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 181. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath.

Lowell Mason.

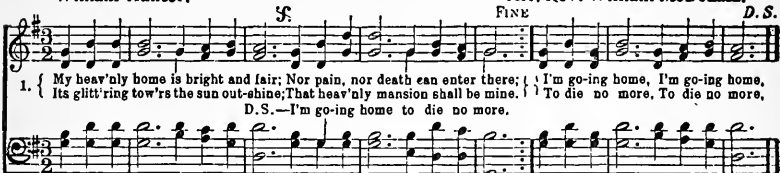


- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath,

No. 182. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter.

Arr. Rev. William McDonald.

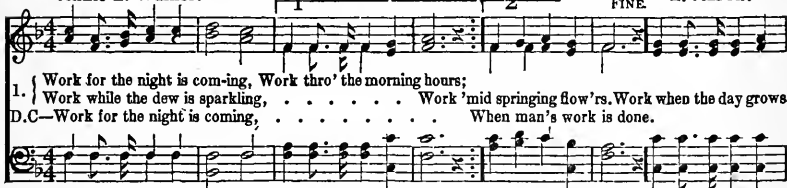


- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be
- 3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
- 4 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

No. 183. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

L. Mason.



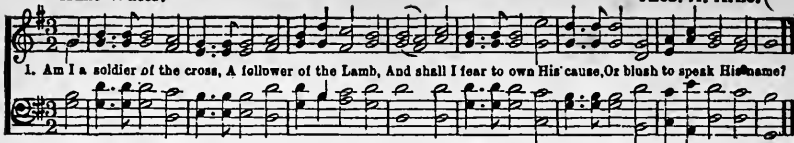
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute;
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming.
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening.
When man's work is o'er.

No. 184.

Isaac Watts.

Am I a Soldier?

Thos. A. Arner



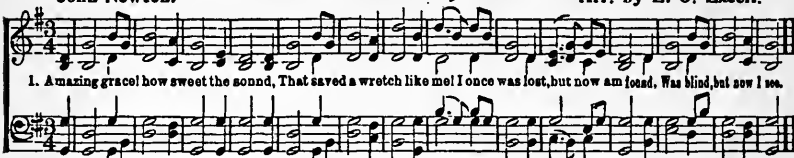
1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, [prize, While others fought to win the And sailed thro' bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.

No. 185.

John Newton.

Amazing Grace.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.



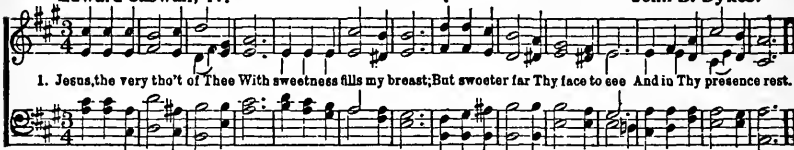
1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart And grace my fears relieved; [to fear How precious did that grace appear The hour I first believed!
- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils and I have already come; [snares, 'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus And grace will lead me home. [fear
- 4 When we've been there tent hou- Bright shining as the sun, [and years We've no less days to sing God's Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 186.

Edward Caswall, Tr.

The Thought of Thee.

John B. Dykes.



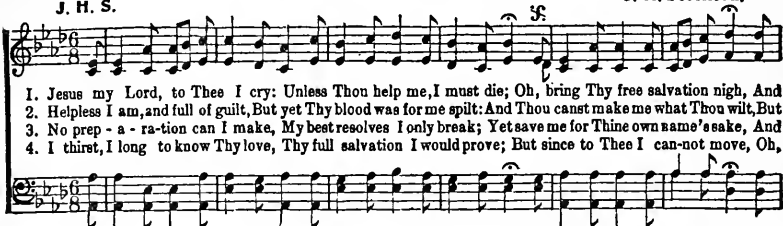
1. Jesus, the very tho't of Thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far Thy face to see And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can Nor can the mem'ry find [frame, A sweeter sound than Thy blest O Savior of man-kind! [name,
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart! O joy of all the meek! To those who fall, how kind Thou How good to those who seek! [art!
- 4 But what to those who find? ah! this No tongue or pen can show; The love of Jesus, what it is None but His loved ones know.

No. 187.

J. H. S.

Take Me As I Am.

J. H. Stockton.



1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No pre-p-a-r-a-tion can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,

D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And

FINE CHORUS.

D.S.



take me as I am.

Take me as I am,...

Take me as I am;.....

Take me, take me as I am.

Take me, take me as I am;

take me as I am.

No. 188. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav - ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
 2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross,

His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
 That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
 And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have:
 He make me triumph over death,
 And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 189. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter

J. H. Stockton.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, }
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. }
 D. S. — Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

4 Sweetest note in ser - aph song,
 Sweetest name on mortal tongue,

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
 Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
 Go on your way in peace to heaven,
 And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Savior's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus.

No. 190. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar,

T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
 3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine!
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
 All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 191. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth.

First Tune.

Lowell Mason.

1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright, } On thee, the high and low-ly,
 Thro' a - ges join'd in tune, Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri-une.

2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth
 On thee, our Lord, victorious,
 The Spirit sent from heaven;
 And thus on thee, most glorious,
 A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest;
 To Holy Ghost he praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 192. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear;
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here.
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack.
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim,
 He knows the way He taketh,
 And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where darkest clouds have been.
 My hope I cannot measure,
 My path to life is free,
 My Savior has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me.

No. 193. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber.

Second Tune.

Lowell Mason.

1. { From Greenland's icy mountain, From India's coral strand
 { Where Afric's sun-ny fount-ains (Omit.) Roll down their golden sand; From many an
 ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.

2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Tho' every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile?
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen in his blindness,
 Bow down to wood and stone,

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name,

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole:
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

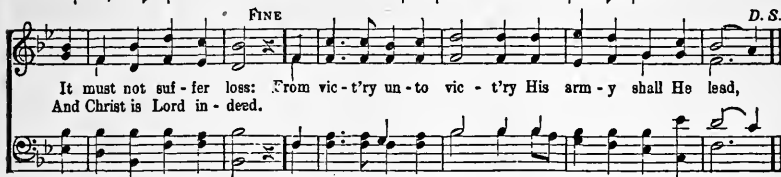
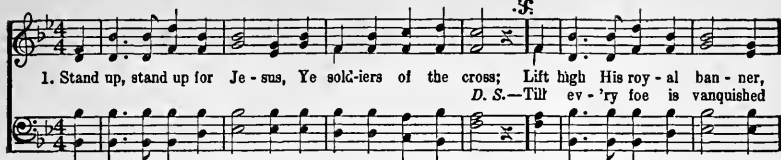
No. 194.

Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

First Tune.

G. J. Webb.



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 195. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

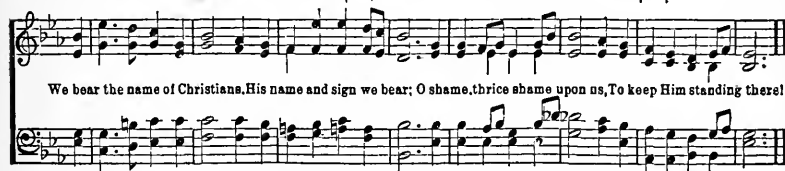
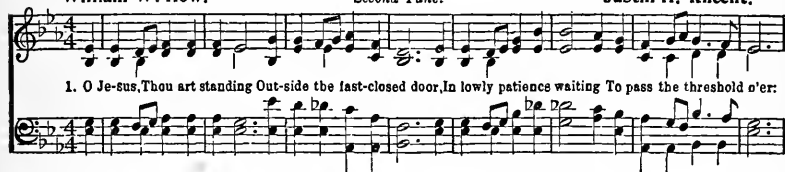
3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 196. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How.

Second Tune.

Justin H. Knecht.



1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 197

Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

George A. Minor.

1. { Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve; }
 { Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall } come re-joic-ing

FINE CHORUS.

Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
 D.S. — Second time.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
 By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
 Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
 When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 198.

Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

William B. Bradbury.

1. { Sav-ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'ring care: }
 { In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare: } Bless-ed Je-sus,

Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us.
 Seek us when we go astray:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be,
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Savior,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 199.

Salvation! O the Joyful Sound.

Isaac Watts.

Fourth Tune.

John Randall.

1. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A Sovereign balm for ev'-ry wound, A

cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A corial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
 To Thee the praise belongs:
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 200.

Wash Me in the Blood.

W. Cowper.

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First Tune. CHORUS.

E. O. Excell.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, Savior wash me in the blood, a
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, a

1
 2
 3

Sav-ior wash me in the blood, Ob, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.
 Sav-ior wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Ob.

No. 201.

There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper

Second Tune.

Lowell Mason.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
 D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, tho' vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious
 Shall never lose its power, [blood
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the
 Thy flowing wounds supply (stream
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering
 Lies silent in the grave. {tongue

FINE D. C.

guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
 guilty stains;

No. 202.

Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper.

Third Tune.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. { There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose

CHORUS.

from Immanuel's veins;
 all their guilty stains. Ob, glorious fountain! Here will I stay. And in thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way.

No. 203.

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, } Glory to His name.
 2. { I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, } Glory to His name.
 D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, } Glory to His name.

CHORUS. D. C.

Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

- 3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
 I am so glad I have entered in;
 There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
 Glory to His name.
- 4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
 Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
 Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
 Glory to His name.

No. 204.

Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald.

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E. O. Excell.

1. { I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind; } full sal-va-tion find. Hal-le-lu-jah!
 { I am counting all but dross; I shall

Under the cross I lay my sins, Under the cross, my cry; cross I'll die.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
 Long has evil reign'd within;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
 "I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
 Friends, and time, and earthly store,
 Soul and body Thine to be,
 Wholly Thine forevermore.

No. 205.

Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt.

Har. by J. M. Hunt.

1. { O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!
 { The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name } of the Lord!
 2. { Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!
 { 'Tis moun-tain in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name } of the Lord!

Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

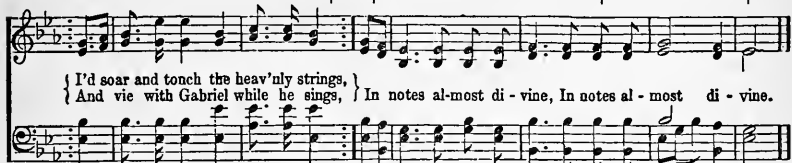
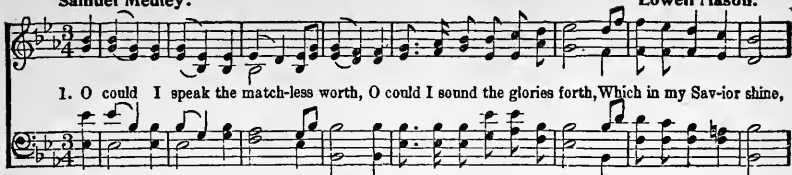
- 3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc, | 4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
 His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc, | When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 206.

O Gould I Speak.

Samuel Medley.

Lowell Mason.



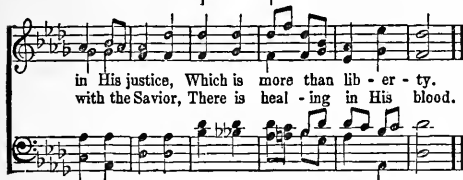
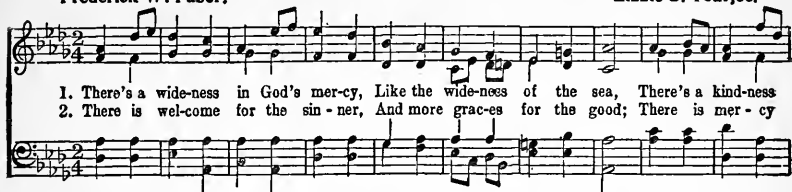
- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.</p> | <p>3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.</p> | <p>4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me
And I shall see His face; [home,
Then with my Savior, Brother,
A blest eternity I'll spend, [Friend,
Triumphant in His grace.</p> |
|---|---|---|

No. 207.

There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber.

Lizzie S. Tourjee.



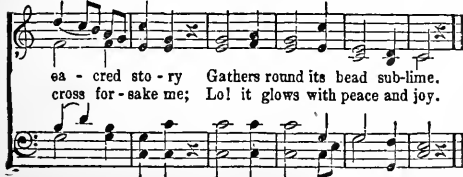
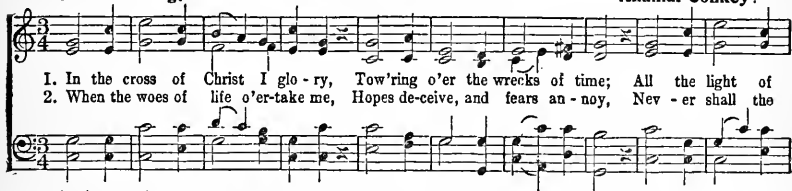
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 208.

In the Cross.

John Bowring.

Ithamar Conkey.



- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.
- 4 Bae and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 209.

L. H.

I Am Coming, Lord.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-vary.

2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 210.

Charlotte Elliott.

Just As I Am.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-

come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
in, with - out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 211.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

Jesus Paid It All.

John T. Grape.

1 I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

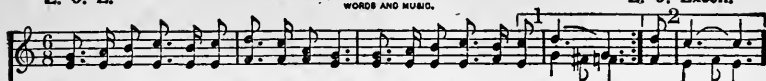
4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 212. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

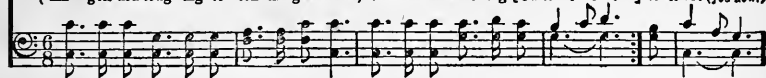
E. O. E.

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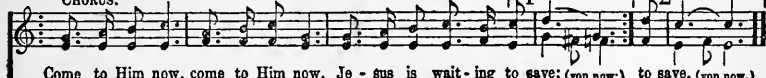
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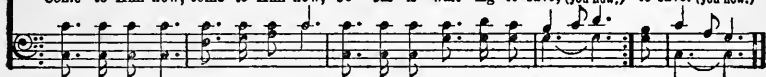
1. { Why do you lin-ger in dark-ness so long? Je-sus is wait-ing to save; (you now;)
Have you not friends in the heav-en-ly throng? Je-sus is wait-ing [Omit . . .] to save. (you now.)
2. { Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Je-sus is wait-ing to save; (you now;)
An-gels are long-ing to tell the glad news, Je-sus is wait-ing [Omit . . .] to save. (you now.)



CHORUS.



Come to Him now, come to Him now, Je-sus is wait-ing to save; (you now;) to save. (you now.)



3 Time will not linger; how soon we must go!

Jesus is waiting to save;

Why turn away, and to Jesus say, No?

Jesus is waiting to save.

4 While we are praying, oh, stay not away,

Jesus is waiting to save;

Come to Him now, not a moment delay.

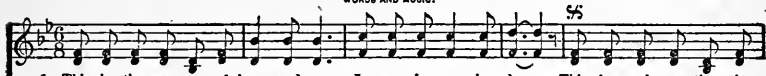
Jesus is waiting to save.

No. 213. Jesus is Passing By.

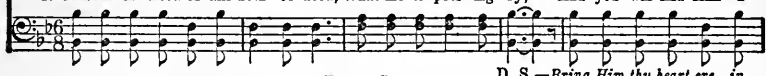
E. A. H.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

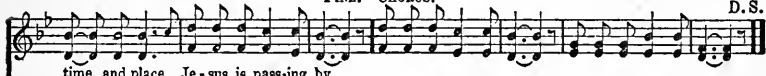


1. This is the sea-son of hope and grace, Je-sus is pass-ing by; This for sal-va-tion the
2. This is the hour for the soul's re-lease, Je-sus is pass-ing by; Trust Him and thou shalt go
3. This is the mo-ment to seek the Lord, While He is pass-ing by; This is the time to be-
4. Trust in the Lord in this hour of need, While He is pass-ing by; And you will find Him a



FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.—Bring Him thy heart ere in D.S.



time and place, Je-sus is pass-ing by.

forth in peace, Je-sus is pass-ing by.

lieve His word, While He is pass-ing by.

Friend in-deed, Je-sus is pass-ing by.

Je-sus is pass-ing by, Je-sus is pass-ing by;



grief He de-part; Je-sus is pass-ing by.

No. 214. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

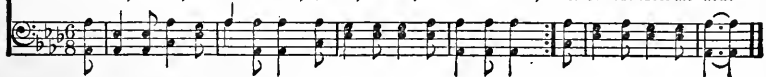
E. O. E. Arr.



1. { Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, [Omit . . .] O Lamb of God, I come!

1st. CHO.—We're kneeling at the mercy-seat, We're kneeling at the mer-cy-seat, Where Je-sus an-swers prayer.

2d. CHO.—I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je-sus saves me now.



No. 215.

Heaven is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home;
 2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home;
 3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home;
 4. There-fore I mur-mur not, Heav'n is my home; What-e'er my earth-ly lot, Heav'n is my home;

Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-'ry hand Heav'n is my fath-er-land, Heav'n is my home.
 And time's wild wintry blast Soon shall be o-ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
 There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
 And I shall sure-ly stand There at my Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

No. 216.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

D. S.

1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
 E'en tho' it be a cross, (Omit.) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,
 D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (Omit.) Near-er to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
 Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
 Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

No. 217.

Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps.

Lowell Mason.

1. Sav-ior! Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee;
 2. At the blest mer-cy-seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee-ble faith looks up, Je-sus, to Thee;
 3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de-part-ing day Hence-forth may see
 4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee!

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.
 Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for Thee.
 Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'r'er sought and won, Some-thing for Thee.
 And when Thy face I see My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Some-thing for Thee.

No. 218. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell.

Theo. E. Perkins.

1. { What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along— } motion, pray? In accents hush'd the
 1. These wondrous gath'ring's day by day? What means this strange com-

throng reply: "Je-sus of Nazareth passeth by," In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
 The city move so mightily?
 A passing stranger, has He skill
 To move the multitude at will?
 Again the stirring notes reply:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
 And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
 Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
 His holy footprints we can trace,
 He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
 He enters—condescends to stay.
 Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 219. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care, } wishes known! { In sea-sons
 1. And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and } My soul has
 D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
 Of those whose anxious spirits burn
 With strong desires for thy return!
 With such I hasten to the place
 Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
 And gladly take my station there,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 220. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell.

Thomas Hastings.

1. From ev'-ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev'-ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-

sure re - treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat.
 sides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
 And sin and sense molest no more;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 221.

The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote.

BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; } On Christ the Sol-id
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.

Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face; 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
I rest on His unchanging grace; Support me in the whelming flood; O may I then in Him be found,
In every high and stormy gale, When all around my soul gives way, Drest in His righteousness alone,
My anchor holds within the veil. He then is all my hope and stay. Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 222. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton.

English Air.

1. In e-vil long I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear, Till a new ob-ject struck my sight,
REF.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me; And thro' His blood, His precious blood;

And stopped my wild ca-reer,
I shall from sin be free.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His
Tho' not a word He spoke. [death,

4 My conscience felt and owned
It plunged me in despair; [the guilt;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayest live."

No. 223.

Oh, How I Love Jesus.

1. There { is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It {
sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth,

{ Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, Be-cause He first loved me.

- 2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.
- 4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 224. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

J. E. Gould.

1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: { Un-known waves before me roll, }
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. { Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;

1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 225.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Thomas Hastings. D.C.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. From Thy wounded side which flow'd

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone!
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath;
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 226. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. { Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; } Wait-ing in His courts to - day;
Let us now a bless-ing seek,

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 227. Will You be Saved by the Blood?

E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.

1. } List, the Spir-it calls to thee, Will you be saved by the blood? } blood? Far-don free-ly giv-en, Cleans-ing
 Je-sus died to make you free, Will you be saved by the

CHORUS.

you for heav-en. Will you be saved, Saved by the blood of the Lamb; Saved by the blood of the Lamb.
 Will you be saved by the blood of the Lamb?

2 Sinner, now this blessing claim,
 Will you be saved by the blood?
 Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
 Will you be saved by the blood?
 Claim Him as your Savior,
 He can save forever.

3 He can wash you white as snow,
 Will you be saved by the blood?
 And the witness you may know,
 Will you be saved by the blood?
 You can know the hour
 Of His dying power.

4 Christ did drink that cup for all,
 Will you be saved by the blood?
 Don't reject the Spirit's call,
 Will you be saved by the blood?
 Grace is all abounding,
 Joy thro' heaven resounding.

No. 228. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald.

USED BY PERMISSION.

W. G. Fischer, D. C.

1: I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
 CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;
 Long has evil reigned within;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
 "I will cleanse you from all sin!"

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
 Friends, and time, and earthly store;
 Soul and body Thine to be,
 Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust
 Now I feel the blood applied;
 I am prostrate in the dust,
 I with Christ am crucified.

No. 229. Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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W. A. Ogden, FINE

1. } I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The mes-sage un-to you I'll give; }
 'Tis re-cord-ed in His Word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live," }
 2. } I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you; }
 'Tis a mes-sage from a-bove, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true. }

D. C.—'Tis re-cord-ed in His Word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."

"Look and live!"..... my broth-er, live, live, live, Look to Je-sus now and live,
 "Look and live," my broth-er, live, "Look and live."

3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!
 Eternal life thy soul shall have;
 If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!
 Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!
 To Jesus when He made me whole:
 'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!
 I trusted and He saved my soul.

No. 230.

Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson.

First Tune. FINE

John Wyeth.

2. D. C.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } { Teach me some melodious sonnet, }
 { Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; } { Sung by flam-ing tongues } a-bove;
 D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>1 Come, Thon Fount of ev'ry blessing!
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise;
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
 Mount of Thy redeeming love.</p> | <p>2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'll come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.</p> | <p>3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
 Seal it for Thy courts above.</p> |
|--|--|---|

No. 231.

I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson.

Second Tune. FINE

J. J. Rousseau.

2. D. C.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } { I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah! }
 { Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing Call for songs of loudest praise; } { I love Je-sus, yes I } do!
 D. C.—I love Je-sus, He's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.

No. 232.

The Fountain Stands Open.

CHORUS.

To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting chorus of second tune.

O, the fountain stands o-pen, The fountain stands o - pen, Sin-ner, come and bathe your wea-ry soul.

No. 233.

The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.

BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. { Oh, now I see the crim-son wave The fountain deep and wide; } { Points to His wounded side. }
 { Je - sus, my Lord, might-y to save, }

CHORUS.

{ The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me; }
 { Oh, praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me, it cleans-eth me, } yes, cleans-eth me.

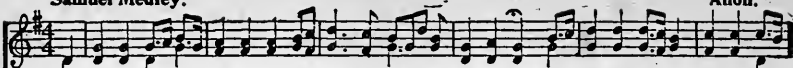
- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>2 I see the new crea-tion rise,
 I hear the speaking blood:
 It speaks! polluted nature dies—
 Sinks 'neath the crimson flood.</p> | <p>3 I see to walk in heav'n's own light,
 Above the world and sin, [white
 With heart made pure and garments
 And Christ enthroned within.</p> | <p>4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
 To feel the blood applied;
 And Jesus, only Jesus know,
 My Jesus crucified.</p> |
|---|---|---|

No. 234.

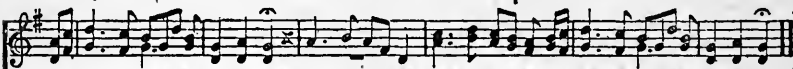
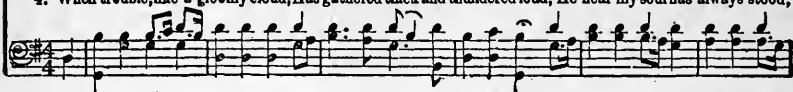
Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley.

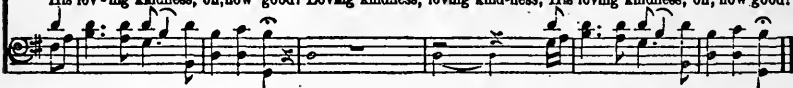
Anon.



1. A-wake my soul in joy-ful lays And sing my great Redeemer's praise, He justly claims a song from me,
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost estate,
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose, He safely leads my soul a-long,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood,



His lov-ing kindness, oh, how free! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how free!
His lov-ing kindness, oh, how great! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how great!
His lov-ing kindness, oh, how strong! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
His lov-ing kindness, oh, how good! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how good!



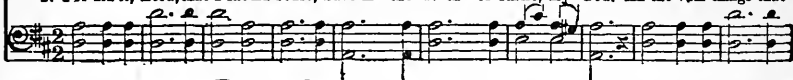
No. 235. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts.

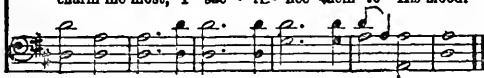
Isaac Baker Woodbury.



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died. My rich-est gain I
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God: All the vain things that



count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.



- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

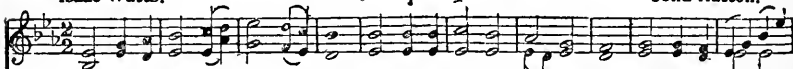
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all,

No. 236.

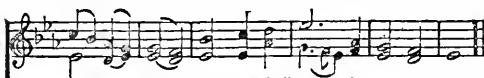
Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts.

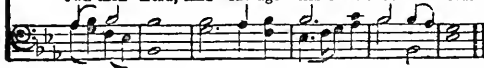
John Hatton.



1. Je - sus shall reign where-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
2. From north to south the prin-ces meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em-pires



shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.



- 3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 237.

J. H. S.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev-'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord; And He will surely give you rest. By
2. For Je-sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-lestial land, Where

trust-ing in His word.
wash-es white as snow.
you are ful-ly blest.
joys im-mor-tal flow.

{ On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; }
{ He will save you, He will save you, He will..... } save you now.

No. 238.

Phillip Doddridge.

O Happy Day.

E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }
2. { Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
3. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! }
4. { Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray }
{ And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day; }

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 239.

Wm. P. Mackay.

Revive Us Again.

J. J. Hubbard.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who died And is now gone a-bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo-ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev-'ry stain.
4. Re-vive us a-gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

REFRAIN.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men! Re-vive us a-gain.

No. 240.

M. M. W.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

FINE

M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C. — Whisper soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

Pil - grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
 Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear; When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus blood;

No. 241.

A. Reed.

Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2. Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
 Long hath sin without control,
 Held dominion o'er my soul.
 3. Holy Ghost, with joy divine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
 Bid my many woes depart,
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
 4. Holy Spirit, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine;
 Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
 Reign supreme — and reign alone.

No. 242

Reginald Heber.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - mighty! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glory may not see;
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Cher - u - bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow - er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 243. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a -
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a -

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
bound; Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un - right - eous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 244. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

FINE

S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, }
{ While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

No. 245.

Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

(GALILEE. 8s. 7s.)

W. H. JUDE.

1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea; Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je - sus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's gold - en store; From each idol that would

soundeth, Saying, Christian, fol - low me!
keep us, - Saying, Christian, love me more!

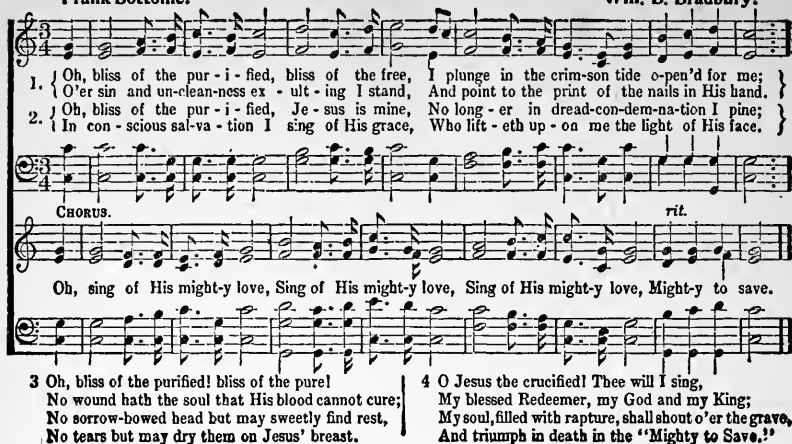
3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, mid cares and pleasures,
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

No. 246. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottoms.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Oh, bliss of the pur-i-fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim-son tide o-pen'd for me; }
 { O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex-ult-ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand. }
 2. Oh, bliss of the pur-i-fied, Je-sus is mine, No long-er in dread-con-dem-na-tion I pine; }
 { In con-sci-ous sal-va-tion I sing of His grace, Who lift-eth up-on me the light of His face. }

CHORUS. *rit.*
 Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.

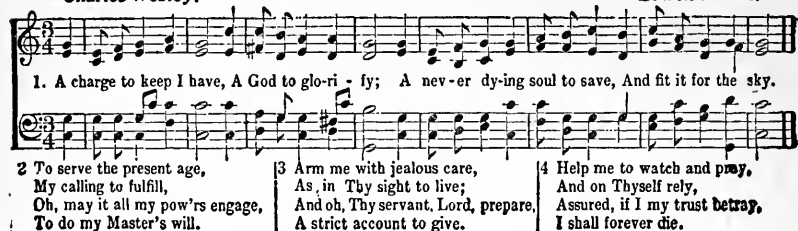
3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
 No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
 No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
 No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
 My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
 My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
 And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 247. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley.

Lowell Mason.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy; A nev-er dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill,
 Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
 To do my Master's will.

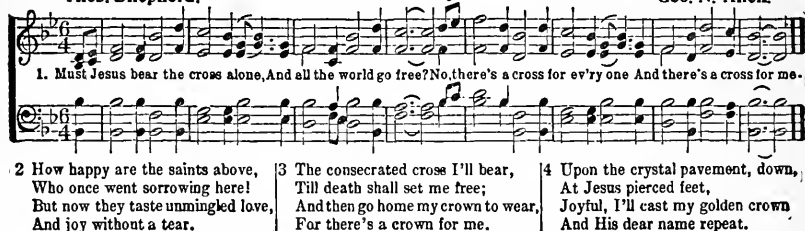
3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As, in Thy sight to live;
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

No. 248. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd.

Geo. N. Allen.



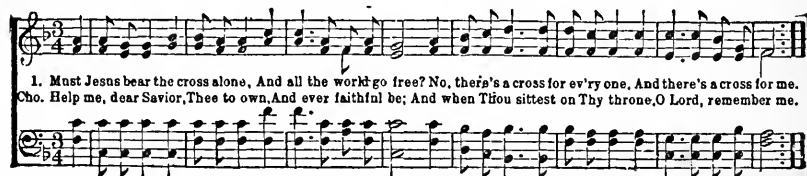
1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went sorrowing here!
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free;
 And then go home my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
 At Jesus pierced feet,
 Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
 And His dear name repeat.

No. 249. Remember Me.



1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 Cho. Help me, dear Savior, Thee to own, And ever faithful be; And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, O Lord, remember me.

No. 250. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. { C Pil-grim bound for the heav'nly land, Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus; }
D. S.—Day and night He will lead you right, Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus.

CHORUS. D. S.
Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus, Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus;

3 Tho' dark the pathway may seem ahead,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
"I will be with you," His word hath said,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

1 O Pilgrim bound for the heavenly
Never lose sight of Jesus; [land,
He'll lead you gently with loving
Never lose sight of Jesus. [hand,

2 When-e'er you're tempted to go
Never lose sight of Jesus; [astray,
Press onward, upward, the narrow
Never lose sight of Jesus. [way,

4 When death is knocking outside the
Never lose sight of Jesus; {door,
Till safely landed on Canaan's shore,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

No. 251.

Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart.

J. Ingalls.

FINE CHORUS.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore; }
D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion Christ the Lord is come to reign.

D. C.
Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name,

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies.

No. 252

Angels Hovering 'Round.

Anon.

Unknown.

1. There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels, angels hov'ring 'round.
2. They will carry the tidings home; They will carry the tidings home; They will carry, carry the ti-dings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.

5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.

7 There is glory all around, etc.

4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.

6 Let him that heareth come, etc.

8 We are on our journey home, etc.

No. 253.

Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson.

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. { Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; } Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
 { I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; }
 2. { Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, } I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;
 { And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri- fice; }

FINIS CHORUS. D. S.

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and
 D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 254.

Make Me White as Snow.

F. A. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1899. BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank A. Simpkins.

1. { Lead me, O my Sav-ior, lead me, To the fountain's crystal flow; }
 { Wash me, O my Sav-ior, wash me; }
 D.S.—Wash me, O my Sav-ior, wash me,
 O make.
 Make....me white as snow.
 Make....me white as snow.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Whit - - - er than the snow, Whit - - - er than the snow,
 Whit - er than the snow, yes. whit - er than the snow, Whit - er than the snow, yes. whit - er than the snow.

2 Guide me, O my Savior, guide me,
 For I know not where to go;
 Guide me to the crystal fountain,
 Make me white as snow.

3 Teach me, O my Savior, teach me,
 More Thy love to others show;
 Teach me how to better serve Thee
 Make me white as snow.

4 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
 From temptation here below;
 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
 Keep me white as snow.

No. 255.

The Old Time Religion.

Unknown.

E. O. E. Arr.

CHO.—Tis the old time re-li-gion, Tis the old time re-li-gion, Tis the old time re-li-gion, And it's good enough for me.
 1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
 3 It has saved our fathers.
 1 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
 5 It was good for the Hebrew children.

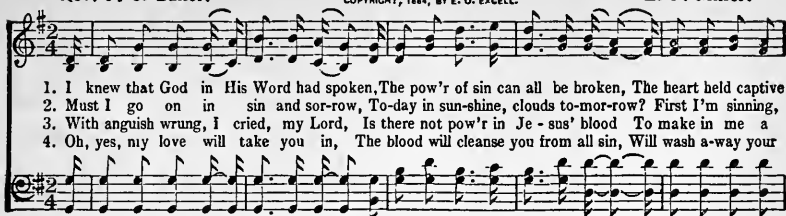
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
 7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
 8 It will do when I am dying.
 9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 256. The Blood is All my Plea.

Rev. F. C. Baker.

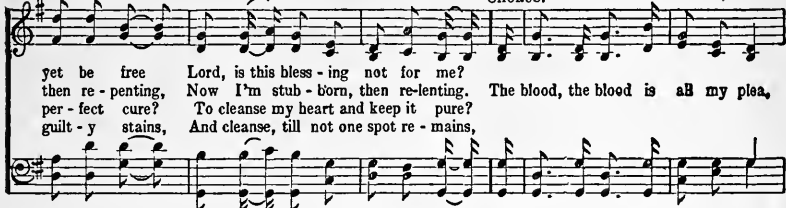
COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. F. Miller.

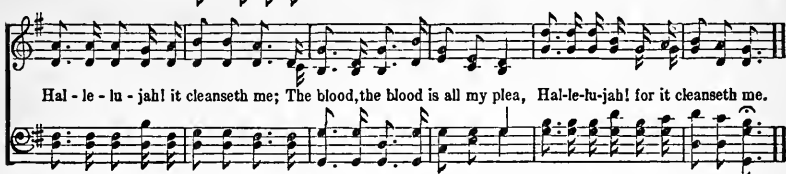


1. I knew that God in His Word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can all be broken, The heart held captive
2. Must I go on in sin and sor-row, To-day in sun-shine, clouds to-mor-row? First I'm sinning,
3. With anguish wrung, I cried, my Lord, Is there not pow'r in Je-sus' blood To make in me a
4. Oh, yes, my love will take you in, The blood will cleanse you from all sin, Will wash a-way your

CHORUS.



yet be free Lord, is this bless-ing not for me?
then re-pent-ing, Now I'm stub-born, then re-lent-ing. The blood, the blood is all my plea,
per-fect cure? To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?
guilt-y stains, And cleanse, till not one spot re-mains,

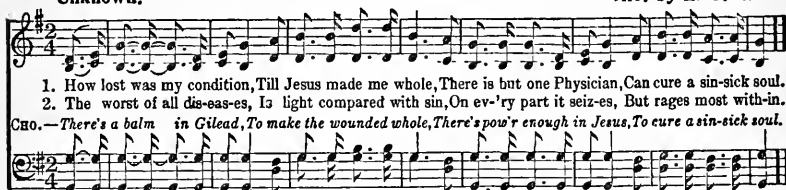


Hal-le-lu-jah! it cleanseth me; The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal-le-lu-jah! for it cleanseth me.

No. 257. Balm In Gilead.

Unknown.

Arr. by E. O. E.



1. How lost was my condition, Till Jesus made me whole, There is but one Physician, Can cure a sin-sick soul.
2. The worst of all dis-eases, Is light compared with sin, On ev'-ry part it seiz-es, But rages most with-in.

CHO.—There's a balm in Gilead, To make the wounded whole, There's pow'r enough in Jesus, To cure a sin-sick soul.

- 3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined,
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

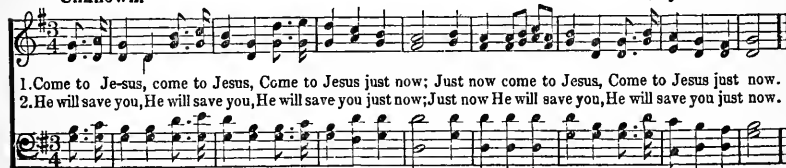
- 4 A dying, risen Jesus
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us
And saves the soul from death.

- 5 Come then to this Physician
His help He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

No. 258. Come to Jesus.

Unknown.

Arr. by E. O. E.



1. Come to Je-sus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now; Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.

- 3 He is able.
- 4 He is willing.
- 5 Call upon Him.

- 6 He will hear you.
- 7 He'll forgive you.
- 8 He will cleanse you.

- 9 He'll renew you.
- 10 Jesus loves you.
- 11 Only trust Him.

No. 259. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams.

First Tune.

Thomas Hastings.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; } Bread of heaven, Feed me till I

2. { O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow;
Let the fiery, cloud-y pil-lar, Lead me all my journey through: } Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my

want no more: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
strength and shield; Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 260. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance.
Zion's King will surely send.

No. 261. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

- 1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?
- 2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.
- 3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!"
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 262. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly.

Second Tune.

FINE

Lowell Mason.

1. { Hark! ten-thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; } See, He sits on yonder throne,
Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices, Je - sus reigns, the God of love, } See, He sits on yon-der throne,
D.C.—Hal-le-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-le-lu-jah, A - men.

D. C.
Jesus rules the world alone;
Je-sus rules the world a-lone:

- 2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on
earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:
- 3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made
Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 263. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.

Felice Giardini.

No. 264. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

- 1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 265. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

- 1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing;
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.
- 3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

No. 266. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant.

Francis Joseph Hayden.

No. 267.

Melville W. Miller.

Gleanse Me Now.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

CHORUS.

1. { Sav-ior, at Thy feet I bow; In Thy blood cleanse me now;
Make me free from ev-'ry sin, Like Thy-self, [Omit . . .] pure with-in. Cleanse me now, Oh, cleanse me

now, While be-fore Thy throne I bow; Cleanse my heart from ev-'ry sin, Make me clean and pure with-in.

2 Hear me as I humbly plead
Thy great love, my great need;
Now to me Thy Spirit give,
Evermore in me live.

3 As I am I come to Thee,
Take me, Lord, even me;
Thine own cleansing, Lord, impart,
Purify, cleanse my heart.

4 While in faith I to Thee call,
Let Thy peace on me fall;
Let me feel that I am free,
As Thy blood cleanseth me.

No. 268. My Body, Soul and Spirit.

Mary D. James.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

CHORUS.

1. { My bod-y, soul and spir-it, Je-sus, I give to Thee,
A con-se-cra-ted of-f'ring Thine ev-er- [Omit . . .] more to be. My all is on the

al-tar, I'm wait-ing for the fire; Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, I'm wait-ing for the fire.

2 O Jesus, mighty Savior,
I trust in Thy great name;
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.

3 O let the fire, descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.

4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed in Thy cleansing blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.

No. 269. 'Tis For You and Me.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

1. There's a pardon full and sweet, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me; Bless-ed rest at Je-sus' feet, 'Tis for you and me.
2. There's a help for ev-'ry day, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me; Joy and blessing by the way, 'Tis for you and me.
3. There's a robe of snow-y white 'Tis for you, 'tis for me; There's a home of glory bright, 'Tis for you and me.

CHORUS.

All for you, if you believe, If salvation you'll receive; There's a welcome, warm and true, All for you, all for me.

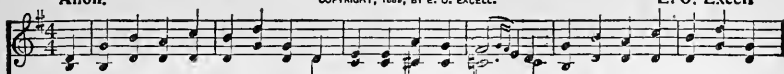
No. 270.

My Happy Home.

Anon.

COPYRIGHT, 1839, BY E. O. EXCELL.

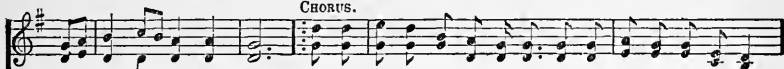
E. O. Excell



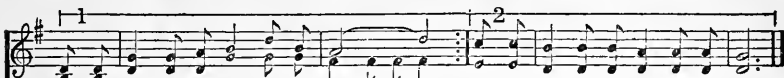
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for Thee! When will my sor - rows have an end?
2. Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone Most glo - ri - ous to be - hold Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl,
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—Such sparkling gems by hu - man sight
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up



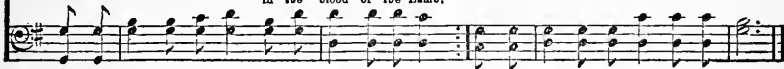
CHORUS.



Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy streets are paved with gold. I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,
Have nev - er yet been seen.
And prais - es nev - er end.



I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;..... I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb;



No. 271.

Sweet By-and-By.

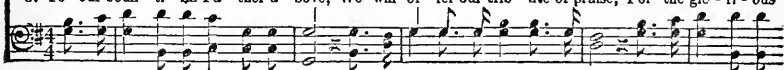
S. Fillmore Bennett.

BY PERMISSION.

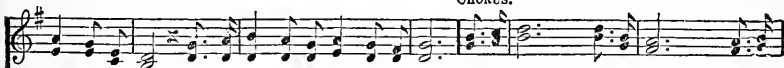
Jos. P. Webster.



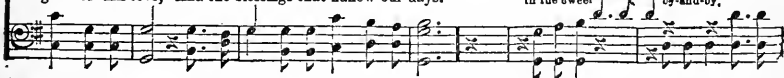
1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous



CHORUS.



o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by-and-by,



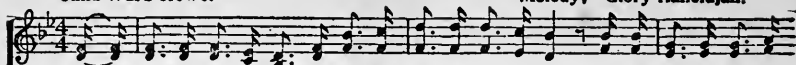
meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,



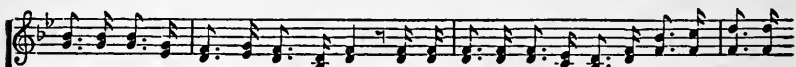
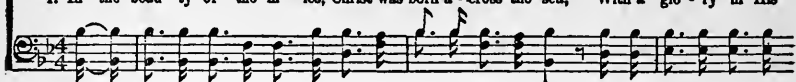
No. 272. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

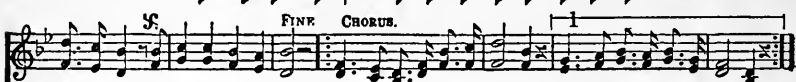
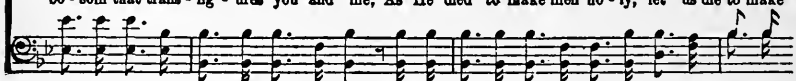
Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have buil-ded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is sift-ing out the
4. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry in His



vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-nig of His ter-ri-al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sen-tence by the dim and hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju-bi-bose - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make



ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
 flar-ing lamps, His day is march-ing on. | Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 lant my feet, Our God is march-ing on. | Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! (D.S.2d time.)
 make men free, While God is march-ing on.

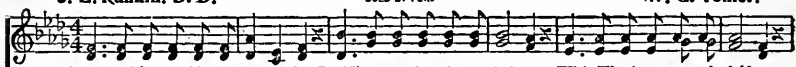


No. 273. God Be With You.

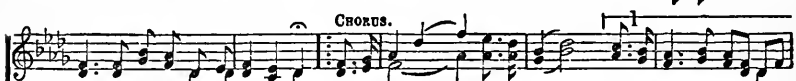
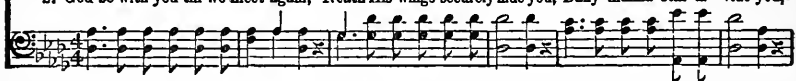
J. E. Rankin, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.
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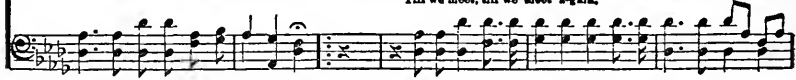
W. G. Tomer.



1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di-vide you,-



God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.



feet; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 till we meet;



- 3 God be with you till we meet again,
 When life's perils thick confound you,
 Put His arms unfailing round you,
 God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,
 Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
 God be with you till we meet again.

No. 274. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. W. VINCENT.

William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch - ing earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life be - neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath - er us who seek Thy face
3. While the deep'n'ing shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes

REFRAIN

Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of Thy em - brace, For Thou art night. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of
Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.

Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 275. How Great Thy Name.

Psalm 8. Tune above.

<p>1 Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast; How exalted is Thy name! (frame, Who hast set Thy glory bright Far above the heaven's height, How great Thy name!</p> <p>2 Lord, our Lord, in all the earth, How great Thy name! Who hast set Thy glory bright Far above the heaven's height, How great Thy name!</p> <p>3 From the mouth of children young, From the infant's lisping tongue, Thou hast needed strength ordained Thus Thy vengeful foes restrained. How great Thy name!</p>	<p>4 When Thy heavens I survey, Which Thy fingers' work display, When the moon and stars I see Ordered all by Thy decree. How great Thy name!</p> <p>5 What is man that in Thy mind He a constant place should find? What the son of man that he Should be visited by Thee? How great Thy name!</p> <p>6 Thou his station didst ordain Just below the angel train; Glory Thou hast o'er him shed, And with honor crowned his head, How great Thy name!</p>	<p>7 Thou hast given him command O'er the creatures of Thy hand; And beneath his feet hast laid All the works which Thou hast How great Thy name! (made;</p> <p>8 Flocks and cattle, every tribe, Beasts that in the field abide, Birds that thro' the heaven's rosm Fish that make the sea their home How great Thy name!</p> <p>9 Every living thing that strays, Thro' the ocean's secret ways Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast How exalted is Thy name: (frame How great Thy name!</p>
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No. 276. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould..

Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet repose; With Thy ten - d' - rest bless - ing May our eyelids close.
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee; Guard the sailors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
4. When the morning wak - ens, Then may I a - rise Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

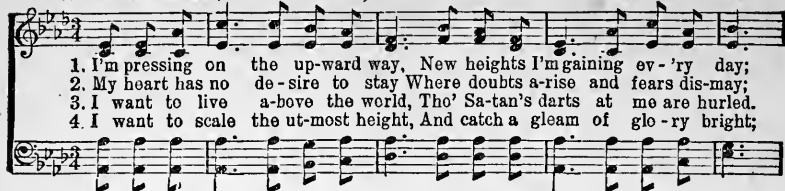
eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 277.

Higher Ground.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

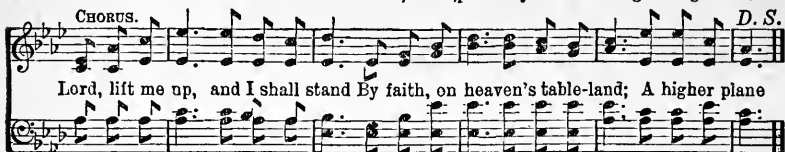


1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled.
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground,"
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is high-er ground,
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."

D. S.—than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.



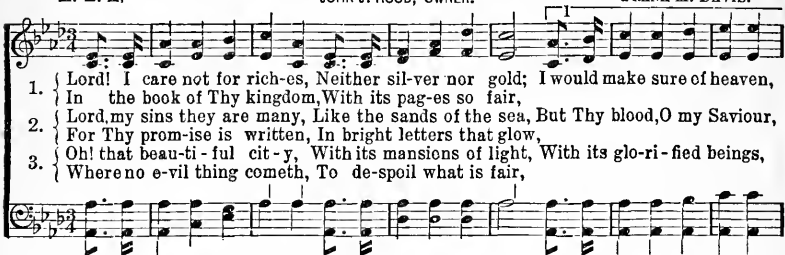
CHORUS. D. S.
Lord, lift me up, and I shall stand By faith, on heaven's table-land; A higher plane

No. 278. Is My Name Written There?

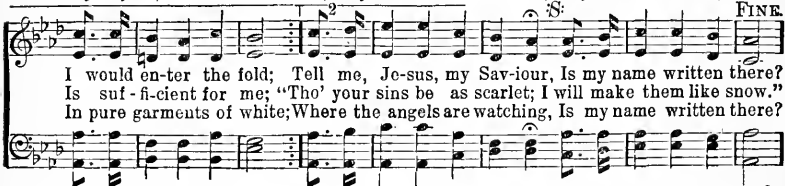
M. A. K.

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FRANK M. DAVIS.

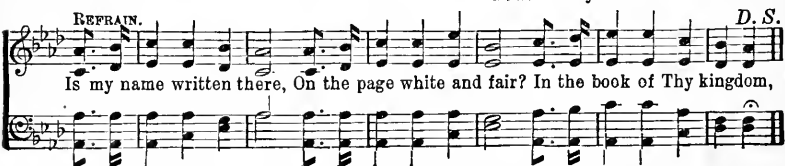


1. { Lord! I care not for rich-es, Neither sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven,
In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pag-es so fair,
2. { Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, O my Saviour,
For Thy prom-ise is written, In bright letters that glow,
3. { Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied beings,
Where no e-vil thing cometh, To de-spoil what is fair,



I would en-ter the fold; Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name written there?
Is suf-fi-cient for me; "Tho' your sins be as scarlet; I will make them like snow."
In pure garments of white; Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

D. S.—Is my name written there?



REFRAIN. D. S.
Is my name written there, On the page white and fair? In the book of Thy kingdom,

No. 279.

Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
 2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
 3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
 4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has prom-ised, Prom-ised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal He's wait-ing and watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.
 Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gath'-ring, and death's night is com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.
 Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
 Come home, come home, come home,

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 280.

Deeper Yet.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross, I have been wash'd from sin; But to be free from dross,
 2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more of His pow'r
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-lowing Him each day; What I ask He will give,
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray I'll not cease

CHORUS.
 Still I would en-ter in.
 Ev-er my pray'r shall be. } Deeper yet, deeper yet, Into the crimson flood;
 So then with faith I pray. } Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the pre-cious blood.
 Till I am pure with-in.

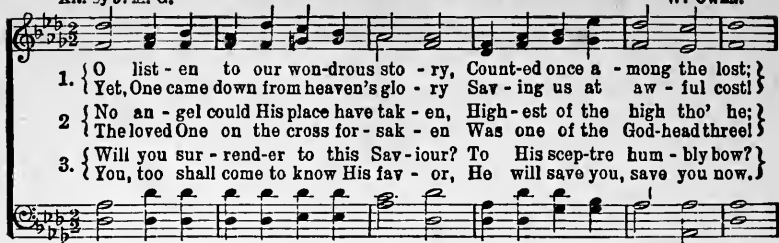
No. 281.

What Did He Do?

Alt. by J. M. G.

USED BY PERMISSION OF O. F. PUGH.

W. OWEN.



1. { O list-en to our won-drous sto-ry, Count-ed once a-mong the lost; }
 { Yet, One came down from heaven's glo-ry Sav-ing us at aw-ful cost! }
 2 { No an-gel could His place have tak-en, High-est of the high tho' he; }
 { The loved One on the cross for-sak-en Was one of the God-head three! }
 3. { Will you sur-rend-er to this Sav-iour? To His scept-re hum-bly bow? }
 { You, too shall come to know His fav-or, He will save you, save you now. }

CHORUS



Who saved us from e-ter-nal loss? What did He do?
 Who but God's Son up-on the cross? He
 Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!
 died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!

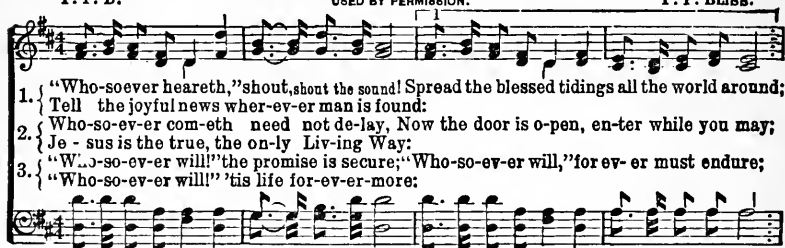
No. 282.

"Whosoever Will."

P. P. B.

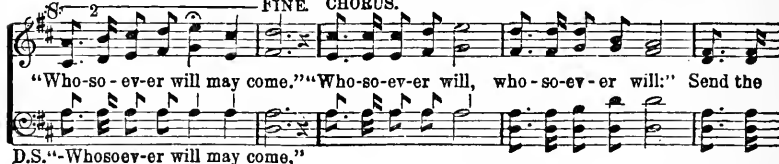
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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P. P. BLISS.



1. { "Who-so-ever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around; }
 { Tell the joyful news wher-ever man is found: }
 2. { Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may; }
 { Je-sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way: }
 3. { "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev-er must endure; }
 { "Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more: }

FINE CHORUS.



"Who-so-ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will:" Send the
 D.S. "Who-so-ev-er will may come,"

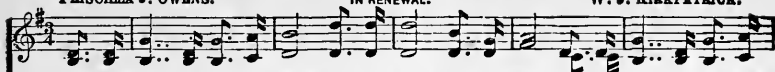


proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-in, Father calls the wand'rer home:
 D. S.

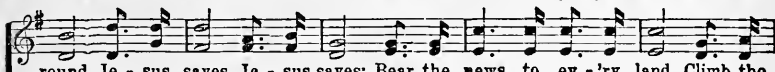
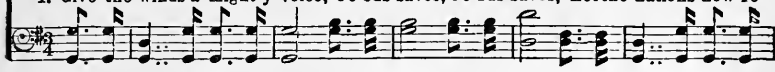
PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

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IN RENEWAL.

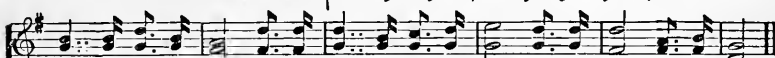
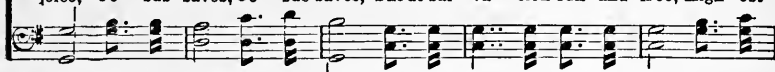
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



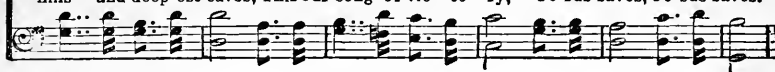
1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Spread the tidings all a -
2. Wait it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Tell to sin - ners fur and
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; By His death and endless
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Let the nations now re -



round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est



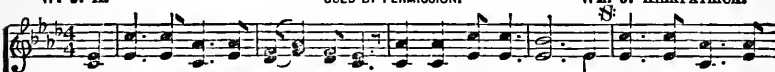
steeps and cross the waves; Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
back, ye o - cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
heart for mer - cy craves, Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
hills and deep - est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.



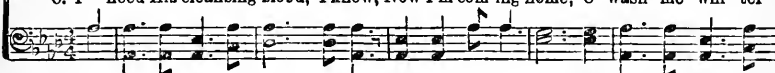
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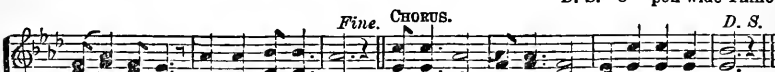
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home; The paths of sin too
2. I've wast - ed man - y precious years, Now I'm com - ing home; I now re - pent with
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home; I'll trust Thy love, he -
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home; My strength renew, my
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com - ing home; That Je - sus died, and
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com - ing home; O wash me whi - ter

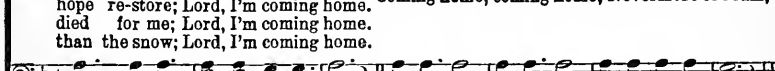


D. S. - O - pen wide Thine



long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
hope re - store; Lord, I'm coming home.
died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.

Coming home, coming home, Nevermore to roam,



arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 285. The Comforter Has Come.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

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WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, spread the ti-dings round, Wher-ev - er man is found, Wher-ev - er hu-man hearts
2. The long, long night is past, The morn-ing breaks at last; And hush'd the dreadful wail
3. Be - hold the King of kings, With heal-ing in his wings, To ev - 'ry cap-tive soul
4. O bound-less Love di-vine! How shall this tongue of mine To wond'ring mor-tals tell
5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly A - bove the vault-ed sky, And all the saints a - bove

D.S.—The Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n,

And hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian tongue Proclaim the joy-ful sound:
And fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en hills The day ad - van-ces fast:
A full de-liv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant cells The song of tri-umph rings:
The matchless grace di-vine,—That I, a child of sin, Should in his im-age shine!
To all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less love, The song that ne'er will die:

The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; O, spread the tidings round, Wher-ev - er man is found,—

The Com-fort-er has come! The Com-fort-er has come, The Com-fort-er has come!

The Com-fort-er has come!

No. 286. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B.

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P. P. BLISS.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more;
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sea-man tem-pest-tossed,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D.S.—Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

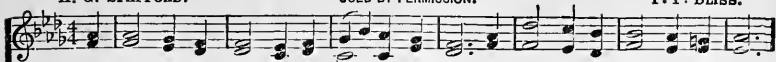
No. 287.

It is Well With My Soul.

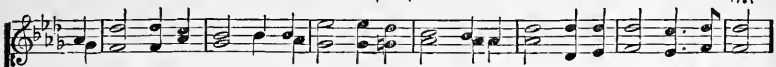
H. G. SPAFFORD.

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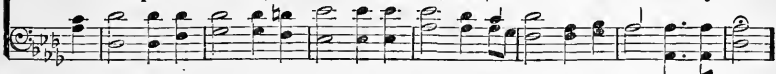
P. P. BLISS.



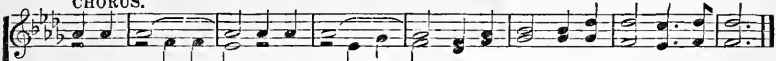
1. When peace, like a riv-er, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-bil-lows roll,
2. Though Satan should buf-fet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest assurance control,
3. My sin—O the bliss of this glo-ri-ous tho't!—My sin—not in part but the whole,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll,



Whatev-er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, "Even so" it is well with my soul.



CHORUS.



It is well,..... with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, with my soul,



No. 288.

A Mighty Fortress.

M. L. Tr. by F. H. HEDGE

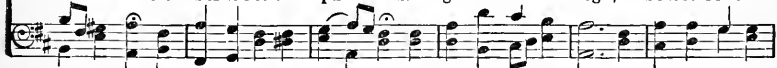
MARTIN LUTHER.



1. A might-y fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing; Our help-er He a-
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing; Were not the right Man
3. And tho' this world, with devils fill'd, Should threaten to un-do us, We will not fear, for



mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing. For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work his
on our side, The Man of God's own choosing. Doth ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is
God hath will'd His truth to triumph thro' us. Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life al-



woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And arm'd with cruel hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
he! Lord Sab-a-oth is His name, From age to age the same; And He must win the bat-tle.
so; The bod - y they may kil; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er.



No. 289.

My Country.

S. F. SMITH.

(AMERICA. 6s, 4s.)

ENGLISH.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
 4. Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
 fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side, Let free-dom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templ'd hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro-TECT us by Thy might, Great God our King!

No. 290.

Lest We Forget.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

(SELENA. L. M. 61.)

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. { God of our fa - thers, known of old, Lord of our far - flung bat - tle line, }
 { Beneath whose aw - ful hand we hold Do - min-ion o - ver palm and pine, }
 2. { The tu - mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de - part; }
 { Still stands Thine ancient sac - ri - fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart; }
 3. { Far-called, our na - vics melt a - way, On dune and head-land sinks the fire; }
 { Lo, all our pomp of yes - ter - day Is one with Nin - o - veh and Tyre. }
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get!
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get.
 Judge of the na - tions, spare us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get.

No. 291.

Home Sweet Home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

HENRY R. BISHOP.

1. { Mid pleasures and pal-a-ces tho' we may roam, } { A charm from the skies seems to }
 { Be it ev-er so humble, there's no place } { like home! } { Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er }
 2 An exile from home,
 splendor dazzles in vain,
 O give me my lowly
 thatched cottage again:
 The birds singing gaily,
 that came at my call,
 And with them, God's peace,
 which is dearer than all.
 hallow us there, } Home, home, sweet
 met with } elsewhere. sweet home;
 no place like home.

No. 292.

Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Melneke.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A - men.

No. 293.

Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

No. 294.

All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice; Him serve with mirth, His
2. Know that the Lord 's God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He
Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him a - bove ye
praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
doth us feed, And for His sheep. He doth us take,
heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

3 O enter then His gates with joy.
Within His courts His praise proclaim:
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 295.

Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles

Praise God from whom all blessings flow: Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him above ye heav'nly hosts;
FINE D. S.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below;

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